OCTOBER 1989

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The Atlantic

A New American Foreign Policy / The Making of the Intifada

THE COMING GLOBAL BOOM

S R. MORRIS

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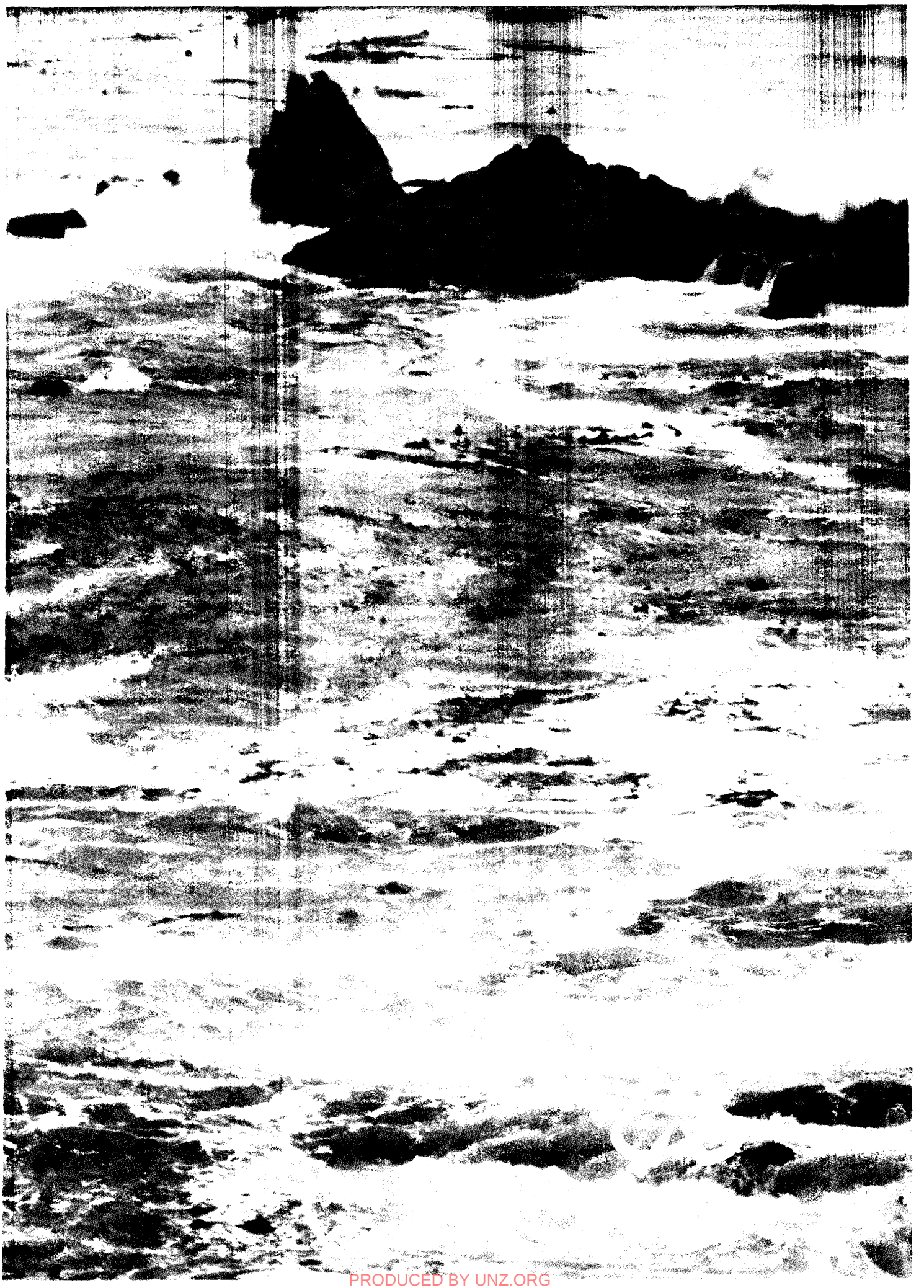

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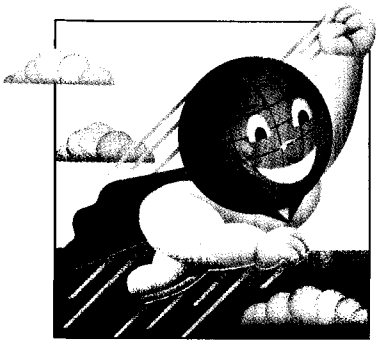

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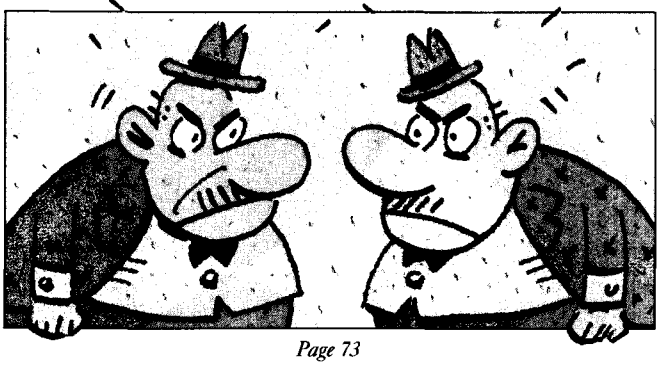

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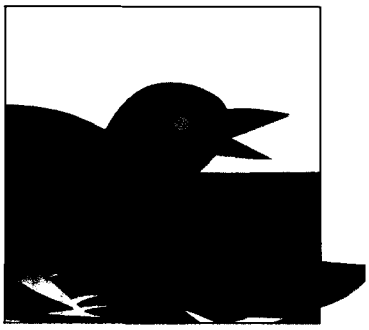

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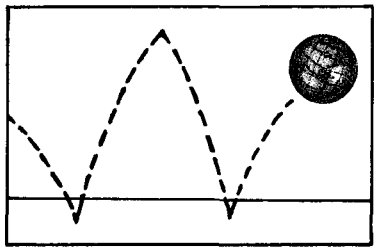
745 BOYLSTON STREET

"WELL, I HAVE PAINTED the prospect in the blackest colors. What is there to be said on the other side?" That question was posed, and answered, by John Maynard Keynes in 1932 in an article for *The Atlantic Monthly* titled "The World's Economic Outlook." This month's cover story, by Charles R. Morris, poses the question yet again, and Morris comes up with a considerably happier answer than most economists do (or than Keynes, in the midst of the Depression, was able to).


Gillian Kahn

The Atlantic has done much in the past few years to focus attention on the federal deficit and the future of the economy. Articles about the consequences of the growing deficit appeared in the magazine as early as 1981, beginning with a report in August of that year, "Defense, Taxes, and the Budget," by our Washington editor, James Fallows. The most widely publicized recent warning in these pages about the nation's economic course was Peter G. Peterson's "The Morning After," which was published shortly before the stock-market crash in October of 1987 (*The Dallas Morning News* blamed the magazine, in part, for the crash). Peterson's article went on to win a National Magazine Award. Another cover story that year, "The Decline of America," by Paul Kennedy, took an even broader view of America's position in the world—economic, political, and military—and concluded that the United States, like England and Spain long ago, has been damaged by "imperial overstretch," and is irreversibly losing power and influence. Kennedy's article helped to fuel the whole decline-of-America discussion, and the book from which it was drawn, *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, became an unlikely best seller.

But there is something to be said on the other side, and *The Atlantic* has begun to examine it. Last February we featured a contrarian piece of analysis, "Is the Deficit Really So Bad?", by Jonathan Rauch. This month "The Coming Global Boom" goes a step further. Charles Morris, the author, is a businessman as well as a writer. He readily concedes that his perspective on the world economy is not shared by most experts, and he is not bothered by this in the least. "Economists," Morris says, "are always trying to figure out what happened in the last business cycle. By the time something becomes conventional wisdom, so much time has elapsed that it's almost always wrong."

—THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES R. MORRIS ("The Coming Global Boom") is a principal in Devonshire Partners, a consulting firm specializing in mergers and acquisitions. He is also a columnist for *The Los Angeles Times* and the author of *A Time of Passion: America 1960–1980* (1984) and *Iron Destinies, Lost Opportunities: The Arms Race, 1945–1987* (1988).

NICHOLAS GAETANO (cover artist) is an illustrator and abstract painter who lives in New Jersey. Gaetano's work has been exhibited in the United States and Japan.

DAVID OWEN ("Are You a Difficult Person?") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*. His most recent book is *The Man Who Invented Saturday Morning* (1988).

STANLEY HOFFMANN ("What Should We Do in the World?") is the chairman of the Center for European Studies and the C. Douglas Dillon Professor of the Civilization of France at Harvard University. He is the author of many books, including *Duties Beyond Borders* (1981), *Dead Ends* (1983), *Janus and Minerva* (1986), and *The Mitterrand Experiment* (1987).

EHUD YA'ARI ("The Middle East: Israel's Prison Academies") is the head of the Middle Eastern department of Israel Television. He is the author of *Fatah* (1971) and a co-author, with Ze'ev Schiff, of *The Year of the Dove* (1979) and *Israel's Lebanon War* (1984). Ya'ari and Schiff's new book, *Third Front: The Palestinian Rising—Israel's Fateful War*, will be published next March. Ina Friedman, who translated the pair's three books and this article, is an editor who lives in Jerusalem.

DANIEL COHEN ("Business: Tribal Enterprise") is a reporter, writer, and photographer who has written several articles on France for *The Atlantic*. He directs the photojournalism program at Columbia University's School of Journalism.

RANDY COHEN ("The Emigrants Club") is a writer for *Late Night With David Letterman*, and lives in New York. A collection of his pieces, *Diary of a Flying Nun*, will be published this winter.

LINDA BIERDS ("For the Sake of Retrieval") is a writer who lives in Seattle. Her most recent book, *The Stillness, the Dancing*, was published in 1988.

PAMELA PAINTER ("Feeding the Piranha") is a writer whose short stories have appeared in *Harper's*, *Ploughshares*, and *The Kenyon Review*.

JANE KENYON ("At the Dime Store") lives in New Hampshire. She is the author of *The Boat of Quiet Hours* (1986).

GALWAY KINNELL ("When One Has Lived a Long Time Alone") received a Pulitzer Prize in 1982 for his *Selected Poems*. A new book of his poems will be published next year.

LLOYD ROSE ("A Literary Hybrid") writes about movies, theater, and popular culture.

PHILIP LANGDON ("Glorified Bathrooms") is the author of *Orange Roofs, Golden Arches: The Architecture of American Chain Restaurants* (1986) and *American Houses* (1987). He writes regularly about house design and construction for *The Atlantic*.

MICHAEL J. WEISS ("At Last Count: Bookworms Versus Couch Potatoes") is a writer specializing in current affairs, popular culture, and business. He is the author of *The Clustering of America* (1988).

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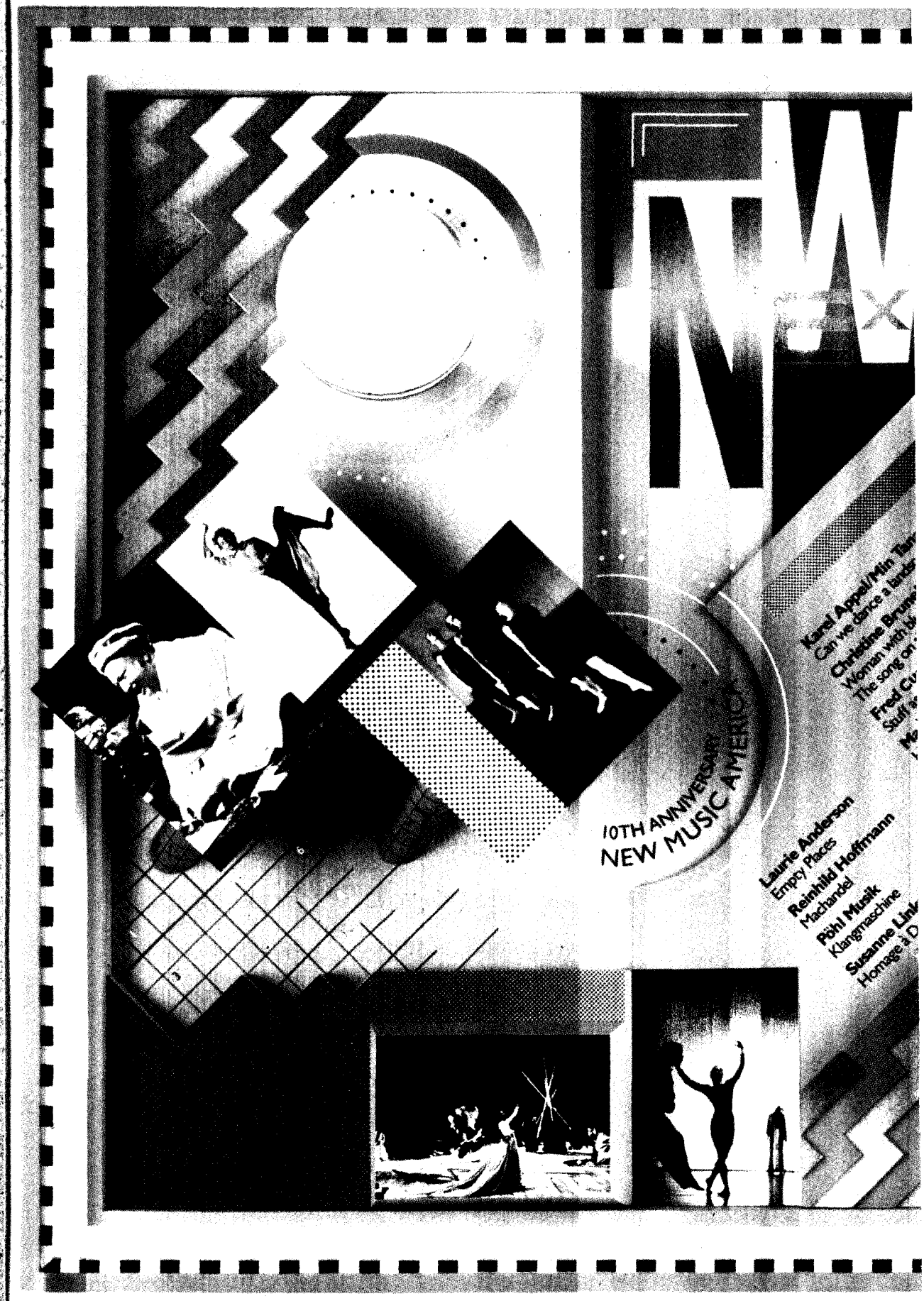

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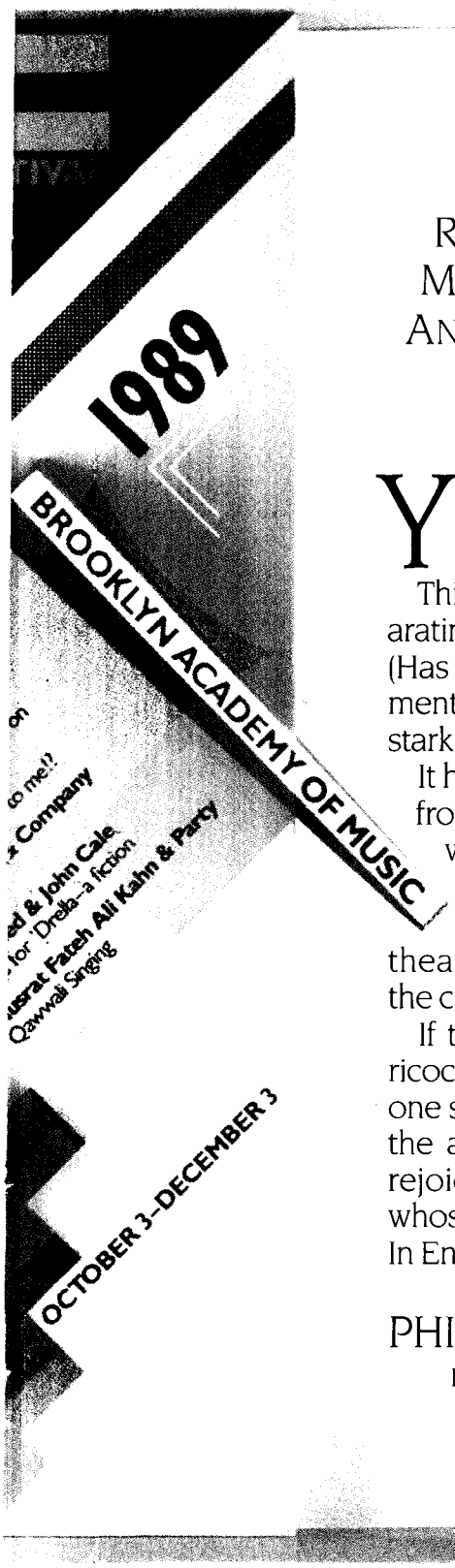

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DESTRUCTION OF DOLPHINS

While reading Kenneth Brower's "Destruction of Dolphins" (August *Atlantic*) I felt a mixture of anger, frustration, and resignation. I was appalled to learn of yet another example of our relentless destruction of our environment, and frustrated at the inadequacy of my choices—additional donations to environmental groups, more letters to the media and Congress, and adding tuna to my growing list of proscribed products.

JESSE SILVERGLATE
Miami, Fla.

"The Destruction of Dolphins" had everything I look for in a major piece: an evocative prologue, solid factual reporting, in-depth historical perspective, engaging personal narrative, a fair hearing for the other side. Bravo.

GAIL REGIER
Auburn University, Ala.

Kenneth Brower's article provided an informative view of the failure and unwillingness of many federal agencies to enforce statutes that require the government to protect not only endangered marine mammals but the entire ecosystem. Unfortunately, the unwillingness of federal agencies to protect the integrity of our increasingly depleted environment is, in my opinion, indicative of a trend during the Reagan years to avoid enforcing statutes that were unpopular with the Reagan Administration.

AVRUM J. GRAY
Falls Church, Va.

I am at a loss to understand why you bleeding-heart liberals publish an article like Kenneth Brower's. Doesn't even *he* make it clear that the dolphin is of utterly no use whatsoever?

We almost succeeded with the bison; we *are* succeeding with the bald and golden eagles; with any luck at all we *can* and *will* succeed with these damned dolphins, if you and your ilk would just butt out of things that are none of your business!

J. C. ERWIN, M.D.
Metairie, La.

Why does Japan get all the bad PR when we invented purse seining on dolphins and continue to slaughter thousands every year?

ROSEMARY DONACHIE
Nutley, N.J.

At the end of Kenneth Brower's harrowing account I was surprised to find this statement: "Ninety-five percent of the world's tuna is caught in ways that don't affect dolphins." Is none of this unsullied catch represented in the cans in American grocery stores? Is our only means of protest a "Boycott [against] them all," as the Earth Island Institute demands, or is selective buying a possibility?

THOMAS W. MANN
Winston-Salem, N.C.

I share with Kenneth Brower his general surprise and dismay that the slaughter of dolphins is still going on, and specifically his incredulity that a bureaucrat in a U.S. regulatory agency would scrap regulations because the regulatees—the tuna industry and foreign nations—didn't approve of them. However, as much as I agree with the spirit of his view of the proper role of regulators versus regulatees, I have to remind him that foreign nations are hardly mere "regulatees" waiting to have extraterritorial laws dictated to them by a superpower.

For the U.S. government to take unilateral action like forbidding imports of foreign tuna would be against the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade and other treaties. These things have to be negotiated. If U.S. officials were to approach Canadian officials on regulating dolphin setting, for instance, I hope, as a *Canadian*, that our

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officials would do their duty and remind Americans of some environmental issues that are of special concern to us: acid rain, overfishing of shellfish by New England fishermen in the Atlantic, ignoring of Canada's 200-mile "economic zone" by Washington salmon fishermen, and the refusal of the United States to ratify the Law of the Sea, among others. It would be quite appropriate for us to link these to the American concern, and I'm sure most other maritime nations have a similar list of quid pro quos.

It was the American tuna-fishing industry that developed dolphin setting with seine nets to begin with; other countries followed suit so as not to lose competitive advantage. If Americans want to persuade other nations to stop—now that they themselves are finally willing to (perhaps)—a good case could be made for compensation of foreign fishing industries. It's the least the United States could do in light of the damage done to foreign industry, not to mention the dolphins.

MARC A. SCHINDLER
Gloucester, Ontario

Kenneth Brower replies:

The trouble with a selective boycott of tuna is that it punishes the can (which has a limited capacity for mending its ways) and not the canning company. Three American companies—Heinz, Pillsbury, and Ralston-Purina—market almost all the canned tuna that is consumed in the United States. All three use yellowfin caught in sets on dolphins. It's true that cans marked "white" tuna contain albacore or bonita, tuna species caught at no cost to dolphins. But those cans are produced by a corporation that does use yellowfin.

It might seem to the credit of the canners that 95 percent of their tuna is caught without killing dolphins. It might seem to their discredit that they would continue to kill dolphins for that measly five percent of their fish. However one views those percentages, it is clear that they render a selective boycott ineffective. Effectiveness is what we need. Concerned people *can* influence the fate of dolphins. ("Human reason needs only to will more strongly than fate, and she *is* fate," that other Thomas Mann once wrote.)

If Marc Schindler is correct in his interpretation of GATT, then the United States has already violated that treaty, in its 1980 embargo of Mexican tuna to protest Mexico's seizure of U.S. tuna boats in contested waters. More recently, in 1984, Congress passed legislation requiring foreign nations to implement dolphin-saving programs like ours or face embargo. In both instances Congress decided, to its own satisfaction, that such unilateral action is not in violation of GATT. The outrage here is not any bullying by the United States. The outrage is the tardiness of the U.S. agencies responsible for formulating regulations in paving the way for unilateral action of the sort Mr. Schindler decries. (Ultimately the outrage is the continuing annual kill of more than 100,000 dolphins each year by the tuna fleet in the eastern tropical Pacific.)

The U.S. refusal to ratify the Law of the Sea, the U.S. contribution to acid rain, and U.S. overfishing are indeed shameful. I would remind Mr. Schindler, though, that mistreatment of the environment is not simply a U.S. problem. In that enterprise the United States and Canada are truly sister nations. Inland of the Canadian salmon waters he mentions, for example, lie the remnants of what was one of the finest coniferous forests on earth. British Columbia's forestry practices are appalling even by the woeful standards of the United States.

REPLACING COCAINE

Gustavo Gorriti's argument for an effective drug policy ("How to Fight the Drug War," July *Atlantic*), while of undoubted benefit to his homeland, is seriously flawed—a fact he nearly admits at the end of his article.

He suggests that we use our money to build economies for Bolivia and Peru, instead of wasting it on arresting, convicting, and housing thousands of low-level dealers. Given something else to do, he thinks, coca growers will do that something else and the supply of cocaine will dry up. He assumes

1. That the U.S. government is capable of doing something to make the economies of Peru and Bolivia viable, when all the evidence indicates that federal *mal du bureau* has reached metastasis, and the prognosis is grave. Indeed, the anti-drug "policy" itself is an example of government's usual response to a problem: to superimpose thereon a larger problem.

2. That if coca plantations in Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia cease operations, coca won't be grown elsewhere, because the yield in other areas would be lower and of inferior quality. Even if the crops from these specified areas *are* superior to those from all other potential areas, two things are required from the demand side of the equation: that people who are accustomed to Lafite-Rothschild won't settle for bathtub gin, and that people who are accustomed to paying $10,000 a kilo won't go back to paying $55,000 a kilo. History demonstrates that both requirements will not be realized.

LARRY COLLINS
Ocala, Fla.

Gustavo Gorriti acknowledges the wealth that cocaine has put into the hands of farmers who, prior to the growth of demand for cocaine, languished at a bare subsistence level; but he fails to acknowledge that no other crop can fetch the same monetary rewards. Nor can any carrot or potato offer cocaine's ease of cultivation: it is an almost indestructible, pest-resistant plant that matures quickly even in poor soils, and generates as many as six harvests annually for as long as thirty years.

This provokes an obvious question: Why would any cocaine cultivator give up such an unparalleled source of cash? He wouldn't, unless, of course, he were coerced, which is exactly what Gorriti correctly deplores about hopeless current policies.

It's time that policy-makers got the message: cocaine is here and, more or less, here to stay. Tens of millions of users here and abroad voluntarily queue up to buy it; countless South Americans willingly grow, harvest, and ship it. Repressive tactics are nothing less than government's war not against drugs but against significant cohorts of its own people. I lament, as does Gorriti, the tensions and instabilities that the penal drug war has wrought both here and south of the border. But the only solution that promises real stability is full legalization, which would reduce cocaine to the level of any other agricultural commodity. No radish crop has ever corrupted police and governments, artificially made criminals out of hordes of otherwise normal citizens,

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fueled guerrilla movements, or provoked the United States into acting like the self-righteous "Yankee" of go-home fame.

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New York, N.Y.

WAR IN EUROPE

Jack Beatty ("The Exorbitant Anachronism," June *Atlantic*) writes at length about a "spider-web defense" that would deter aggression. Regardless of the advantages that such a defense might provide, no defense is impregnable, no matter how powerful or intricate. The First World War offers us a perfect example, one Beatty seems to have neglected, and which he inaccurately likens to the Iran-Iraq war. In 1918, after years of suffering the devastations of trench warfare, the Germans very nearly swept the Allies from the field with the specialized Hutier-type offensive tactics of infiltration. Although the Allies were masters of a defense very similar to the one that Beatty describes, the reasons for the Germans' failure had little to do with Allied defenses. Rather, the Germans failed because they suffered more casualties than they could absorb or replace in 1918, and because they couldn't move supplies over the cratered landscape of the old Somme battlefields. The forces of the Warsaw Pact, like those of the Germans, have an inadequate logistics net. Despite troop reductions in Europe, there is no reason to believe that the Soviets would allow their conventional armed strength in the homeland, whether it be regular or reserve, to fall below the threshold at which an offensive would fail for want of manpower. If push came to shove, even from behind their borders the Russians could position enough troops along the Elbe for an offensive more quickly than we could respond in kind.

Beatty writes about a climate in Europe whereby offensive battles are made impossible by enhanced defenses. Referring again to the First World War, I suggest he consult the late-nineteenth-century writings of the French captain Emile Mayer and the Russian émigré Ivan S. Bloch. Bloch, in 1898, forecast with uncanny accuracy the tactical deadlock that emerged in the trench warfare of 1915–1917. Both Mayer and Bloch declared that war had become impossible with the advent of modern weaponry clearly favoring the defense. Yet war broke out nonetheless.

Like his predecessors, Beatty would have us believe that in the absence of nuclear and conventional offensive weapons, war would become inadvisable if both sides had "impregnable" defenses. That is a chimera, and accidents, like the First World War, do happen.

Beatty writes at length about eliminating overtly offensive weapons and employing strictly defensive ones in their place. What, exactly, is a defensive weapon? Granted, some weapons may be better suited to one role than another, but any weapon that fires a projectile may be used to attack or defend. It all depends on whether the user is retreating or advancing. Beatty also suggests that NATO and the Warsaw Pact negotiate conventional-arms parity, but on the tactical level overall parity means nothing. What does matter is concentration. By massing one's forces against the weak point of an enemy, a numerically equal or even inferior attacker may achieve victory over a superior foe. Military history is littered with examples of this. Beatty is correct that achieving parity and engaging in "qualitative disarmament" may well reduce East-West tensions. However, as the Soviet Union continues to fall economically and technologically further behind the West, we cannot discount the possibility of "Soviet adventurism" if the Soviets are driven into a techno-economic corner.

TODD R. BRERETON
Austin, Texas

I was surprised at Jack Beatty's parroting of the discredited notion that Germany was responsible for two major European wars in this century, considering his otherwise well-considered article. No one argues that Nazi Germany's criminal leadership started the Second World War, but one has to swallow more than a large mouthful of

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Franco-English propaganda to accept German guilt for the First World War. A large portion of modern (post-1965) historical thought on this matter has placed the bulk of responsibility (there certainly is more than enough for everyone) for the escalation of the tragic events of July–August, 1914, into a general European civil war at the feet of French President Poincaré and Nicholas II of Russia. Beatty's dismissal notwithstanding, Christopher Layne was not "insouciant" in pointing out that popular beliefs have not kept pace with modern thought. Much of German foreign policy in the years between Bismarck's retirement, in 1901, and the maelstrom of 1914–1945 was arrogant, ill-conceived, and at times incredibly stupid, but arrogance, misconception, and stupidity in a country's foreign policy are not synonymous with criminality. Witness our now happily retired ex-President.

CLIFFORD D. MARTIN
Los Angeles, Calif.

As a Lance missile battery commander (U.S. Army) stationed in West Germany, I applaud Jack Beatty's recommendation that the United States reduce the number of its soldiers deployed in Europe. Beatty provides strong budgetary and strategic reasons for this reduction. Allow me to give you a view from the trenches.

Last month, while participating in a field training exercise, my unit occupied a forested hill in our maneuver-rights area. It was approaching dusk, after a long day, and my soldiers had to hustle to set up camouflage nets, tents, communication lines, and the battery defense before nightfall. Just as they were completing the occupation, a *Forstmeister* (a German official in charge of maintaining the forest) drove up and ordered us out of his forest. I tried explaining that we had the authority to train in his forest, and that our overall purpose for being there was to defend his country against Soviet aggression. He was adamant, however, and repeated his command to leave. I notified my commander of the situation, and after many phone calls was advised to reposition my battery elsewhere.

By now the soldiers had completed their occupation and were getting ready for the evening meal. Imagine their dismay, and my embarrassment, when they saw we were being routed by an irate farmer. We tore down the tents and nets, rewound the commo lines, packed up our vehicles, and moved to another location.

Now, I can stomach the discrimination (many Germans will not rent to American soldiers or serve them in their clubs), the second-class treatment of the *Gastarbeiter* GI, and the growing unfriendliness. But when they don't allow me to do my job (to train for the defense of Western Europe), I say it's time to pull out.

As we were stumbling with our tents and nets in the dark at our new location, I wondered how the Russian captain would handle this angry farmer when it was his turn. And I smiled.

CAPTAIN RAY C. FINCH III
APO N.Y.

Jack Beatty replies:

Mr. Brereton raises many excellent points. He is right that illusion has surrounded the old dream of making the defense stronger than any conceivable offense and in that way ending the scourge of war. Am I, in outlining the idea of non-offensive defense in Europe, falling victim to the same illusion? Perhaps. But wait. Granted, "accidents" like the First World War can happen. Mr. Brereton, however, though he is impressively knowledgeable on the tactical details of that war, seems to have given less thought to the strategic doctrines that led to the cataclysm in the first place. These were offensive, through and through, and on all sides they created dangerous pressures toward pre-emption—toward being the first to strike a blow. I had *that* lesson of the First World War in mind, at any rate, in arguing that peace in Europe would be on a firmer footing than it is today if the opposing armies had neither offensive doctrines nor weapons, and were configured in transparently defensive formations.

For Clifford Martin, I have a question of my own: Who invaded Belgium in August 1914? Was it President Poincaré? Nicholas II? Fashions in historical interpretation ebb and flow with the professional needs of historians. Facts, by contrast, are stubborn things. Germany invaded Belgium in a panic-begotten decision fed by military fears that grew out of the offensive doctrines of the day, which is the point I wish to make to Mr. Brereton. But Germany's decision was fully consonant with the martial spirit that had long since taken hold among its ruling elite and without which I can't imagine the First World War erupting, which is the point I wish to make to both Christopher Layne and Mr. Martin.

GET IT RIGHT

In "Breakout" (July *Atlantic*), Cullen Murphy quotes a friend: "I don't mean people you might expect to say *dit'n* but educated people, and people not from the South." Murphy and his sources don't know what they're talking about regarding southern speech patterns. *Dit'n* isn't a southernism. The indigenous pronunciation is *didn*, made with an alveolar stop. The glottal stop, as in *dit'n*, is not normally used in the South; even *kitten*, *button*, and *bottle* (*bodle*) are made with the alveolar stop.

A Professor Stewart is quoted as pronouncing, "In the South, nonstandardisms are common higher up the social scale than they are in the North." I suspect that Stewart lacks the experience and perceptiveness to recognize class distinctions in southern pronunciations. Educated southerners often use "nonstandardisms" facetiously or as a disarming device, to wit *po* for *poor*. Some use the British *fo* for *four*, and many say *suster*, *chuldren* (another British pronunciation), and *dunner* (still the noon meal for some). Ignorant southerners say *painter* for *panther*, *hope* for *helped* (an Elizabethan carry-over), and *eat* in the past and perfect tenses and pronounced *et* (another Elizabethan usage). But even educated northerners are likely to say *stomick*, *acrost*, *crick* (for *creek*), *guarantee* rhyming with *garnishee*, *warrantee* in confusion with *guarantee*, and metatheses such as *heighth*. Diphthongs are especially troublesome: *pome* for *poem*, *fore* for *for*, the letter *R* for *our*, and *nooz* for *news*.

One of the specialists quoted is Rima McKinzey, who disdains *Ah* and *bidness*. This too exhibits the imperception of many lexicographers and fellow travelers. Regardless of class, southerners do not say *Ah*; they say *I* as in *island*, as opposed to the general American *Ie*, the Long Island *Oi*, and the New England short *A*. Most southerners use the standard *bizness* or the local variant *biness*. *Bidness* is mostly Texan, and to assume that all southerners use it is like assuming that all

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New Yorkers say *youse* and *dint* and that all New Englanders speak with a Boston Irish brogue.

CHARLES ROBERTS
Los Gatos, Calif.

I am certain that if my friend Bill Ferris, a co-editor of *The Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*, does his homework as well as he usually does, his landmark work will include not only information concerning the origin of *dit'n* but also information with respect to those other southern colloquialisms *it'n*, *wat'n*, and *hat'n*.

I grew up in Mississippi, and at various times during my life, while living outside the South, I have tried to pronounce these contractions correctly. I found, however, that no matter how hard I tried, I just *coult'n* do it.

A. S. POVALL, JR.
Vienna, Va.

Cullen Murphy replies:

I share the distaste of Mr. Roberts, whose origins would seem to be southern, for regional stereotypes. His letter should help to dispel the stereotype of southern affability.

FALLOWS ON JAPAN

I am grateful to James Fallows for the data he presented in his piece "The Japan-Handlers" (August *Atlantic*), especially for his item about the Star Wars contracts going to Japanese firms. This information supports my view, by no means unique, that SDI is the greatest boondoggle ever perpetrated on a not-so-innocent American public by a cynical military-industrial complex. "Swindle" would not be an extreme characterization. SDI is a money-making machine, entirely divorced in its impetus from any utility in the realm of the defense of the nation or of international arms negotiations.

It reminds me of my post–Second World War days in Shanghai, when American warships, long isolated in primitive Pacific areas, entered the storied port to disgorge seamen with overdue leaves, suppressed libidos, and caches of cigarette cartons. The cartons quickly disappeared into the black market as the seamen found their shore-leave expenses more than covered by their sale at street-corner soapbox auctions.

But their value multiplied as each carton went from trader's echelon to echelon, and variations on the trade inevitably appeared. One Chinese purchaser way down the line was stupid enough actually to open his cigarette carton, and complained to the Chinese seller that it contained nothing but sand.

"Fool!" said the previous owner of the carton. "These cigarettes aren't for smoking—they're for making money!"

The same philosophy can be applied to SDI. Star Wars will not protect the United States or any of its military areas from ballistic bombardment, as any reputable panel of scientists will be happy to tell one and all, and as the American public is largely aware.

RICHARD PATRICK WILSON
Mobile, Ala.

James Fallows (Letters to the Editor, August *Atlantic*) claims that "if Japan were really concerned about having enough food, it would stop subsidizing its own extremely high-cost farmers and permit its consumers to buy imported rice for one eighth the price." He misses the point: if Japan allows cheap imported rice to put her farmers out of business, her ability to feed her people will be lost, as farmland will be rapidly converted to commercial and residential uses, permanently destroying its food-producing capacity.

In such a scenario, rice at "one eighth the price" is a bargain with the devil. There can be no guarantee that international trade will always provide Japan (or any other country) with affordable foreign-grown food. War, weather, politics, and the inevitable eventual drying-up of the world's petroleum deposits are among the possible causes of sudden future escalations of prices for imported food, or even its absolute unavailability.

World peace depends on security for all nations. National security depends in large part on each nation's ability to feed itself. Free-market theorists carry their ideology too far when they advocate trade policies that would encourage the conversion (destruction) of *any* nation's cropland—the current trends of population growth, topsoil loss, pollution, energy-resources depletion, and probable global warming all point toward decreasing food production per capita in the near future. Add to this the declining state of the world's fisheries, and Japan's policies of protecting its farmers, and thus its farmland, become not merely understandable but eminently sensible and responsible.

TERRY EHRICH
Bennington, Vt.

James Fallows replies:

Terry Ehrich has a point about the value of protecting agricultural land, but this doesn't have much to do with Japan's rice-subsidy policy. Rice is less and less important to Japan's eaters. In the mid-1950s the average Japanese person ate roughly 250 pounds of rice a year, which represented about half his daily calories. By the mid-1980s per-capita consumption was down to about 165 pounds, representing barely a quarter of total calories. If Japan's policy really were motivated by long-range concerns about food security, rather than by the raw political power of the rice farmers, it would be quite different from the policy that Japan now pursues. Japan might in that case build huge emergency stockpiles of storable food, including rice and other grains, by buying them at cut rates from overseas. It might shift its subsidies to the crops that, unlike rice, are becoming more popular with its people, notably wheat. It might simply leave its cropland idle and pay its farmers pensions, rather than allowing them to grow rice for which consumers must pay grossly inflated prices. Or it might follow the example of Singapore and Hong Kong, in concluding that small, crowded countries should not bother trying to remain self-sufficient in food, and should instead build stable commercial relationships with supplying countries.

If Japan did agree with Terry Ehrich that its national security depended on its "ability to feed itself," it would face much greater difficulties than his letter implies. Japan already imports half the calories its people eat, and the imported share is going up. If, under circumstances now hard to imagine, Japan had to endure a siege in which the rest of the world tried to starve out the richest country of all, it would run out of a lot of other agricultural inputs—starting with fuel—before it ran out of land. My point is not whether a food-security strategy would be wise or foolish for Japan but, rather, that it does not explain the current costly subsidies for rice.

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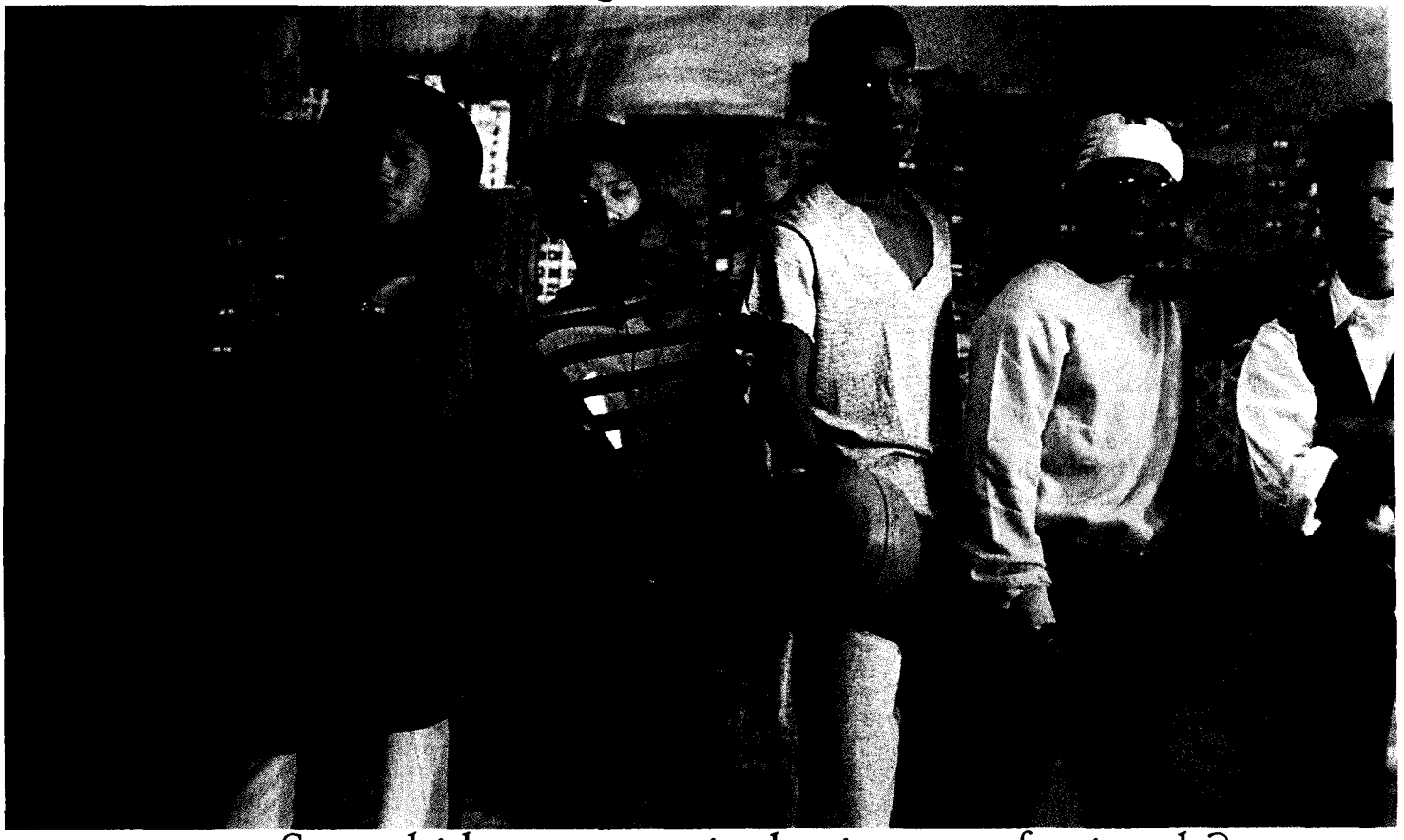

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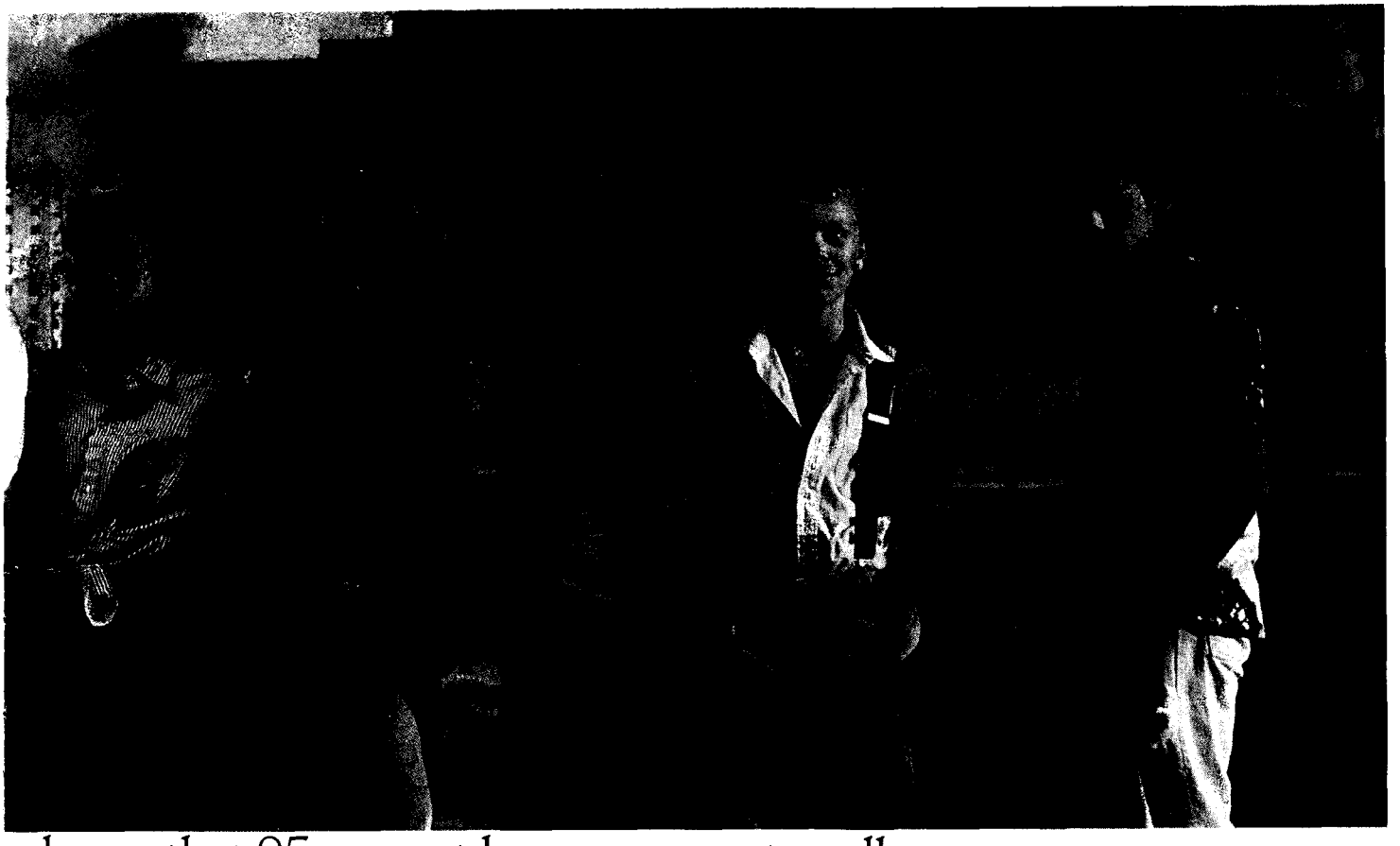

shows that 95 percent have gone on to college.

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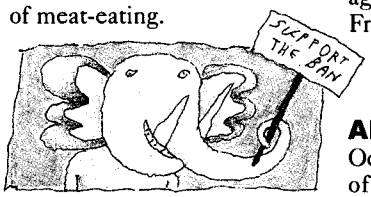
THE OCTOBER ALMANAC

FOOD

October is National Seafood Month, a festivity that is held when it is in part because the fall used to occasion a slump in fish sales (Lent and summer-vacation time are the high seasons). After increasing steadily for a number of years, seafood consumption in the United States dropped last year; among the reasons cited is widespread consumer concern about pollution. For the first time in its history the National Fish and Seafood Promotional Council is doing this year what the beef and dairy industries have done for years: running generic national advertising on television and in print (the ads peak this month). The seafood industry is also devising new ways to deploy seafood, such as in sausages and hot dogs. October **2**, World Farm Animals Day, which is held on the birthday of Mahatma Gandhi and is devoted to the elimination of farm-animal abuse and of meat-eating.



ENVIRONMENT

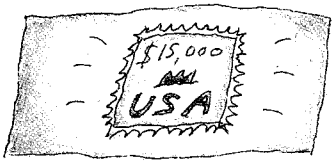
October **9–20**, the seventh meeting of the 100 or so parties to the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species will be held in Lausanne, Switzerland. Much of the debate will concern a proposal to ban international commercial trade in elephant ivory, raw or carved, among signatories. The population of the African elephant, the main source of ivory, has been reduced by perhaps half during the past decade, mostly because of the depredations of poachers. A ban on the ivory trade would mean little without strong efforts against smuggling, and some fear that a ban, by reducing supply and driving up demand, could prove to be an incentive to poachers.

DEMOGRAPHICS

October **31**, Halloween. On this night adult Americans will give more parties for other adults than on any other night except New Year's Eve. One American adult out of every four will dress up in a costume. Dressing up on this scale by grown-ups is new, and is evidently one more result of the Baby Boom generation's disheartening refusal to let go of the past. One of the nation's major costume makers, the Collegeville Flag Manufacturing Company, says that sales of adult costumes, which five years ago accounted for five percent of the company's business, now account for half. The Halloween mask with the most enduring appeal across all age groups is a rubber one of Freddy Krueger, the villain in all the *Nightmare on Elm Street* movies.

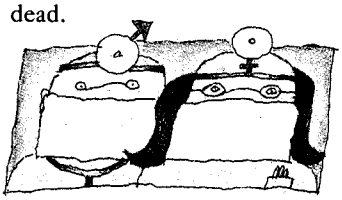
ARTS & LETTERS

October **12–13**, the first part of the stock of the New Orleans stamp dealers Raymond and Roger Weill, who have handled more rare stamps than any other dealers in history, goes on the block at Christie's. Their collection is to be sold over the next two years. In 1968 the Weills paid a record price of $380,000 for the 1847 Mauritius "Post Office" letter, which Christie's now expects to sell for at least $2 million. This will give the auction house a decided philatelic edge over its arch-rival, Sotheby's, whose highest-selling stamp brought in only about a seventh of that amount.



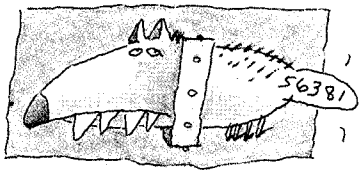
THE SKIES

October **14**, Full Moon, also known this month as the Hunter's Moon and, to the Cheyenne Indians, the Moon When Water Freezes. **20–21**, the Orionid Meteor shower, a remnant of the tail of Halley's Comet, peaks; look to the southeast in the hours after midnight. **29**, at 2:00 A.M. Daylight Saving Time ends. **31**, Earth is roughly midway between the places it occupies at the Autumnal Equinox and the Winter Solstice; at this time of year the ancient Celts marked the onset of winter and held a feast to remember their dead.



HEALTH & SAFETY

More applications to medical school arrive at their destinations this month than in any other. Also this month the Association of American Medical Colleges should know whether the number of entrants to medical school in 1989 represents a continuation of or a leveling off in a fifteen-year decline in medical-school enrollment. Medicine retains a patina of prestige, but students considering it as a life's work are increasingly conscious of its disadvantages: the high cost of medical-school tuition, the high cost of malpractice insurance, the growing prominence of health-maintenance organizations, which restrict doctors' autonomy, and the fact that doctors' incomes are no longer comparable to the incomes earned by people in law or business. While the number of men who want to become doctors has declined dramatically since the mid-1970s, the decline has been much less severe among women, a fact that officials at medical associations attribute in part to "greater altruism."

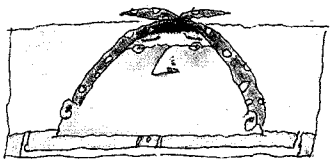


GOVERNMENT

October **1**, the first day of the federal fiscal year 1990; 10,000 people who have been chosen by lottery over and above the usual annual immigration quota will be eligible to enter the United States. **2**, the Supreme Court reconvenes. After today residents of New York City are prohibited from acquiring pit bull terriers, and people who already own one must have the pet photographed and tattooed with an identification number.

100 YEARS AGO

L. D. Morgan, writing in the October, 1889, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "No more agreeable consequence of the influence of civilization and culture upon prejudice and narrow-mindedness can be shown than the liberality with which, during the last few generations, men have regarded the mental growth and intellectual activity of women. It is not a little amusing . . . to recall the primitive ideas which . . . [previous generations] cherished on the subject of feminine education, and the mingled anxiety and distrust with which they viewed the aspirations of the misguided women who yearned for knowledge and learning. 'Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,' urged the guardians of the weaker portion of humanity; and the philosopher succinctly expressed the feeling of his sex . . . when he declared that the two chief duties of a virtuous woman were 'to keep at home and be silent.' "



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JILL WRIGHT

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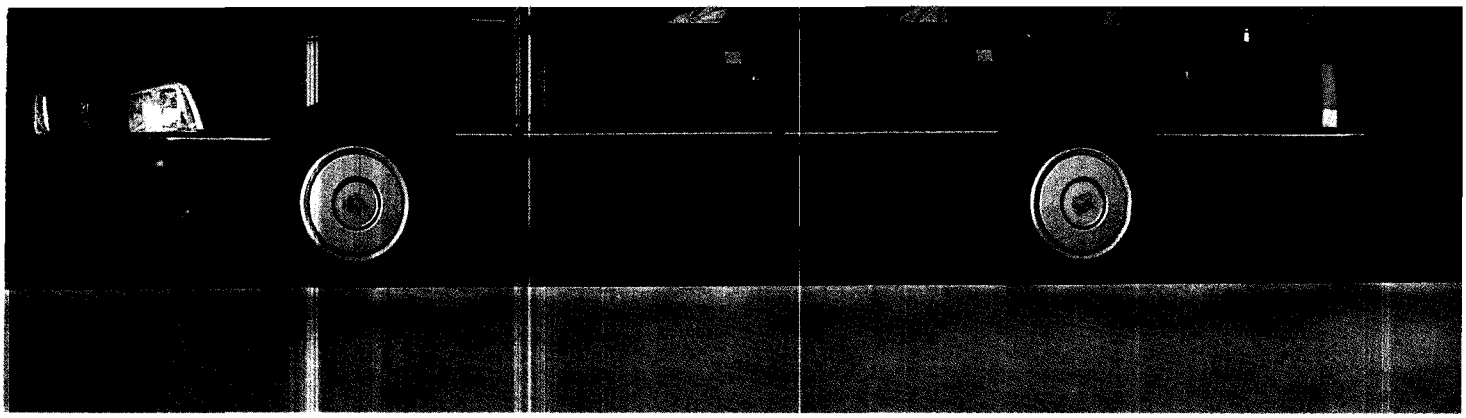

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

They're Back

The little devils

I DECIDED NOT long ago that it was time to catch up with the rest of America and get myself a personal trainer. I might start slow, with someone who would come into the office for an hour every day, and work myself up toward a full-time live-in trainer named Jake, who would help me to realize my full potential as a physical specimen. No sooner had I made this decision than my newfound ambition wilted, when it became apparent that personal trainers are hopelessly quaint and passé. The big thing now, to judge from news reports I see almost every day, is to have a personal demon—or, better, several of them. In the nation's expanding service economy personal demons are the real workhorses, and they perform an impressive variety of tasks.

They make good chauffeurs, for instance. An article I remember reading about Michael Deaver, reporting his claim to be an alcoholic, explained that the former adviser to President Ronald Reagan was "driven by personal demons." The picture of Deaver that accompanied the article showed him, as if by way of proof, sitting in the back of his limousine. Thomas Wolfe, John Dos Passos, and Erskine Caldwell all had personal demons at the wheel, according to an article in *The Washington Post*, though Ernest Hemingway, as William Faulkner was quoted in the same article as saying, "wasn't driven by a private demon." Personal demons will go anywhere. Writing in *The New York Times* last winter, Anna Quindlen talked about herself and her husband "struggling with a relationship, sometimes flying off with our own personal demons." The *Chicago Tribune*, noting last spring the improved performance of the pitcher Fernando Valenzuela, explained that he was no longer being "chased cross-country by personal demons."

Personal demons do not always have it easy. At last year's Wimbledon lawn-tennis championships John McEnroe was seen by a *Chicago Tribune* reporter "swearing at personal demons and giving innocent ballboys an earful." Another newspaper account described the U.S. downhill skiing champion, Moe Johnson, as "fighting injuries and personal demons."

Personal demons can give as good as they get. One press report earlier this year noted that Pete Rose, the manager of the Cincinnati Reds, "was unable to beat his personal demons as consistently as he had generations of pitchers." Some personal demons apparently plague several people at once. *The Washington Post* observed last year that the outfielder Eddie Murray, who then played for Baltimore, was "not alone among old Orioles in choosing owner Edward Bennett Williams as his personal demon."

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL MARDEN

Along with professional athletes, people in government service are prominently possessed. When Robert S. McNamara, the former Secretary of Defense, testified during the lawsuit brought against CBS News by General William Westmoreland, *The Washington Post* pictured him trying to "wriggle loose from his personal demons." George Bush and Robert Dole found themselves in a similar situation immediately after the Iowa caucuses last year. The two GOP front-runners, according to *Time* magazine, "went into a defensive crouch fending off their personal demons." Pat Buchanan, who was for several years the director of communications in the Reagan White House, seems to be a Washington rarity: "He's entirely without any of the personal demons that so often occupy the men in power," according to the Reagan speechwriter Anthony Dolan as quoted in *Time*.

ENVY, GLUTTONY, lust, covetousness, sloth, pride, anger—these are the Seven Deadly Sins, and for a good while now human beings have been trying to explain them away in the language of psychology and sociology. Now we are back to demons, which have not figured significantly in the Western world for about three

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hundred years. The writers of the texts introduced above probably don't mean to refer literally to a representative of Satan when they use the word *demon*, but they do mean to refer to some maleficent exogenous variable, for which a demon stands in as a kind of stunt man.

Nobody knows, of course, when a belief in demons as tormentors and inducers to sin first arose. The Judaic literature doesn't make a big deal about demons, though they do appear from time to time. The notion that demons are a powerful and pervasive influence in the affairs of men was mainly a Christian contribution, and it raised a lot of questions. Are demons the pagan gods? Are they fallen angels? Did God create them, and if so, why? The early Church fathers and medieval theologians had to grapple with such questions, because they involve the very nature, and the source, of evil. From Augustine to Aquinas, philosophers labored to construct an elaborate demonology.

And yet, ironically, it was not during the Dark Ages but during the Renaissance and the Enlightenment that the fear of demons and their human agents reached its height. Charlemagne in the eighth century forbade the burning of witches as a pagan custom. The laws of King Coloman of Hungary in the eleventh century took no notice of witches "since they do not exist." Only with the dawn of the age of science did an awareness of demons and their earthly wiles become, as H. R. Trevor-Roper argued in a famous essay, an "explosive force" and "a standing warning to those who would simplify the stages of human progress." The lesson seems to be that there is something about a society whose smug self-conception is one of rationality and sophistication which leaves it wonderfully open to the forces of unreason.

Trevor-Roper's observation may have a certain relevance in our own time. Certainly the popularity of personal demons seems of a piece with the age. To have a personal demon is at once an assertion of individuality, a denial of responsibility, and a claim on sympathy. That combination is a potent one, and it prolongs a great deal of disagreeable behavior. You've got to give the devil his due.

—Cullen Murphy

G. FEINBLATT/MEDIA

The Ketziot detention camp, in the Negev: open classrooms

THE MIDDLE EAST

Israel's Prison Academies

The Palestinian uprising can almost be called a product of the Israeli penal system, which has helped turn an outburst of rage into an organized revolt

MUCH FOLLY ON the part of many Israelis went into the making of the *intifada*, the Palestinian uprising now in its twenty-first month. For years the Israelis have successfully met the challenge of terrorists who penetrate their borders. They are unequaled at detecting and foiling threats to their population from without. But their sharp sight seems to have failed them when it came to the more serious threat posed to their security within—from the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, the territories occupied by Israel since 1967. Paradoxically, the more closely they controlled the Palestinians, the more their vision was impaired, and it diminished to near blindness regarding the tens of thousands of Palestinians who passed through their prisons. Three of Israel's maximum-security facilities, where men are under constant supervision, were the forge in which the machinery and tactics of the *intifada* were wrought. Over the years, in full view of their Israeli jailers, Palestinian security prisoners (who are held separate from common criminals) built an independent network whose cohesion, intellectual verve, and rich store of experience would manifest themselves in all their power during the Palestinian uprising. Today we know that the *intifada* was the work of "insiders"—local followers of the Palestine Liberation Organization who knew how to take control of the Watts-style riots of December, 1987, and inform them with political content—and not of the PLO bureaucracy abroad. But what even the PLO did not know was the degree to which the Palestinians' prison experience was the force transforming the spontaneous outburst of rage into a sustained, organized revolt.

The uprising's Unified National Command, which has steered the *intifada* by means of periodic handbills, is constructed along the same lines as the special committees formed by the Palestinian security prisoners. It embraces the principles of equal representation for all its factions, regardless of their size and standing, and of unanimous

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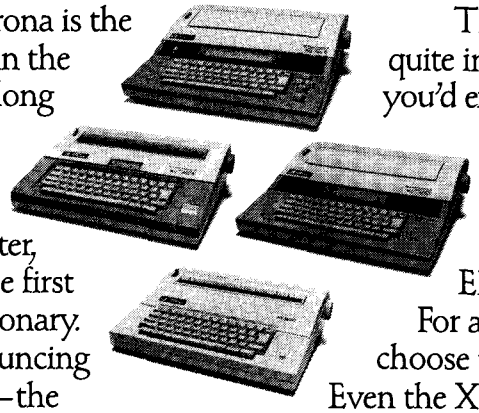

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G. FEINBLATT / MEDIA

Most at Ketziot are "administrative detainees," who can be held for a year without trial

agreement on decisions rather than majority rule. For the Palestinians, these two precepts—parity and unanimity—were born inside Israel's prisons. Certainly they had no precedent in the PLO's way of doing things; Yasser Arafat had never been willing to yield his primacy as head of Fatah to the more generous vision of one organization, one vote. The adoption of passive resistance—specifically in the form of the strike—was also a result of experiments in prison. Arafat and his associates had always espoused the doctrine of armed struggle, but in Israel's prisons their disciples came to believe that the movement had a better chance of succeeding without weapons—as the uprising would later prove.

In short, the *intifada* grew out of a predictable process that even the experts did not discern at first. Israel's very success in protecting its borders from armed squads and in smashing the terrorist underground within the occupied territories opened a new and no less dangerous outlet for Palestinian resistance. Tens of thousands of men convicted of membership in terrorist cells, of smuggling arms, or of simply having ties with the PLO used their days behind bars to revitalize their thinking, revamp their organization, and continue the struggle against Israel in more effective ways. Ironically, then, but inevitably as well, the Israeli victory over PLO terrorism carried within it the seeds of the *intifada*.

BEHIND BARS, IN the Jneid Prison, near Nablus, and in the security blocks of Israel's prisons in Ashkelon and Beersheba, Palestinian prisoners grappled endlessly with the question of why their networks had fallen, bringing the armed struggle to a dead end. The ongoing "seminars" held in their cells led them to some very grim conclusions, which were expounded in dozens of book-length memoirs and a series of primers for novice activists on how to avoid their elders' mistakes. All these publications explained that Israel's security service, the Shin Bet, had so thoroughly penetrated the PLO underground that every new recruit ran the risk of being exposed in short order by informers, double agents, and moles. *The Confrontation Behind Bars*, a handbook written by a team of ex-prisoners from the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, contained an eye-opening description of the negligence and naiveté that marked the PLO's efforts to build an armed network in the territories: the methods of recruiting and screening new members were unconscionable; the means of transmitting directives and transferring weapons were amateurish; commanders over the border belittled the need for security; the choice of targets was arbitrary; and no one bothered to plan or secure routes of escape.

By comparing their experiences and analyzing their mistakes the prisoners were also able to advise their successors on how to avoid falling into the Shin Bet's traps. Another series of pamphlets written by released security prisoners addressed itself to preparing future detainees for interrogation and the probable incarceration to follow. These pamphlets described in detail the methods used to break the green and often frightened detainees and suggested ways of countering them. They also warned that one or more prison cell mates might well be informers and described how the Israelis go about recruiting Palestinian newcomers to work for them.

The young people in the territories thirstily drank in the descriptions and advice, and reciprocated by paying regular visits to prisoners, sending candy to their families on holidays, and meticulously observing Palestinian Prisoner Day. When the prisoners went on hunger strikes, they were joined by groups of high school and university students in acts of solidarity. The local Arab papers gave wide coverage to coercive treatment of the more famous prisoners—such as stints in isolation and the force-feeding of hunger strikers—and each day juxtaposed lists of newly interned prisoners with the names of those recently released. In this way an entire subculture grew up around the prison experience. Having a record became a mark of distinction in the territories, and without one it was difficult to lay claim to leadership or to speak in behalf of the Palestinian cause.

INSIDE ISRAEL'S penitentiaries the security prisoners not only blocked attempts to reduce them to "a bunch of numbers," as they put it, but also united into a political force. Their ongoing contest with the Israeli Prison Service has been hailed by the Palestinians as their "prisoners' movement"—an integral part of the struggle for independence—and has grown into a legend of mettle and might. Even the Israelis have come to concede that

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the gains made by the security prisoners were impressive. The prison struggle began in 1970, three years after the occupation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, with a hunger strike to exempt Palestinians from the rule of addressing the guards as "sir." The second round came in 1976, when the prisoners held a general strike to secure a privilege enjoyed by their criminal counterparts: the right to make purchases in the prison canteen. In 1980 another hunger strike was held to improve living conditions, which were truly appalling in the Jneid Prison, with fourteen men crowded into each twenty-four-square-yard cell appointed only with filthy bare mattresses strewn on the floor. Two more strikes followed in 1985 and 1986. The last major one, held in March of 1987, was over the demand for sheets and pajamas and the right to receive the Arabic newspapers of the prisoners' choice.

These strikes were landmarks in the security prisoners' gradual progress toward a kind of autonomy inside the prison walls. Out of a desire to keep the security blocks orderly and quiet the wardens agreed to grant prisoners more and more privileges, blind to the fact that the nucleus of a new resistance movement was taking shape in their jails. The authorities allowed prisoners to form representative committees, and yielded to their unprecedented demand that no security prisoner be allowed to communicate with the administration, or vice versa, except through one of their appointed spokesmen. In this way the Palestinian prisoners were molded into a highly disciplined force that faced the prison authorities as a united front—which considerably heightened their clout.

The establishment of these committees also had advantages from the administration's standpoint. Considering the terrible crowding and substandard conditions, the Palestinians might well have been at each other's throats day and night, making violence a way of life in the cells, had it not been for their strict self-discipline. The committees eliminated the practice of sodomy in the security blocks and fought tenaciously against the use of drugs until the cells were completely free of them, in sharp contrast to the situation in the criminal blocks. And while the security prisoners refused to work—insisting that they would not contribute in any way to the Israeli economy or war effort—they kept their cells spotless, organized lessons and study groups, ran the prison libraries, and even cooked their own meals with ingredients supplied by the kitchen (after complaining that standard prison fare was intolerable to the Palestinian palate). The committees saw to it that strict order was maintained during the exercise periods, which lasted two hours a day rather than the one hour given to nonworking criminal inmates. These breaks from the oppressive confinement of the cells were used for physical training and vigorous exercise, with fixed quotas for pushups and jumping jacks.

The prison authorities' tolerance of this autonomy led to some negative behavior as well, most notably the assassination of prisoners suspected of collaborating with the Israelis. The central prisoners' committee in each facility included "intelligence" and "security" officers who ran primitive but effective counterespionage networks to expose the Palestinians serving as Israeli agents. Suspects were often subjected to violent interrogations by their cell mates, and over the years dozens of prisoners on whom "revolutionary" verdicts had been passed by the committees were executed in the cells. As a result, special quarters, dubbed by the prisoners "shame blocks," had to be created in order to protect Palestinians suspected of treason.

The most striking feature of the Palestinian prison experience, however, is that it was used as an opportunity for prisoners to grow. Rather than serving as a deterrent and a punitive framework for breaking the PLO's strongest cadres, Israel's prisons were transformed into higher "academies," as the inmates called them, for reflection and education, ideological and spiritual rehabilitation, and experiments with new political constructs. In many cases these stints in prison framed the outlook and tempered the character of men who were then earmarked for leadership. Young men who had entered the security blocks as illiterates emerged with a broad education. Each day a symposium was held to discuss the content of that morning's newspaper. Many prisoners studied Hebrew "to get to know the enemy better."

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The uninitiated received instruction (albeit theoretical) in the use of arms and explosives. Prisoners who had attended officers' courses in one of the Arab states gave lessons in topography and field craft, military tactics and history. College graduates taught languages and political science. The prisoners pored over the works of Marx, Mao, and Frantz Fanon, developing a new lexicon of strategy and learning the value of consensus over ideological purity. They copied out whole books by hand to circulate among the cells, in a prison variation of samizdat.

The upshot of this intense educational endeavor was that the inmates left prison more self-assured and committed to their cause than they had been when they arrived. And because they had kept in contact with the outside through notes smuggled in by family members (and passed by means of a kiss—a trick learned from Israeli convicts, who used it to obtain drugs), when they returned they were quickly reabsorbed into the Palestinian underground.

All in all, some 40,000 Palestinians passed through Israel's penal system during the twenty years of the occupation prior to the *intifada*. Upon their release they were greeted like conquering heroes in their villages and towns, winning the respect and loyalty of the younger generation and often usurping the authority of the traditional Palestinian leadership—the village *mukhtars* and wealthy heads of clans. In the West Bank's universities ex-prisoners made up a full quarter of the male student population and usually set the tone on campus. They were also behind the recruitment of fellow students into the so-called political blocs, which were transparent covers for factions of the outlawed PLO. They ran the Palestinian labor unions; they played a dominant role in the community's press and charitable societies; and of course they led the Shabiba, Fatah's ubiquitous youth movement.

More than a thousand hard-core activists who had built the system of autonomy within Israel's prisons were released simultaneously under the terms of the 1985 prisoner exchange known as the Jebril deal. Some 650 of them chose to remain in the occupied territories, re-establishing themselves in their respective organizations and communities over the next two years. According to official Israeli Defense Ministry assessments, no fewer than 80 percent of that group joined in the *intifada* soon after it broke out, and close to two thirds were re-arrested during its first year.

But they did not merely join the uprising, rioting with the frenzied crowds and burning tires in the street. They led it at its highest levels almost from the start. Of the twenty or so people who have served in the Unified National Command, only two or three lack a prison chapter in their personal histories. Ex-prisoners fill key roles on almost all the popular committees, which sprang up by the hundreds in the territories to topple and replace the Israeli administration in various spheres of Palestinian life, from health and education to agriculture and wel-

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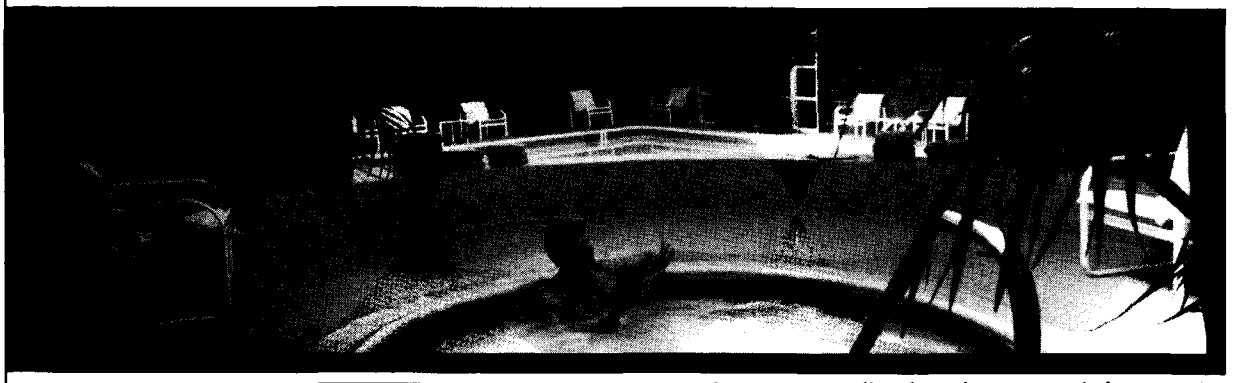

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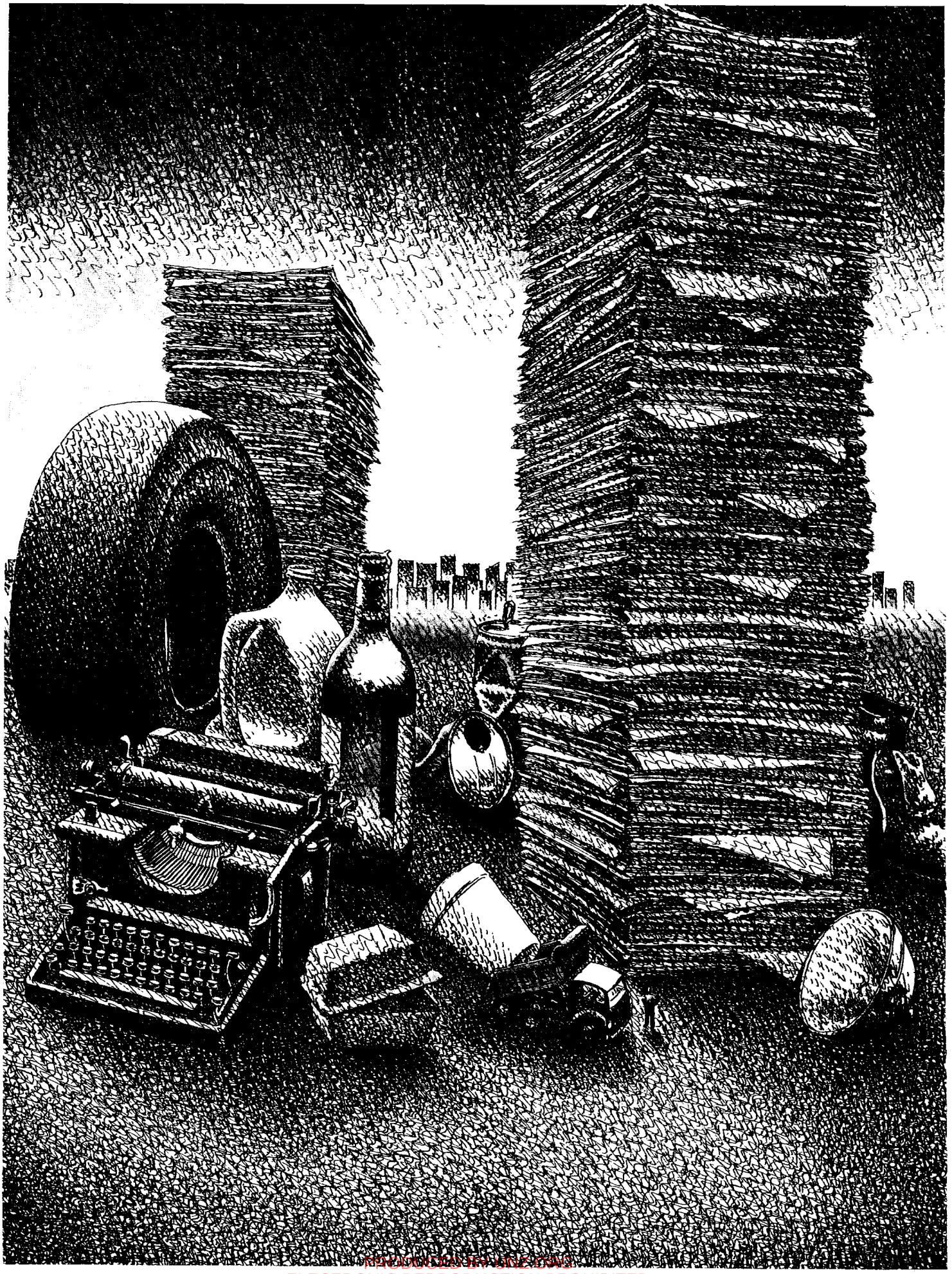

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If plastics were banned, the need for packaging wouldn't go away. The idea is to substitute other materials which are assumed to be biodegradable, so a landfill would take longer to become full. Studies show, however, that paper and other materials decompose so slowly in today's landfills that the lives of the landfills are not extended.

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REUTERS/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

At the detention camp the Israelis control little inside the perimeter

fare. They have been similarly active in building the "shock forces"—the enforcement arm of the popular committees—and in attempts to create a militia called the Palestine Popular Army.

In effect, the 40,000 "academy graduates" were a whole new class of Palestinian society. They had shared an indelible experience and were bound to one another by unusually strong ties of trust and friendship—stronger, it turned out, than the loyalties among members of any one political faction.

In the course of the uprising this class has expanded considerably and has become more vital than ever. More than 50,000 Palestinians have been incarcerated in the past twenty-one months, which means that one out of every twenty Palestinian men has spent at least twenty-four hours in an Israeli detention facility. In July approximately 12,000 Palestinians were being held in Israeli prisons and detention camps, about 10,000 of them awaiting trial or serving out sentences and the rest in "administrative detention," meaning that the state has invoked emergency regulations suspending their right of habeas corpus.

The current prison population is a mixture of recidivists—former security prisoners who resumed their involvement in the underground and were active in organizing the uprising—and youngsters who had never been arrested before. These first-timers, many of whom lack a defined political outlook, are quickly integrated into the autonomous framework established by the veterans. Under its aegis they are treated to crash courses in ideology and tactics which transform them from angry kids throwing stones out of blind impulse, or just for the fun of it, into politically committed activists for Hamas (the Islamic Resistance Movement) or one of the factions of the PLO.

Such indoctrination is only one aspect of the prisoners' independent activity, however. The traditions established in the maximum-security prisons have been transferred to these camps and are being passed on to a new generation of raw recruits. In the Ketziot detention camp in the Negev, also known as Ansar 3, the Israeli army allows the 4,000 inmates to run their own affairs. On a few occasions the prisoners' committees in Ketziot violated their understanding with the authorities by instigating riots, which culminated in the use of firearms and cost the inmates fifteen lives.

The waves of mass arrests in the territories over the past nineteen months have not, to date, brought the *intifada* to an end. They have contributed to the growth of the cadres that are bent on keeping it going. The detention camps are a reservoir of fresh forces for the popular committees, which have essentially become the governing apparatus of the *intifada*. In fact, there appears to be such a direct line between the prisoners' committees and the popular ones that activists have come to regard their stints in detention, uncomfortable as they may be, as R&R between one tour of duty and the next. Hardened PLO veterans are known to keep packed suitcases at the ready, calmly taking each successive arrest as just the end of another round in their long fight with Israel.

Clearly the Palestinians' experience inside Israel's prisons and detention camps has had the effect of stoking, rather than damping, the *intifada*. Before the start of the uprising, security prisoners used these facilities as laboratories for testing new strategies that were later applied on the outside on a considerably larger scale.

They learned that if they were united, they could take the initiative and draw the PLO in their wake—which has influenced the Unified Command's relations with the PLO abroad. They found (undoubtedly to their surprise) that they could hold their own in open confrontations with the Israeli authorities if they abandoned the terrorist underground and took the path of passive resistance; hence the extended commercial strike, which has not been accorded as much coverage as the street violence but which—to the Palestinians at least—has been the emblem of the *intifada* almost from the start. They even superimposed the structure of their prison committees on the uprising: supply committees have taken the place of kitchen duty; the shock forces have assumed the task of "security officers" in dealing with collaborators; and the Unified Command's handbills have succeeded the notes smuggled in and out of prison, and from one prison to another. So deep was the mark of the prison experience on the Palestinian uprising that had it not been for Israel's prison "academies," the *intifada* might well have come and gone in a matter of weeks.

—Ehud Ya'ari,
translated by Ina Friedman

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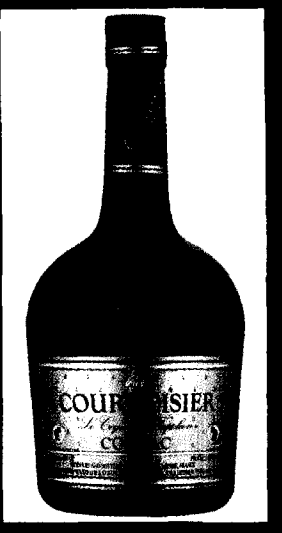

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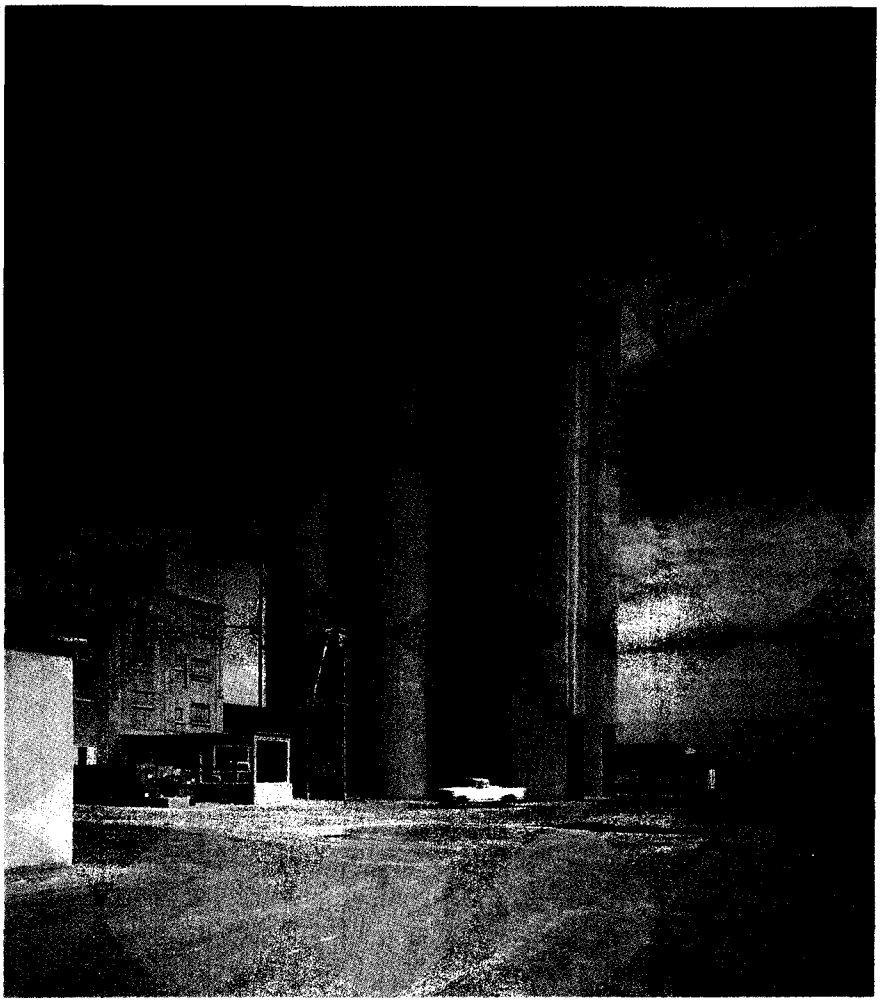

The Dragon Products Company cement plant, in Thomaston, Maine

BUSINESS

Tribal Enterprise

Indian entrepreneurship is increasing across the country, but it faces the obstacles of dissension from within and uncertain federal policy from without

LAST FALL THE Passamaquoddy Indians of Maine staged a financial coup that won Wall Street's admiration. Five years after engineering the first Indian-led leveraged buyout, to acquire New England's only cement plant, the tribe sold it at triple the purchase price. The $60 million profit in that deal left the 2,700-member tribe in control of one of Maine's largest investment funds and confirmed it as a major player in the state's economy.

Such an outcome flew in the face of what many Maine residents had predicted in 1980, when the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes were together awarded $81.5 million in a land-claims settlement. The money was expected to pass quickly to non-Indians—and it might have done so, had the federal government's tradition of dividing spoils of this kind equally among tribal members been continued. Elsewhere such division has inspired spending sprees to the benefit of off-reservation merchants.

The Maine tribes, however, built into the settlement the right to buy 300,000 acres of timberland, and crafted a diversified investment strategy. "Their goal was to use the land-claims money to solve unemployment, create more wealth, and raise their status in the community," says Thomas N. Tureen, the chairman of Tribal Assets Management, which has provided financial advice to the tribes. The Passamaquoddy in 1982 bought one of the state's largest blueberry farms and two radio stations, and in 1983 the cement plant, which at the time was losing money almost as fast as it belched pollutants. Under the tribe's ownership it not only became profitable but also originated a patented pollution-control system that could help resolve the acid-rain crisis. When the tribe sold the plant, it kept ownership of the scrubber technology, which uses waste products to convert acidic emissions into salable by-products, and could become the tribe's next big money-maker. The Department of Energy and the Spanish buyers of the plant have since agreed to fund the construction of a $9.6 million prototype scrubber at the Maine plant.

As the first tribe to go shopping for investments, the Passamaquoddy became a potent symbol for other Indians. Partly in response, dozens of the nation's 500 federally recognized Indian tribes have in recent years sharpened their business skills and begun aggressively pursuing the kinds of deals—joint ventures with corporations, new factories to be built on reservations, and control of mining and drilling on their lands—that until a few years ago were widely viewed as instruments of outsiders' exploitation. The Mississippi Choctaws' five auto-parts factories and one greeting-card operation not only have raised tribal employment to more than 80 percent—the former unemployment rate—but also have made the tribe one of the state's fifteen largest employers, with 1,200 workers. Other tribes, such as the Salt-River Pima Maricopa, of Arizona, New Mexico's Jicarilla Apache, and the Devils Lake Sioux, of North Dakota, have likewise built well-managed tribal enterprises.

Large-scale reservation development, many tribal officials now believe, may represent the best chance in decades to improve Indians' living standards—and their status in the regions where they live. "The pressure for development coming from within tribal societies is far greater than anything coming from without," says A. David Lester, who was a health and human-services commissioner in the Carter and Reagan administrations and is the executive director of the Denver-based Council of Energy Resource

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Tribes, whose forty-three members are tribes with significant oil, mineral, timber, or fishery holdings. "The debate is pretty much over as to whether we should engage in economic development. The answer is affirmative."

But the chances that many other tribes will soon replicate the Passamaquoddy's success are slim. Formidable obstacles to economic development on Indian reservations remain, not only in the workings of the federal Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA), which continues to exercise influence in nearly every area of tribal life, but also in terms of access to mainstream financial markets. And debate over the proper course of reservation development has in fact intensified, with some tribal factions arguing against the value of large-scale projects such as factories or mining on reservations, and some government and business groups challenging the government's role as trustee of Indian interests.

ZIGZAGS IN FEDERAL policy over the past hundred years have created many of the worst problems. The government has alternately sought to disband tribes and assimilate their members into the larger society (notably with the 1887 policy of allotment, which ostensibly tried to turn Indians into private farmers but shrank their land base by two thirds in fifty years) and to reinforce the tribal structures and land base (the New Deal's Indian Reorganization Act). The most recent turn in federal policy, taken under President Richard Nixon, has contributed to the burst of tribal capitalism. In 1970 Nixon repudiated the Eisenhower-era policy of "termination," which had led to the disbanding of 109 Indian tribes and the dispersal of their assets. Nixon endorsed tribal self-determination and supported the return of Blue Lake, a Taos Pueblo religious site, rather than forcing the Indians to accept cash for improperly taken lands. "The Nixon years were the best," says Suzan Shown Harjo, the executive director of the National Congress of American Indians. Her view is seconded by most Indian leaders today.

During the Nixon years Great Society programs run by the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Economic Development Administration, while being cut back elsewhere, were ex-

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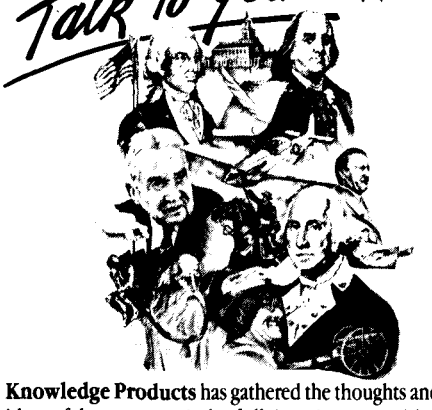

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panded in Indian country, funding legal services and tribally based development schemes; the EDA spent $495 million from 1965 to 1976. The EDA at first favored industrial parks and vacation resorts, few of which have been successful, though this strategy also led to the construction of water and sewer lines on many reservations that had had none. Those programs had another, perhaps unintended, effect: "OEO broke the stranglehold of the Department of Interior over Indian people and allowed new leadership to develop," LaDonna Harris, the president of Americans for Indian Opportunity, has said.

The energy crisis gave tribes an added boost in 1973 by increasing the value of resources under the reservations, including one third of the low-sulfur coal that can be strip-mined in the United States, and significant deposits of uranium, oil, and gas. Rapidly escalating mineral royalties and a series of land-claims settlements provided some tribes with large infusions of cash. Some Indian leaders also came to think about money in a new way. Instead of merely collecting fees from outside mining and drilling companies for the extraction of their reservations' resources, they began to look for potentially profitable production and marketing efforts of their own.

In the 1980s, however, oil prices plunged, and Indian mineral revenues with them. So did federal expenditures for Indian programs, which under the Reagan Administration were cut by $1 billion a year. Funding for job training and technical-assistance projects declined 56 percent from 1980 to 1984, for example, and per-capita funding for the Indian Health Service, the U.S. Public Health Service agency that provides medical care to one million Indians, shrank by about half. The cuts had an immediate negative effect on Indian employment, because 44 percent of Indians' personal income comes from federal and tribal jobs (in contrast, public-sector jobs provide 19 percent of salaries nationwide). Not surprisingly, overall Indian unemployment has in the past year climbed to 40 percent (by the BIA's reckoning, which is widely regarded as conservative), from a low of 38 percent in 1987. The figure averages 75 percent on the ten largest reservations. "For practical purposes, there is no private-sector economy on many reservations," says Alan R. Parker, a Chippewa Cree who is the staff director of the Senate Indian Affairs Committee and a former president of the American Indian National Bank.

In December of 1985 the Cherokee chief Ross O. Swimmer, who had previously called for the abolition of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, took over as its head and announced that it would be his goal to prod reluctant tribes into ending their dependence on federal aid and adopting business principles. "We hear the buzz word of economic development in Indian country, but some think that means a check, more federal expenditures," he told me last year. When Swimmer left office, last January, he conceded that he had made little headway in persuading tribes to be "self-sufficient instead of coming to Washington for more money."

He had succeeded, however, in raising fresh doubts about the efficacy of the $3 billion a year that the federal government spends on Indian programs. Some conservative observers argue that government aid to Indians amounts to "an experiment that failed" and that Indian "privileges" should be revoked. Unsuccessful initiatives and bureaucratic overhead do consume at least a third of the BIA's billion-dollar budget, but federal expenditures also include $1 billion annually for the Indian Health Service, plus rising sums for welfare grants to a population that is expanding at 2.8 percent a year—nearly twice as fast as the U.S. population overall. Federal aid has improved the Indians' health, although alcoholism, tuberculosis, diabetes, and fatal car accidents still claim Indian victims at rates two to four times higher than those for others. The infant-mortality rate among Indians is nine percent lower than that in the general population. At the same time, however, an alarming number of Indian children are born with fetal alcohol syndrome.

Although the BIA is no longer the unquestioned master on reservations, it remains a pervasive presence in tribal affairs, running schools for 200,000 Indian students, operating a special court system for Indian offenses, and employing more than a thousand tribal policemen, among other duties. It also must approve virtually every decision on the use of Indian resources—even the disposition of cash settlements that

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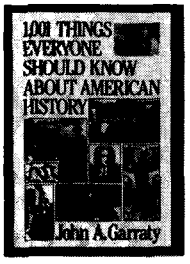

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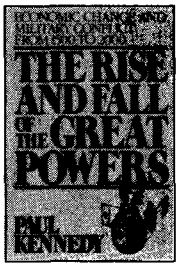

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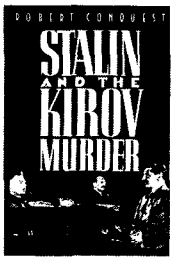

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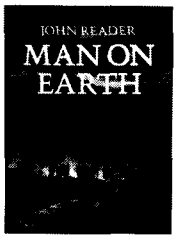

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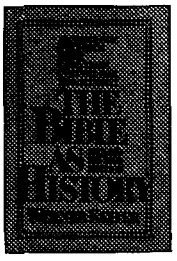

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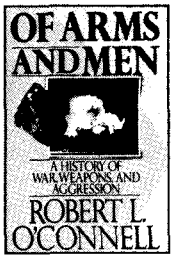

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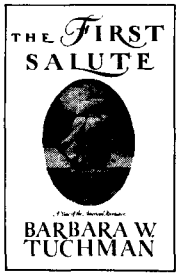

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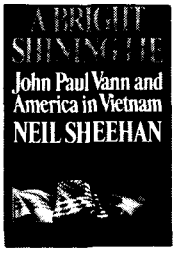

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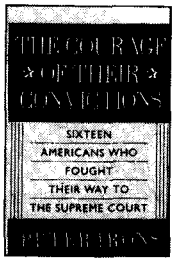

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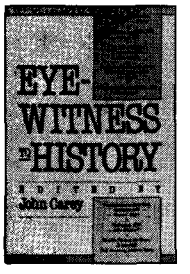

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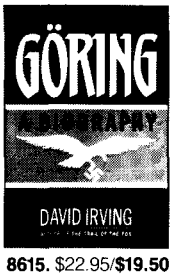

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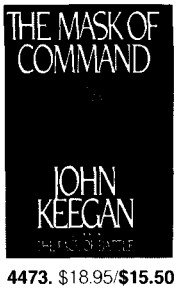

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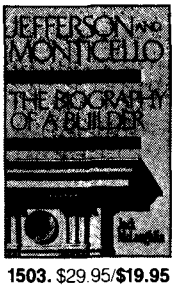

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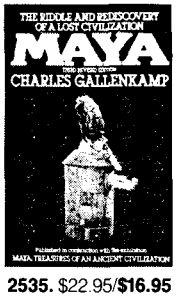

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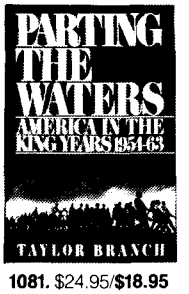

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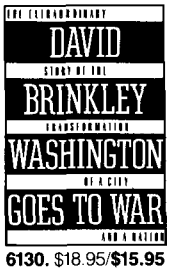

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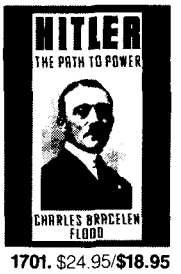

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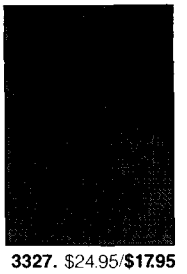

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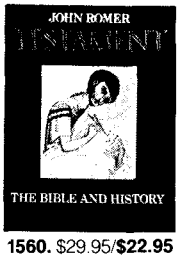

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the Navajo and other tribes have won in lawsuits against the BIA itself. The BIA oversees the use of 53 million acres of Indian land, and its malfeasance has reached epic proportions—more than $1 billion a year is being lost in oil and gas royalties, according to estimates by the Interior Department and Congress. The bureau's $20 million a year in business-development funds scarcely begins to cover the losses caused by its faulty oversight.

THE BUDGET-CUTTING under Reagan prodded tribes to seek to develop the economy they have instead of waiting for federal aid. "The budget cuts made clear that there was a false economy sustaining reservation life," Alan Parker says. A series of Supreme Court rulings beginning in the 1950s has established that tribes are separate governments over which the states have no jurisdiction, and that Indians have extensive rights to the resources on their land. A 1982 law gave tribes the same powers of taxation and of issuing bonds that states have, extending their sovereignty.

ROXANNE DeMARCE

A worker at the Blackfeet Indian Writing Company, in Browning, Montana

As a result, the tribes' options have expanded. Bingo games and sales of tax-free cigarettes and gas have become money-makers on many reservations. Unfortunately, even when tribal governments endorse the concept of enterprise, they often focus on winning federal grants, not managing young businesses. "The tribe feels it's done its job by getting the money," says Chris Berry, a discouraged adviser to tribal entrepreneurs. Tribal businesses often founder because of classic start-up blunders—underpricing or having no marketing plan, for example, or overstaffing to increase employment, a constant temptation on job-poor reservations.

Indian culture and electoral priorities can make corrective measures highly unpopular. Creating jobs is a top priority of tribal enterprise, and favoring friends and relatives is often required, not frowned upon. In tribal elections, for which door-to-door campaigning remains essential, candidates may woo voters with promises of higher per-capita payouts from tribal enterprises, even when making such payouts is fiscally risky. Reinvestment of company earnings makes a poor platform, as tribal officials discover when entire councils are swept from office in elections, as has happened in some tribes. Suzan Harjo, of the National Congress of American Indians, explains, "If someone is going to give you a hundred and twenty-five dollars, that could feed a kid. Politics in Indian country is no different from politics anywhere else; it's just a more open process."

Politically successful chiefs have learned to manage that process while promoting development. Melvin J. Francis, the governor of the Pleasant Point Passamaquoddy, estimates that three out of four of his constituents support off-reservation investment. Nonetheless, he made sure that the cement-plant sale resulted in payments of $2,000 to each member of the tribe, along with the creation of a new-ventures fund.

The experience of the Penobscot contrasts with the Passamaquoddy's business successes. After an electoral rout of their sitting governor last fall, the Penobscot, who shared in the 1980 Maine land-claims settlement, severed their ties to Tribal Assets Management, which was formed after the settlement to help handle the tribes' investments. The new administration questioned the tribe's involvement with a profitable on-reservation audiocassette factory, and looked at other higher-return (and higher-risk) investments. Envy of the Passamaquoddy may have figured in the change.

Resentment may cause problems within a tribe as well. When Joe J. McKay, a member of the Blackfeet tribe, took over the failing Blackfeet Indian Writing Company, a tribally owned pen and pencil manufacturer in Browning, Montana, in 1985, he quickly halved its payroll of 120 to keep the firm from bankruptcy, a highly unpopular action. Two years later the tribal council blocked McKay from using a $1.5 million line of credit to buy raw materials for a new calendar-printing operation—at peak production season.

"It all but ruined our credibility with suppliers whom we promised payment," McKay says. Partly as a result he has given up hopes of becoming a tribal leader and has returned to private law practice. "There should be development of individual businessmen, whether [in firms] totally held by tribal members or not," he says, admitting that he has come to agree with Ross Swimmer's view that tribal government often impedes the growth of industries it owns. McKay has two professional degrees, which he says brought him local resentment. Some at the pen and pencil factory say that hostility to McKay illustrates the famous Indian crab story—a bitter anecdote in which crabs at the bottom of a pail pull down one that is about to escape. For whatever reason, many talented Indians pursue their careers off-reservation—where nearly half of all Indians now live, owing in large part to federal relocation policies of the 1950s. That migration not only has deprived the

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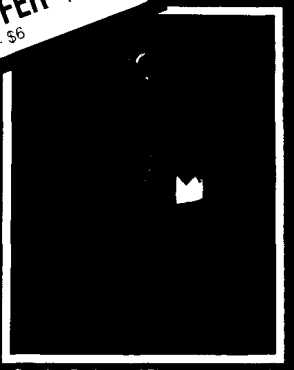

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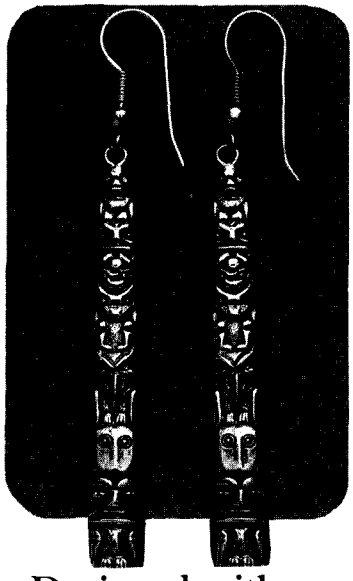

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tribes of badly needed skills but also causes a profound sense of dislocation among the people who have left.

Tribal enterprises are luring a growing number of professionally trained Indians. Indian lawyers, who number 600 now as against fewer than a dozen twenty-five years ago, have had an unmistakable impact on the jurisprudence of Indian affairs in the past decade. Interest among Indians in applying management training is only now emerging.

Growth in the talent pool of Indian professionals is, however, unlikely to generate the needed development by itself. The involvement of tribal government remains a nearly indispensable ingredient in any large-scale industry on reservations, because other sources of funds for investment are scant. Though Indian tribes may not sell or mortgage their land, their governments do have the authority to negotiate loans and issue development bonds. Thirty years ago Phillip Martin, who was then a member of the council of the Mississippi Choctaws, began a campaign for economic development; his tribe had few natural resources and no large cash settlement to invest. First he rewrote the tribe's constitution to stabilize its government and solidify its authority. "We went from two-year terms to four, and put the council on staggered terms," says Martin, who is now the chief of the 5,000-member tribe. The fortunes of the tribe have improved considerably over the years. The Choctaws have used government-insured loans and undertaken joint ventures with automobile manufacturers to build on tribal land five factories, where employees produce wire harnesses and audio systems for cars.

Martin himself has become a spokesman for bringing major industry to reservations. In east-central Mississippi, Martin believes, factory labor, while not perhaps the ideal, represents a realistic step in the reservation's development. "People don't have to go away to work; it develops infrastructure and promotes a better life," he says. Still more desirable job opportunities await Indians now completing their education, Martin argues: "A lot of jobs [on the reservation] require four years of college or better, and they now employ non-Indians."

That employment pattern likewise holds true at a number of defense plants on reservations, which manufacture parts for ground-to-air missiles and helicopters, camouflage netting, and other military hardware. Often constituted as joint ventures with majority tribal holdings in order to qualify for Defense Department set-asides, such plants are in fact generally directed by outside corporations. But these factories have been a source of steady employment in Indian country, and have provided management training for some tribal members.

As it happens, placing factories, particularly those of defense contractors, on Indian land has alienated a number of development activists who favor building individual or family businesses instead. The Seventh Generation Fund, an Indian-run "appropriate technology" foundation based in Forestville, California, promotes small-scale development that is "sustainable and renewable, in the control of the people, and culturally enhancing," according to Mike Myers, a Seneca who is a veteran of the 1969 Indian occupation of Alcatraz, and who is the fund's program director. Seventh Generation has backed an impressive array of smaller enterprises run, typically, by families or groups of friends. Its projects to date include a wild-rice marketing co-op among the Ojibwa in Minnesota, a women's shelter and quilt-making circle on the Pine Ridge Oglala Sioux reservation, in South Dakota, and a center to build low-cost, energy-efficient housing at a Mohawk community in upstate New York. Creating only a handful of jobs at a time may bring change far more slowly than government officials would like, Myers concedes, but he argues that the change will at least be durable. "We need to rethink how rapidly development can happen," he says. "Corporate time lines don't fit."

In its critique of federally backed, large-scale tribal industries the Seventh Generation Fund echoes, from the left, conservatives' complaints that tribal councils have little expertise in managing a company for profit. "They get confused between being a business and being a government," Myers says. Projects like the ones Myers endorses often operate with little support from the tribal governments. A group of Navajo family farmers using Israeli drip irrigation, for example, found funding from Seventh Generation and the De-

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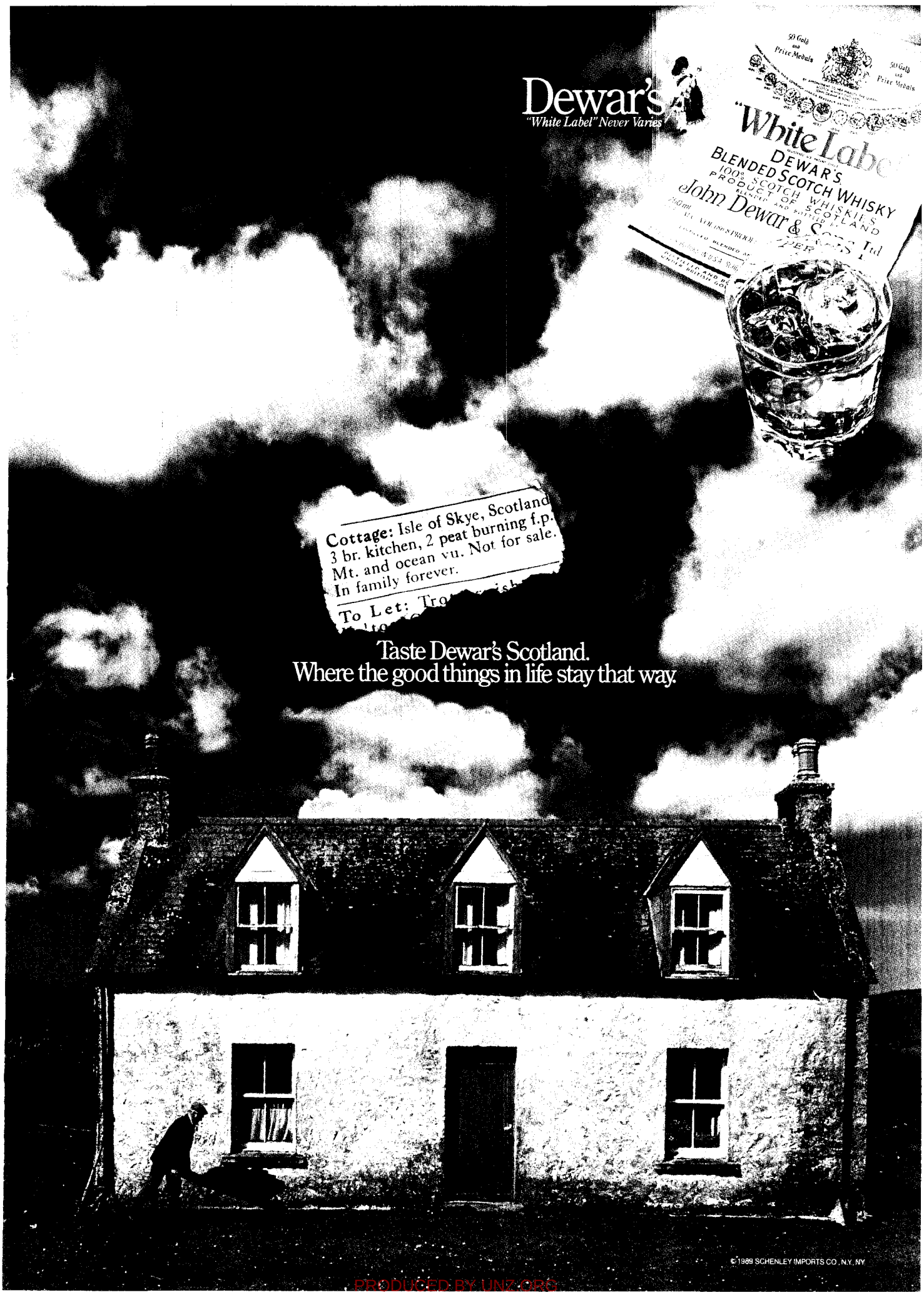

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partment of Agriculture, not from the Navajo chairman, Peter MacDonald, who instead backed $30 million worth of high-tech development on the reservation. "MacDonald is absolutely committed to mega-development," claims an activist involved in the drip-irrigation project, which last year sold $230,000 worth of produce on and off the reservation.

Indians on reservations spend several hundred million dollars a year off-reservation for commodities ranging from groceries to auto parts, much of it in border towns where few if any businesses are Indian-owned. Many reservations remain barren of basic services. An extreme case is the Pine Ridge reservation, covering the nation's poorest county: only nine percent of the $82 million a year that comes into Pine Ridge is spent on the reservation.

THE ANSWER may lie not in importing industrial plants but in providing basic commercial services, from locksmithing to fence-mending, that are now offered only informally or off-reservation. "The smallest amounts of money are hardest to find," says Rebecca Adamson, an Eastern Cherokee living in Virginia, who in 1979 founded First Nations Financial Project, to help tribes develop alternatives to federal funding. "We're dealing with people who have no credit history, no checking accounts, no credit cards." In 1986, after helping Pine Ridge put in place its first commercial code, to legalize debt collection, Adamson launched the Lakota Fund there and began to make unsecured loans of $1,000 or less to Oglala Sioux craftsmen and casual businesses at Pine Ridge. The $700,000 fund, raised from foundations, has made sixty of these small loans so far, and six larger ones. "There are fewer than forty-eight businesses on that reservation, but we found over a hundred activities that people do to get by, an economy that was ignored by federal funding," Adamson says.

Another benefit of tiny, indigenous businesses, in the view of many development specialists who favor them, is that they offer only small roles to non-Indians. That non-Indians often occupy prominent positions in tribal enterprises, as either advisers or executives, disturbs activists concerned with bolstering the skills and power of native people. "All that money has not been a cure-all," Mike Myers says, pointing to high rates of alcoholism and suicide among the Maine tribes. Although more than a score of tribes already own significant businesses requiring expert help that only non-Indians are now prepared to give, distrust of outsiders remains a thorny issue for many tribes.

Higher revenues from tribal enterprises or natural resources are the most likely source of significant new funds to invest in the future prosperity of Indian nations. Though federal funding for the BIA and the Indian Health Service has inched upward in recent years, any major increase in development outlays seems improbable. Not only must Indian programs compete with all other social programs for limited "discretionary" funds in the federal bud-

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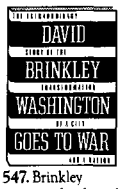

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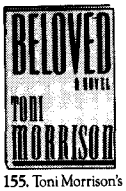

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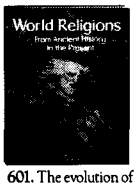

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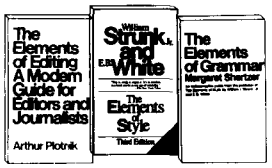

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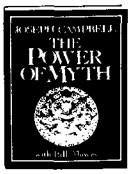

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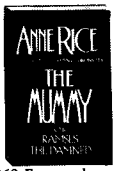

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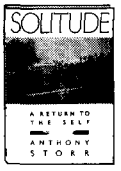

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get, but the welfare emergency on reservations has soaked up funds that might have been devoted to long-term development.

Both Congress and the Bush Administration continue to send conflicting signals on Indian policy. President Bush has promised to strengthen self-determination and to support tribal management of natural resources. But the head of the BIA, Eddie Brown, a Pascua Yaqui who formerly directed Arizona's Department of Economic Security (which is only a small fraction the size of the bureau) and who was nominated by Bush, has little policy background in the issues facing Indian people. Two bills now before Congress would encourage development, one by allowing entrepreneurs to reap tax and depreciation benefits for setting up on reservations, the other creating a $200 million Indian Development Bank, modeled on the World Bank. But the outlook for both remains clouded. As one of his last official acts, President Reagan pocket-vetoed the bill to launch the development bank, whose usefulness was questioned by the BIA and also some Indian activists.

In the meantime, pressure on Capitol Hill to restrict tribal autonomy has mounted. A Senate committee was convened last winter to investigate bureaucratic bungling by the BIA and fraud by energy companies that do business with Indians. Instead, it focused on corruption among tribal officials, notably the Navajo chairman Peter MacDonald, who was the leading symbol of free enterprise in Indian country. MacDonald, a flamboyant and high-living spokesman for tribal economic development (he has been called "the Marcos of Indian country"), has been accused of seeking a $50,000 kickback for arranging the sale of land to the Navajo tribe. The charges, which are already the subject of an Arizona grand-jury investigation and the cause of a constitutional crisis among the Navajo over the tribal council's attempt to impeach MacDonald, have led to renewed calls for greater federal oversight of the business dealings of Indian nations. Congress may try to pass legislation limiting tribal prerogatives, which could in turn strengthen the hand of the BIA and the major energy companies in Indian country—moves unlikely to enrich Indians.

Tribes with consistent leadership and consensus among members—the Choctaw, the Passamaquoddy—seem likely to consolidate their success. But only about one in ten tribes today has any means of producing a significant amount of revenue, and the proportion is unlikely to grow by much any time soon. The often vociferous debate over the tribes' business strategies signals the depth of interest among tribal leaders in taking control of their people's economic destiny. Proponents of big and small enterprises alike concede that it will be years before their projects have much impact on reservation economies. Another shift in government policy away from supporting tribal authority could destroy any difference they make.

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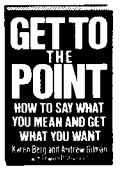

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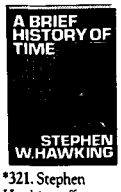

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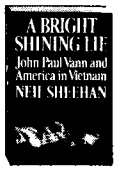

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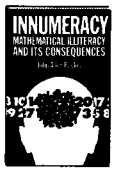

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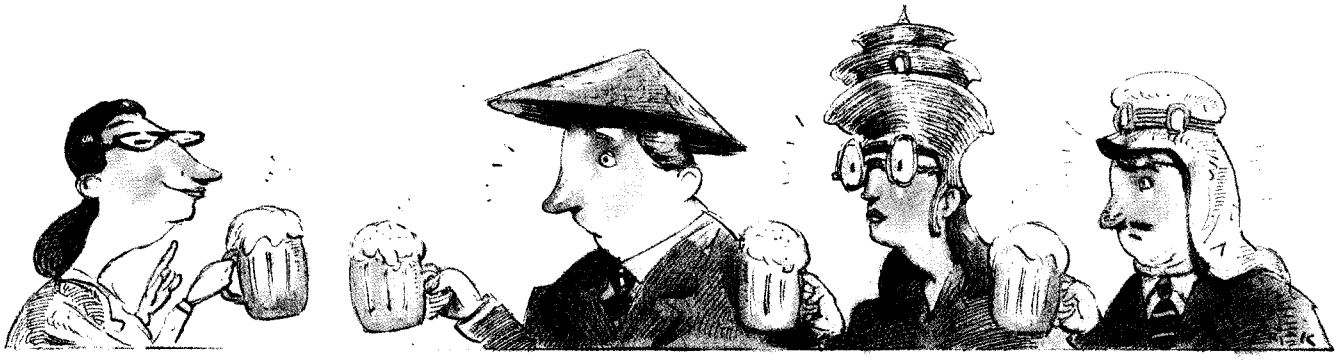
THE EMIGRANTS CLUB

BY RANDY COHEN



"I WILL FIND opportunity in the low-cost color-TV factories of South Korea," drawls Paul Dupree. The food stains on his Stetson nearly match those on his pinstripe suit.

During each meeting of the Emigrants Club, Miss Clausen has her students restate their goals; it is one of her motivational techniques. Hinting that she practices a cosmopolitan erotic repertoire, but only with the very rich, is another.

"I will make dangerous gaffes in an Islamic republic enjoying robust economic expansion—Saudi Arabia," declares Drew Whittier. Miss Clausen discourages a too optimistic view of getting a fresh start.

She coils the cord of the slide projector and wheels it to the closet, storing it near the big laser menorah. Both belong to the new Reform synagogue that provides her classroom. Earlier in the evening Miss Clausen has shown slides that several class members believe are identical to those she showed the previous week or the week before that. Her illustrated lectures seem always to feature burgeoning office towers, sparks scattered by robot automobile-welders, a public-health nurse in a crisp white tunic inoculating a radiant baby. Presumably it is a baby who will grow up to find no job welding Toyota trucks in Dakar or Recife or Seoul or whatever thriving industrial platform has provided the photographs for that week. Perhaps the baby will find something clerical in one of the new office buildings.

"My demure romantic gestures will be misinterpreted as improper sexual aggression by a troubled Bengali. Repelled, my suitor will run amok with an indigenous edged weapon." Eleanor Matuszak is apprehensive about international dating. Simon Gurney, befuddled by any interaction of the sexes, sympathizes.

"In Djakarta," he says, "I'll be unable to spot the homosexuals simply by posture or gesture or inflection. Is that easy saunter gay, or merely Indonesian? Not that there's anything wrong with being gay. Or Javanese." Simon has no wish to offend, at home or abroad.

Hearing her students announce not their goals but their fears, Miss Clausen directs the class in a stress-confronting exercise. "And if you all work hard," she says, glancing at a typed five-by-seven card, "during the break there'll be frosty glasses of Coors beer. Coors—as cool and refreshing as soaking your feet in a Colorado mountain stream."

THE MEMBERS OF the Emigrants Club pair off for a familiar drill. Simon finds himself teamed with Carlie Johnson. He begins.

"How do you do, Mrs. Johnson. Do I pronounce it properly? Ms. Jownseen? Yomslum? Schlongstroop? Ha ha! Forgive me if I misspeak your odd and silly appellation, pink-girl!"

Carlie clenches the edge of her chair but does not raise her voice. Then she tests Simon.

"Hey, stupid, what has become of your foreskin? Was it perhaps eaten by a dog you allow in your house as a companion? Did you grow so stupid by receiving many blows to the head with a baseball stick in your overly complicated national game? How slow-moving it is! See how I yawn merely imagining a single tedious inning!"

Simon endures the onslaught with good grace. "In my new country," he confides to Carlie, "I'm afraid I'll be regarded as a big white oaf. 'Hey, Crisco!' little kids will shout."

She smiles sympathetically. Carlie's husband is already working at a brokerage house in Bangkok. She is attending the Emigrants Club to prepare to join him there. Carlie tells Simon that she can't shake the feeling that her husband has taken up with another woman.

"An American?" he asks.

"Yeah. As familiar and reassuring as white toast."

"But maybe a Thai?"

"It's possible. Perhaps he's begun an entire second family, an elaborate bigamous deception. I don't know his daily routine anymore. Everything will seem normal to me. Ten years down the road I'll learn the humiliating truth from a Thai tabloid I'm only half able to read. I'll be stuck with a decade of happy Asian memories that I'll have to renovate into treachery and despair. How exhausting!"

Miss Clausen reminds her students that they'll find networks of support in their new countries.

"There's an Americatown in Rangoon," she says, "and a thriving Bostonette in Chad. Some former members of this very class work in the Pequeño Baltimore district on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, redolent with the homey aroma of frying bologna. But I wouldn't count on their lending you any money."

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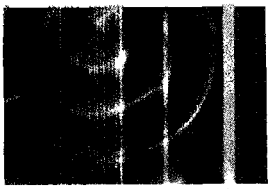

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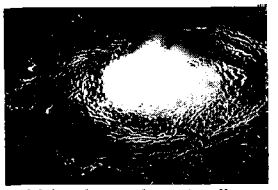

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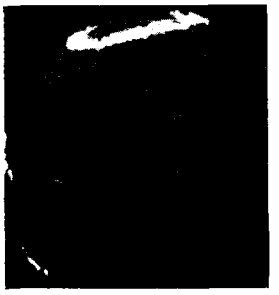

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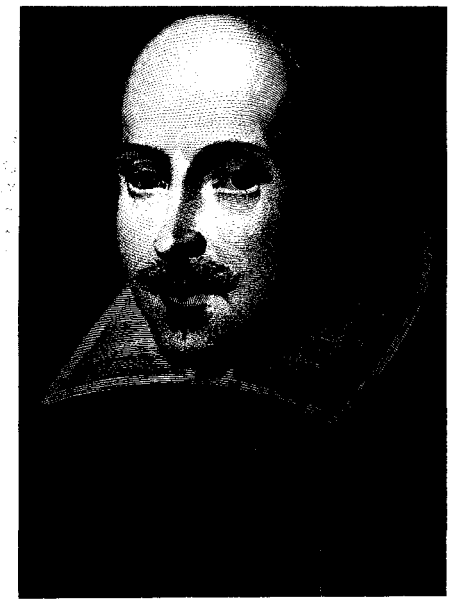

The greatest apartment salesman of our time

To most of us, William Shakespeare is the quintessential playwright.

But when the Ballard Realty Company of Montgomery, Alabama, needed tenants for a new apartment complex, Mr. Shakespeare proved to be a top-notch salesman as well. With every signed lease, Ballard Realty offered free membership subscriptions to the nearby Alabama Shakespeare Festival. In no time, over 80% of the company's units were leased before construction was even completed.

Throughout the country, small and medium-sized businesses, like Ballard Realty, are discovering what blue-chippers have known for years: that the arts can help create a positive public image, increase visibility and improve sales. All this while reducing taxable income.

If you would like information on how your company—no matter what its size—can benefit through a partnership with the arts, contact the Business Committee for the Arts, Inc., 1775 Broadway, Suite 510, New York, New York 10019, (212) 664-0600.

It may just be the factor that decides whether this year's sales goals are to be or not to be.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE FOR THE ARTS, INC.

Simon expects to begin his new life in such a neighborhood, where at year's end his dry cleaner—God knows what carcinogenic solvents will be splashed onto his sweaters—will distribute a calendar featuring a bikini-clad Cybill Shepherd in cowboy hat and spurs, proffering big chunks of raw beef. Every morning, yearning for all-talk radio, Simon will enjoy a reassuring look at this numinous beauty in her native costume, reorienting himself in a world where he's confused by even the street games of children. Not to grasp the difference between *garga* and *tip-top-pop*: this makes Simon less than a child. He'll be a proto-human, an ape-man with a sample case full of Formica chips.

Eventually he will learn a few hundred words of Indonesian—first the vocabulary of kitchen remodeling, next simple directions, then elementary human desires. Later he will send for Connie and little Simon and hope that his life will not include a steady diet of silent indictment. Will Connie go cheerfully mall-less? Will the boy enjoy a land where skateboards are pulled by bullocks over rutted, muddy paths?

SIMON'S DOUBTS ARE allayed by his feeling a new sense of purpose. The Emigrants Club offers him a chance to give something back to America—his absence. By leaving the country he'll create badly needed empty space, opening up a job, clearing a slot at the parking garage, shortening a movie line. He'll send home valuable foreign exchange. He'll be an unofficial ambassador, proclaiming his homeland's freedom of choice—Big Mac or Whopper, matte finish or glossy, styling mousse or styling gel. What an inspiring American symbol he'll be each Fourth of July, scooping up slow rollers hit to second on impromptu softball diamonds scattered with chattering monkeys and unexploded bomblets.

Not that he suffers in America; Simon makes a comfortable living. But the commute is getting impossible. The drive runs him three hours each way, crawling past fingers of reinforcing rods poking through eroding concrete abutments. Each swoop through an underpass brings the hazardous clang of rusty bolts raining onto the car roof from the span above. He has fallen into dangerous driving habits. A little battery-powered television peers up at him from the passenger seat. A bracket clamped to the steering wheel spread-eagles a magazine at eye level. A pot of chili simmers on a hot plate plugged into the dashboard. Sooner or later, distracted by a bon mot from Bryant Gumbel or a lively idea in *Newsweek*, Simon will rear-end a van filled with nuns and puppies.

One day he happened across a copy of *Coors Magazine*. Simon paged past the article on Aztec breweries, past the paparazzi picture of George Bush sipping a Light in Tegucigalpa, past the editorial cartoons, each illustrating a variation on the caption "First they raise the drinking age, then they round everybody up and kill them." He stopped at the story about the Emigrants Clubs that Coors, in partnership with labor and government, was establishing across the country. Language lessons, visas, anticommunism seminars—everything required to make a better life would be provided. "Just as the lure of opportunity brought our forebears to these shores—not Colorado itself, but the more coastal parts of America—" wrote a Coors vice-president, "so that same spirit now beckons from the data-processing plantations of Kuala Lumpur, where you can work up a heck of a thirst."

The break is almost over. Standing at the bulletin board, Simon examines the snapshots that club graduates have sent from their new homes. An elderly couple squint into the sun in front of Dubrovnik's leading center for kitchen-remodeling, a trade that has come to be dominated around the world by American arrivals. The Duke of Formica peeks out the door of an Accra warehouse. A florid-faced, fiftyish woman smiles admiringly at a huge likeness of herself painted on a Kingston billboard beneath the single orange word "REFRIGERATORAMA!" Simon contemplates a new land, a new life, a dual stainless-steel sink with built-in garbage disposal.

Maybe I could just have an affair, he thinks. It's nearly emigration, but without the air travel. I'd still get the thrill of discovery, the nursing of vain hopes, the confusion, the chance to unsettle the lives of people I love.

Simon looks over at Carlie Johnson. Next week, after class, I'll absolutely invite her for coffee. □

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Someday, I'm going to be somebody.

Somehow.

We all have dreams. About what we want to be, where we want to go. Trouble is, some of us just don't know how to get there.

Working with Digital's employees and computers, the NAACP is challenging young people who are dreamers. Through a program called ACT-SO (Afro-Academic, Cultural, Technological and Scientific Olympics). Local and national competitions that recognize black students and inspire others. To be poets and dancers, technologists, engineers and scientists.

For the dreamer in all of us, please call.

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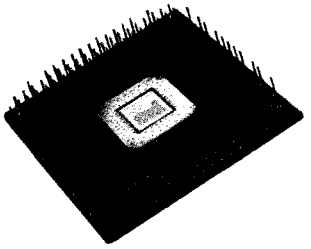
THE POWER OF BELIEF: #1 in a series

When you aim for perfection, you discover it's a moving target.

Every advance in quality raises new expectations. The company that is satisfied with its progress will soon find its customers are not. It is this belief that has spurred Motorola to a 100-fold improvement in quality since 1981. ■ Our formula is a simple one: First, banish complacency. Second, set heroic goals that *compel* new thinking. Finally, "raise the bar"

Over 100,000 Motorolans carry this card at all times...a constant reminder of everyone's overriding responsibility.



Motorola semiconductor defects, once measured in parts per thousand, are now measured in parts per million and even parts per billion.

Winner 1988 Malcolm Baldrige National Quality Award

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as you near each goal. Set it out of reach all over again. ■ Today, Motorola's standard is Six Sigma quality in all we do by 1992. In statistical terms: 99.9997 percent perfect. Our progress has been swift. Recently, Motorola shared the first Malcolm Baldrige National Quality Award, given by the President. ■ Total customer satisfaction, our goal, is now on the horizon. We dare not rest in its pursuit.

In 1988 Motorola was a winner of the Malcolm Baldrige National Quality Award.

Building On Beliefs

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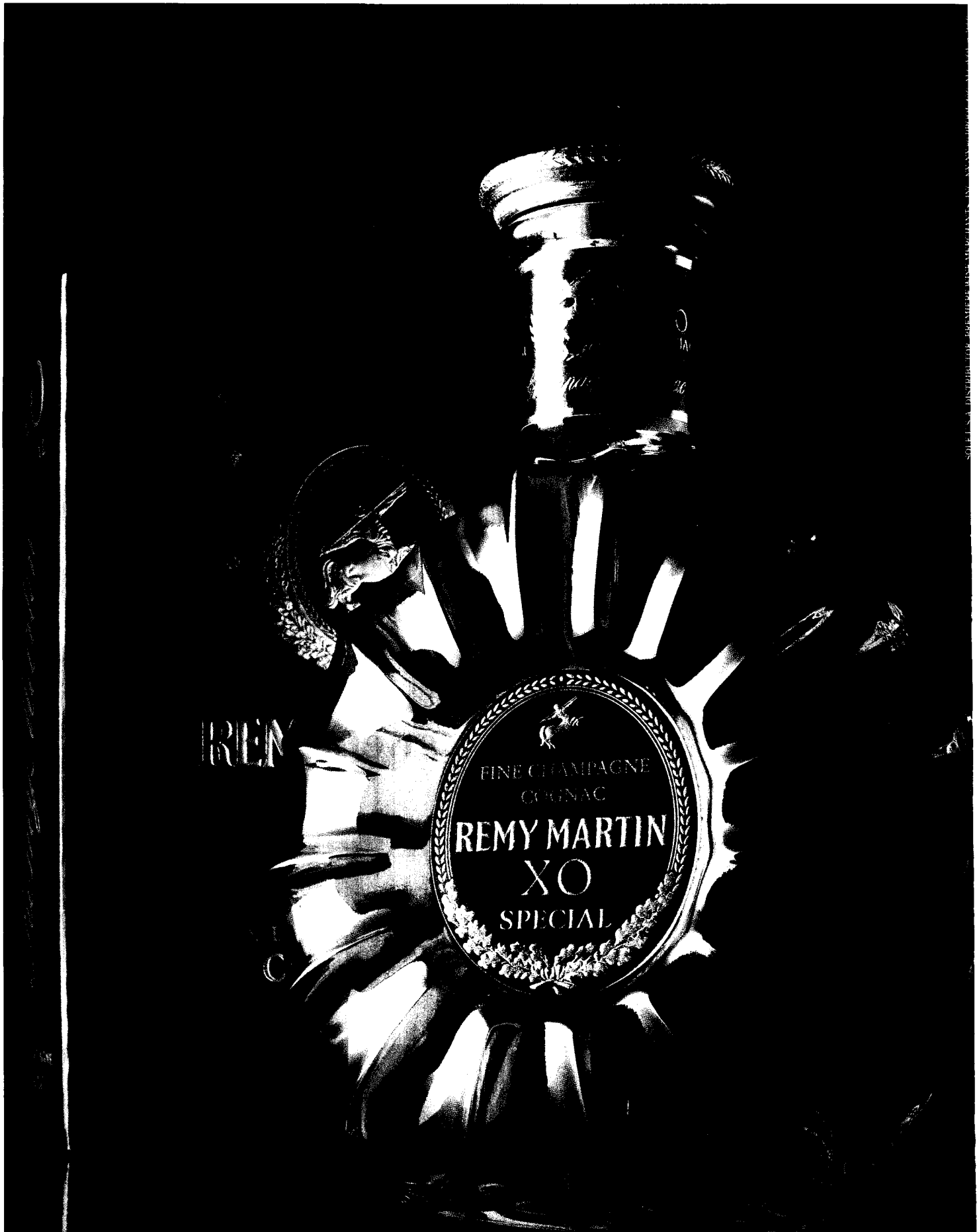

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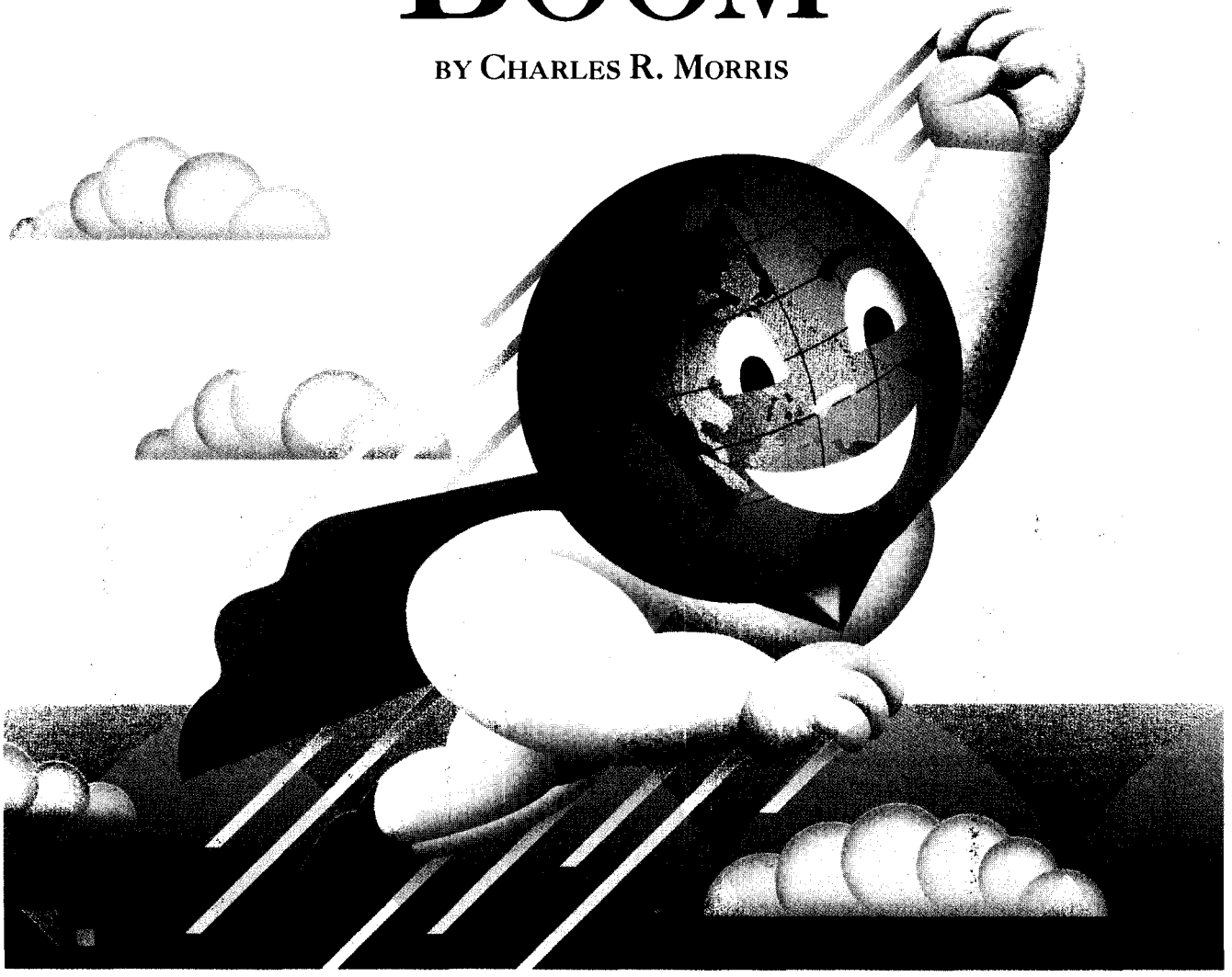
Its prophet is Joseph Schumpeter, and the signs of its times will be written in rising international production, falling interest rates, and propitious demographic patterns

THE COMING GLOBAL BOOM

BY CHARLES R. MORRIS



THE PREVAILING ECONOMIC OPINION IN THE United States, it sometimes seems, is one of unrelieved Spenglerian gloom. The world creaks beneath hopeless burdens of debt and deficit. Japan is destroying the international trading economy with its single-minded drive toward mercantilist conquest. America is besotted by the bright torrent of electronic gewgaws from Asia. Europe is retreating into its "Fortress 1992."

Latter-day Jeremiahs draw dire conclusions. Ravi Batra's warnings of a thunderous seven-year depression, starting next year, are runaway best sellers. Batra is a disciple of an obscure Indian historian, P. R. Sarkar, and he insists that Sarkar's theory of social cycles, which stresses the increased concentration of wealth and the buildup of debt of all kinds, points to a collapse in commerce and prices, a free fall into the abyss. The best place for your money, according to Batra, is a safe-deposit box or a mattress. Paul Erdman, the Swiss banker turned novelist and prognosticator, expected "the panic of '89" to be a deflationary downward spiral like Batra's, if not so prolonged a one. Erdman counsels investors not to buy stocks until the Dow Jones hits 1200.

Mainstream economists, like Stephen Marris and C.

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Fred Bergsten, of the Institute for International Economics, in Washington, D.C., worry about the tendency of Washington's persistent budget deficits to leach away savings, drive up consumption, and suck in imports. Unless America takes hold of its economic destiny, they warn, the future offers a choice of horrors. Feckless consumerism might ignite runaway inflation, or the Federal Reserve might jack up interest rates so high—both to head off inflation and to attract foreign savings to float the buying spree—that it will cause a worldwide recession.

A. Gary Shilling, the president of his own economic advisory firm, with a blue-ribbon list of Wall Street and corporate clients, expects a near-term global recession, followed by a long and painful cycle of deflation. "The world's debt load has far outrun its collateral," he says, "whether you're talking about the Third World, farm land, corporations, consumers, everything. It will take a major global recession to force a debt restructuring. But even coming out of the recession there will be a fierce battle for exports—there's a lot of extra capacity coming on line in the developing countries—and a protectionist scramble. Governments won't help. Military spending is dropping; Star Wars will turn into Trade Wars. It's hard to foresee a happy resolution even longer-term."

These are all serious and respected thinkers. Even Batra, whose reading of history is sometimes comically simplistic, has made substantial contributions to the theory of international trade. But there is another view. A small but growing group of economists makes a strong case that the world and the United States, instead of teetering on the edge of disaster, are really on the threshold of an almost unprecedented long-run economic boom.

The Case for Optimism

THE INTELLECTUAL ICON OF THE NEW OPTIMISTS is Joseph Schumpeter, an Austrian economist who did much of his work in the United States. Schumpeter, who died in 1950, was one of the first to develop the theory of business cycles. He believed that economies progress in fitful starts and stops, interspersing long periods of economic dislocation with stretches of sustained growth and development. The driving forces behind Schumpeter's cycles of boom and bust are the pace of industrial innovation and the diffusion of new technology. In Schumpeter's terms, the optimists see the long run of economic turmoil that began in the early 1970s as a period of dislocation that is the prelude to a new industrial golden age.

Although there is some overlap between the new optimists and the supply-side publicists—the people, that is, who predicted we could have tax cuts without budget deficits—their case is not just blind Panglossism. It rests on sophisticated arguments, derived from economic and demographic developments around the world and in the United States. The gap between the optimists' view and that of most economists, according to Edward Yardeni, the chief economist at Prudential-Bache Securities, who is one of the most vocal of the optimists, is that mainstream economics focuses too much on formal macroeconomic models. "Most economists don't look much at the real economy," Yardeni says. "It's messy and doesn't translate well to models. But when you stop and look, the case for a long-run boom is almost overwhelming."

The optimists' arguments reduce essentially to three. The first is the integration of the global goods markets. Everyone knows about global *financial* markets. Stocks, bonds, and bank deposits surge around the world in nanoseconds, riding the twinkling green blips on trading-room computer screens. Integration of the manufacturing economy is an even newer development. High-productivity manufacturing technology, much of it pioneered in Japan, is spreading rapidly throughout the world, at the same time that big companies, and even many medium-sized companies, are operating more and more on a global scale. The result is relentless global competition on price and quality, a steady, even startling, worldwide increase in manufacturing productivity, and solid increases in real world output.

The second argument is a demographic one. The population profile of the United States has been wildly misshapen over the past twenty years. Tens of millions of young adults born during the Baby Boom years of 1946–1964, unskilled, semischooled, and very unsettled, streamed into the job queues, playing havoc with the unemployment rate, personal savings, and the quality of American work output. The populations of Japan and Germany, in contrast, have been much more heavily weighted toward mature adults in their forties and early fifties. Starting just about now the center of gravity of the American population is shifting radically once again. For most of the next two decades the age mix in America will be very much like those in present-day Japan and Germany. The labor force will grow very slowly, if at all; the demographic pressures making for unemployment will decline; output, income, and savings per worker should go up steadily.

Finally, the optimists foresee a steady decline in interest rates. Big-country governments, as a group—including the United States—have halved their budget deficits, measured as a percent of national income, over the past few years; some are already buying back their bonds. Over time reduced borrowing should mean lower rates. Meanwhile, global competition is already keeping a tight lid on inflationary wage and price increases. About half the long-term interest rate is a hedge against higher future inflation. As investors slowly come to believe that inflation isn't about to run out of control, the size of that hedge will drop. What's more, for a variety of complicated reasons, the demand for housing is expected to drop sharply. Real estate has absorbed an absurdly high proportion of American wealth over the past twenty years.

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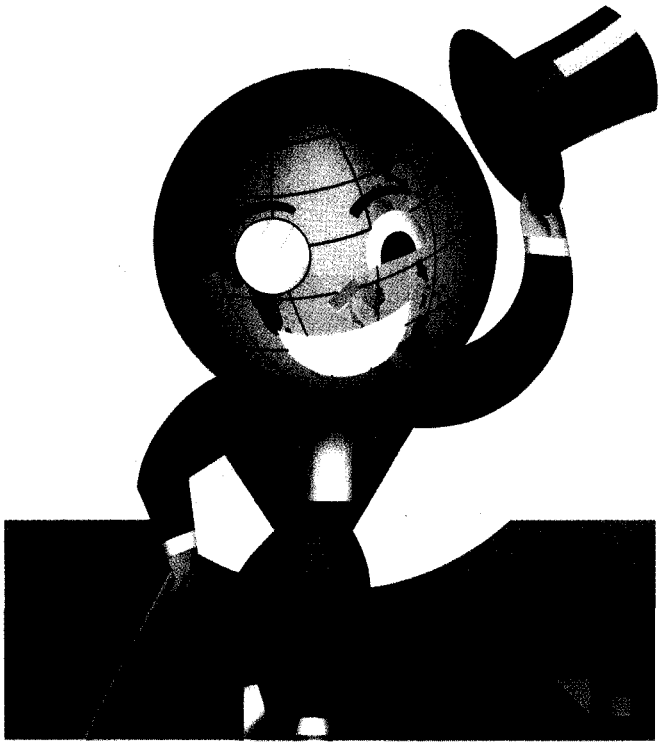
Over the next ten much of that capital will become available for productive business investment, helping to keep interest rates low.

It is important to be clear about what the optimists are *not* saying. No one is claiming that recessions are a thing of the past. Indeed, some of the optimists, like many other economists, believe that after seven years of uninterrupted growth there is considerable likelihood of an American recession late this year or sometime in 1990. But recessions in the 1990s should be short-lived and shallow—more like the twenty years after the Korean War, when the American and world economies grew smoothly and steadily, with occasional pauses, to be sure, but without the jagged bounces, the stomach-churning spurts and plunges, that we saw from 1973 to 1982.

Nor is the boom absolutely guaranteed. No one should underestimate the ability of governments to derail a drive for efficiency and productivity in the name of local special interests. And while the United States will prosper mightily during a long-run cycle of global growth, there is no assurance that it will remain the world's economic kingpin, the imperious proclaimer and disposer of the postwar years. Indeed, that is not at all likely to be the case.

Finally, the optimists tend to ignore the darker side of the boom. It will be some time, perhaps a decade or more, before the boom's blotched underbelly draws much public attention. Some of the issues of public policy will be momentous: What, for example, is the relation between a government, no matter how powerful, and a company that is truly global in its operations, its management, and its ownership? But there will be few hardy contrarians to point out the problems of the boom. For the foreseeable future, if the optimists are right—and their case is a strong one—powerful industrial, economic, and demographic forces will be converging in a way that will offer a welcome respite from the traumas of the past two decades.



FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE, POWERFUL INDUSTRIAL, ECONOMIC, AND DEMOGRAPHIC FORCES WILL BE CONVERGING IN A WAY THAT WILL OFFER A WELCOME RESPITE FROM THE TRAUMAS OF THE PAST TWO DECADES.

Big Business Goes Global

LEE IACOCCA'S television ads blared, "Here's to You, America," as jet planes streaked red, white, and blue exhausts across the sky. There is no subtlety in the appeal: buying from Chrysler is your patriotic duty. But the pitch is more than normally disingenuous. For behind the smoke and clamor of the trade wars, Chrysler and the rest of the world's automotive majors are frantically forming engineering, production, and marketing alliances, literally carving up the world, to buttress their positions in the struggle for global car-sales supremacy. Who the eventual winners will be is far from certain, but what is clear is that only a small number of global companies will survive, and it is increasingly meaningless to speak of them as "American" or "Japanese" or "European" companies. (Even in Iacocca's ad the planes are French.)

The global restructuring of the automobile companies is being driven by the hurricane-force wind from East Asia that hit the industry in the 1970s, capitalism's "perennial gale of creative destruction" extolled by Schumpeter. In a world where no market is safe, only the biggest and strongest companies can thrive. The alliances of the automotive majors look like the intricate crisscrossing battle lines in the Oriental game of Go. Take Chrysler itself: For all of Iacocca's red, white, and blue bunkum, auto-industry analysts say that Chrysler has the lowest percentage of American-made parts in its cars of any of the Big Three. It also owns 24 percent of Mitsubishi Motors and, through Mitsubishi, a share of the South Korean upstart Hyundai. Mitsubishi has long made cars under Chrysler's label, and the two companies run a fifty-fifty joint venture in Normal, Illinois, which will be producing 240,000 vehicles under both nameplates by the end of next year.

Ford, with one third of its sales outside the United States, owns 25 percent of Mazda. Mazda makes cars in

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America for Ford; Ford will reciprocate by making compact trucks for Mazda; and the two companies trade parts. Each owns a piece of Korea's Kia Motors, which produces the Ford Festiva for export to the United States. Ford and Nissan, Japan's No. 2, swap vehicles in Australia and are planning a joint mini-van program in America. Ford and Volkswagen have merged into a single company in Latin America, which exports trucks to the United States.

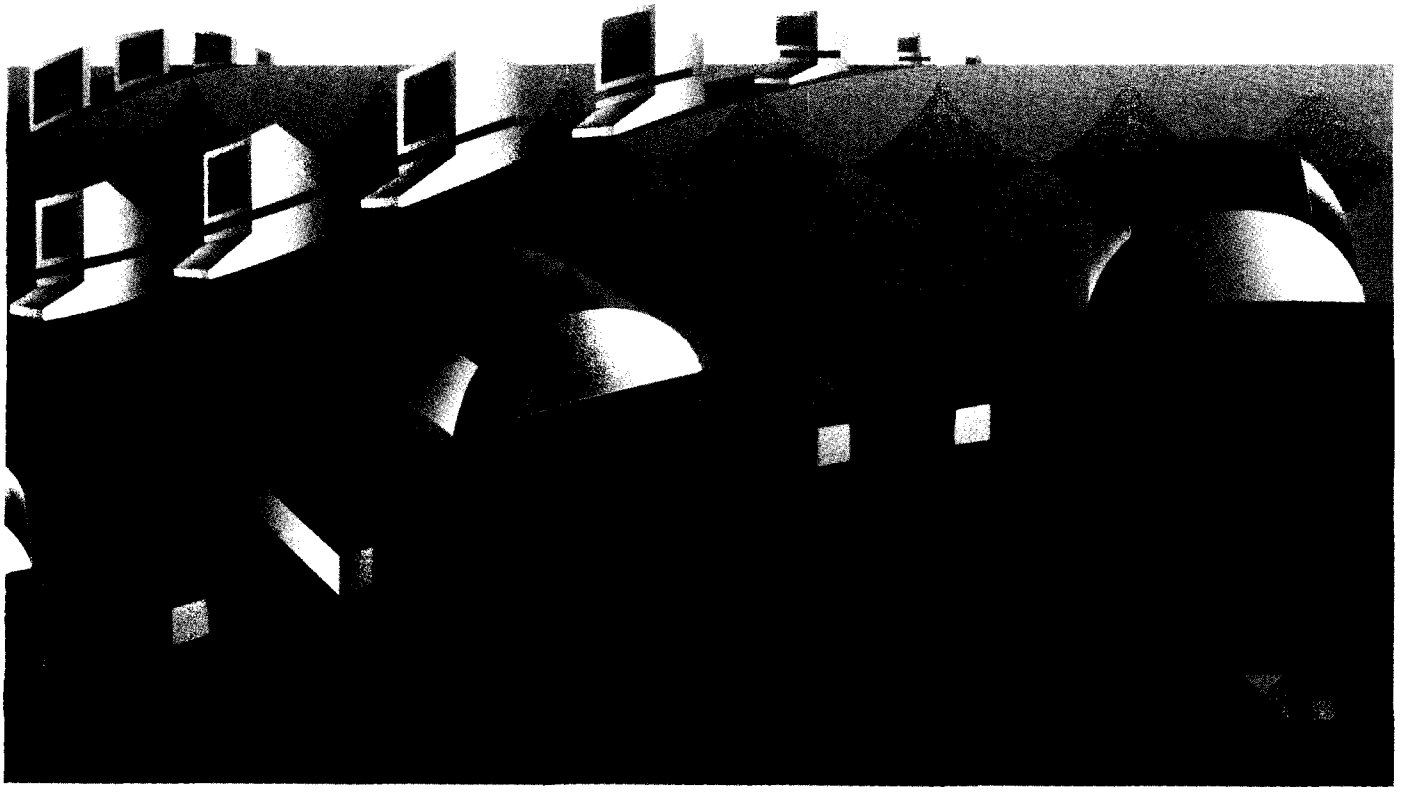
General Motors holds a 41.6 percent stake in Isuzu, which is starting a joint venture in America with Subaru, which is partly owned by Nissan. GM also owns half of Daewoo Motors, Hyundai's major competitor in Korea. Daewoo makes Nissan cars for Japan and Pontiacs for America; soon it will be selling cars that were primarily designed by GM-Europe to Isuzu in Japan. GM has also teamed with Japan's No. 1, Toyota, to produce cars under both companies' labels in America and Australia. Their joint American operation will be turning out 100,000 small cars and trucks by 1991.

Europe is laced with partnerships, joint ventures, and production agreements. Honda America sells more cars in America than its parent does in Japan—its Accords were the seventh best-selling *American*-made car in 1988—and some analysts see the power balance within the company shifting to the American subsidiary. Honda plans to be exporting 70,000 cars from the United States by 1991.

Whether the Chryslers, or even the Hondas, can survive is far from clear. The weaker Japanese companies, like Daihatsu, are already dropping by the wayside. But no one can deny that cars, particularly American cars, are much better than they used to be. The American industry still isn't up to the level of the best Japanese companies, but standards are tighter, the work force is leaner, and the cars are more competitive. They have to be, because the Big Three can no longer be rescued by import controls. In a year or so global Japanese companies will be turning out two million high-quality *American* cars a year, with American workers, in American plants.

The Third Industrial Revolution

THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY IS NOT THE ONLY one to have felt the competitive lash. For sheer compressed, earth-scorching savagery, it is difficult to match the violent recession that struck American manufacturing industries in 1981–1982. Whole sectors of the economy were brought to the brink of destruction. Just a few statistics convey the speed and extent of the humiliation. In 1975 America's machine-tool manufacturers dominated the world markets; by 1985 machine-tool exports were virtually nonexistent and German and Japanese machine tools were standard throughout American industry. In just a few years America's share of world semiconductor fabrication dropped



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from 60 percent to 40 percent. For all practical purposes, American companies simply exited the consumer electronics industry. *No* home radios, phonographs, black-and-white televisions, or cassette players are made in the United States any longer; American companies' share of the color-television market is minuscule. No American company makes VCRs or CD players. Industry after industry told the same story. "We were oxyacetylened," one Rust Bowl executive says—it was like being taken out with a blowtorch.

In retrospect, the storm warnings had been flying for years. American companies, feeling secure in their big home market, were complacent and lazy, running smug big-union and big-management cartels, turning out shoddy products that cost too much. And in industry after industry there are the same frantic struggle for global position and scrambling for strategic alliances that are reshaping the automobile industry. Texas Instruments and the Japanese computer-maker Hitachi are partners in developing the next-generation computer memory chip, the 16-megabit DRAM. The Japanese earthmoving-equipment-maker Komatsu is partnering with Dresser Industries in manufacturing and marketing throughout North and South America.

Whirlpool has joined with the Dutch electronics giant Philips to operate six major appliance factories in the Common Market. Philips has also joined with a group of American executives and the Taiwanese government to create an advanced semiconductor-fabrication plant in Taiwan, where Texas Instruments is also building an advanced chip factory with a Taiwanese partner. Ball, of Muncie, Indiana, has entered into a series of joint ventures around the world to market and manufacture its lightweight containers for soft drinks. The list goes on and on—USX and Kobe Steel, Armco and Kawasaki Steel. The misnamed National Steel Company is a fifty-fifty joint venture between an American and a Japanese company. Most of the pharmaceutical majors have entered into extensive cross-licensing agreements covering one another's products. Japan's robotics leader, FANUC, has partnerships with General Motors in robots, with General Electric in computerized factory control devices, and with the German firm Siemens in electronics.

The drive for global market share is forcing what Stanley Feldman, of Data Resources, calls the Third Industrial Revolution. A wholesale reordering of production technology is under way—computerized factory schedules and inventory controls to cut costs, intelligent production machinery that can shift processes in the middle of an assembly line. The object is to produce local products adapted to local markets, but reap world economies of scale in research and development, raw-materials sourcing, and production balancing.

IBM makes almost all its products in its local markets, but no other company can match its worldwide research-and-development base; and it enjoys the luxury of global sourcing of selected products from highly specialized factories. Sony has been steadily moving the design and production of its televisions to Europe and America, but a common worldwide chassis gives a cost advantage no local competitor can match. Engineers at General Electric–FANUC design factory controllers around the clock—at the end of each day the Americans download their work to a satellite link to Japan and then pick up the next morning where the Japanese left off. A global competitive standard squeezes out the small inefficiencies that build up in protected national markets—traditional labor practices, fustian management. "If you let your costs or your quality get out of line almost anywhere, someone is moving in to take advantage," says Steven Nagourney, the chief international strategist for Shearson Lehman Hutton.

Support for the optimists' claims comes from the striking rise in global manufacturing productivity during the 1980s. Manufacturing productivity in the United States has grown at an annual rate of 4.3 percent since 1982, one of the fastest sustained run-ups on record. (American steel is now actually cheaper than Japanese steel.) After slipping badly three years ago, Japan has surged back to the head of the productivity-league tables, with a 5.9 percent growth rate over the same period. And right behind Japan is Great Britain, for twenty years the living symbol of "Eurosclerosis." Europe's second fastest rate of output growth was in Italy—yes, *Italy*—just a hair faster than the rate in the United States. France, Germany, and Sweden are clustered behind the United States, with quite respectable rates of improvement.

Edward Yardeni, of Prudential-Bache, suspects that globalization is already a factor in the eerie lack of an American recession, the missing guest at the economic table whose absence has been so glaring for the past several years. He thinks there may be a new pattern of "rolling recessions" that affect whole industries around the world a cluster at a time, rather than the individual national recessions that economists are accustomed to looking for. He points to the recession in the computer industry in 1983–1984: computer and computer-component manufacturers were severely depressed globally, but not enough to take the steam out of the rest of the economy.

Even accepting the optimists' claim that the world is on the brink of an industrial boom, the question remains whether the United States will get much benefit from it. National economic behavior for the past two decades has not been impressive. The problem seems almost to be a moral and intellectual flabbiness—an inability to make spending choices, a low savings rate, a culture of self-centered consumerism and restless mobility, a lack of commitment and loyalty on the part of careless workers and job-hopping executives. The optimists' answer is that the past twenty years have been a most unusual period in American economic history.

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The Comforts of Demography

SUPPORT FOR THE OPTIMISTS' CLAIMS COMES FROM THE STRIKING RISE IN GLOBAL MANUFACTURING PRODUCTIVITY DURING THE 1980S. IN THE UNITED STATES IT HAS GROWN AT AN ANNUAL RATE OF 4.3 PERCENT SINCE 1982.

THE WORLD SINGS the praises of the "Great American Job Machine." Over the past twenty years the United States has created jobs for 38 million new workers, 17 million of them in the past seven years alone, when employment was virtually flat in almost every other industrial country. But in the same breath economists lament the slowdown in American productivity; manufacturing excepted, the output of American workers has been stagnant since the early 1970s.

The strong performance in job creation and the weak performance in productivity are, of course, two sides of the same coin. New workers swelled the American labor force by about 50 percent in the past twenty years, shifting the average age and experience of workers sharply downward. Not surprisingly, with lots of cheap new workers mobbing the doorway, businessmen increased hiring instead of investing in labor-saving machinery—a fancy industrial robot costs about as much as a year's wages for a hundred entry-level workers. Real wages and productivity were stagnant, and the business success stories were companies, like McDonald's, that learned how to pan for gold in that low-wage pool.

The transformation of the work force in the 1990s will be just as dramatic. People born at the Baby Boom's peak are in their thirties. About five years from now two thirds of the Baby Boomers will be over thirty-four. Walking shoes are already pushing high-priced running shoes off the sports-store counters. Another sign of the times is that McDonald's is beginning to invest in labor-saving machinery—two-sided grills, for instance. As the size of the work force begins to stabilize, and the average age and experience of workers move rapidly upward, business will start substituting equipment for low-wage workers. Capital spending, in fact, has been strong throughout the 1980s expansion, and with time productivity should soar. "Couch potatoes" are not exciting people. The soul does not thrill at the sight of forty-year-old workaholics, raising kids and paying their mortgages, but as the economy's centerweight, they have it all over the long-haired pot-smokers of a couple of decades ago.

The critical variable will be the American savings rate, which, in fact, has shown signs of rising again after hitting an all-time low in 1987. Personal savings are the ultimate source of all productive investment. It is the high Japanese savings rate—as much as 18 percent of all personal income—that has financed Japan's global industrial conquest. It is the high savings rates in other countries, as well, that have allowed America to dance through the economic raindrops in recent years; foreign capital picks up the tab for the American budget and trade deficits. The optimists argue, plausibly enough, that an older, more productive work force, with higher real incomes, will save more. Yardeni expects a 10 percent savings rate in the mid-1990s, roughly double the current one.

Unfortunately, for all its importance, the personal savings rate is one of the least precise of statistics. The number is merely a residual of two huge data series, for personal income and personal spending, each of which involves thousands of samples, estimates, and interpolations. The difference between the two is "savings." Tiny estimating errors or changes in method in calculating the two big series can cause proportionally enormous swings in the residual. "There are no data relating savings to age group," John Gorman, a key analyst at the Department of Commerce, says flatly. "None."

Yardeni points to sample data indicating that people under thirty, particularly those with lower incomes, are "dissavers"—they spend more than they earn. People over forty, particularly those with higher incomes, do most of the saving. Other economists challenge those findings, citing studies that show only inconsistent relationships. All the studies have major methodological problems. For anyone who wants to believe that the opti-

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mists are right, though, this is the vital sign that bears the closest watching.

Interestingly, the demographic tides in Japan suggest that the long surge of Japanese industry is reaching a cyclical peak. An International Monetary Fund study says that the impact of demographic change in Japan will be the "most extreme" of any in the industrialized countries, as the number of aged dependents doubles starting about 1995.

Bill Emmott, the business-affairs editor of *The Economist*, foresees a steadily Westernizing Japanese economy in an important new book, *The Sun Also Sets*. The very high Japanese savings rate will drop as the workers now in their fifties reach retirement age and begin to draw on their savings, at roughly the same time that American savings, one hopes, will begin a long rise. Consumer spending is already rising strongly as young Japanese adults, with no memories of the postwar deprivations, begin to insist on the same amenities in housing and public services, and the same range of specialty consumer items, enjoyed by other rich nations. Emmott suggests that spending on overseas travel and other services could equal or exceed the return on overseas investment income. He assumes that Japan will continue to be a formidable competitor, of course, but eventually as the leader of a bloc of yen-oriented industrial powers—much as West Germany is the leader of a de facto European bloc—rather than as a world-conquering golden horde.

Of Governments, Real Estate, and Interest Rates

THE LAST THREAD IN THE BRIGHT ECONOMIC tapestry the optimists are weaving is the forecast of steadily falling interest rates. Falling rates would ease debt pressures and spur industrial investment. The array of forces lining up to push rates down is, in fact, an impressive one. In the first

FOR THE SAKE OF RETRIEVAL

As Whistler heard colors like a stretch of music—
long harmonies, violet to amber, double hummings of
silver, opal—so, in reverse, these three in their capsule,

free-falling two hours through the black Atlantic, ears
popped, then filled with the music of Bach or Haydn,
might fashion a landscape. Low notes bring
a prairie perhaps, the sharps a smatter of flowers,
as the pip-notes of sonar spring back to the screen
in little blossoms. They have come for the lost *Titanic*

and find instead, in the splayed beam of a headlamp,
silt fields, pale and singular, like the snow fields
of Newfoundland. On its one runner blade the
  capsule slides,
slips out through drift hummocks, through
stones the ice-age glaciers dropped, its trail
the foot-thin trail of a dancer, who
plants, glides, at his head the flurry

of a ship's chandelier, at his back a cinch-hook of icebergs
cast down through the winds of Newfoundland.
The music these three absorb
stops with the wreckage, with words
lipped up through a microphone:
flange, *windlass*, *capstan*, *hull plating*, then oddly, syllables
at a slant, as light might slant through window slats,
stairsteps, *doorknob*, *serving bowl*, *teacup*, *Bordeaux*.
Mechanical fingers, controlled by the strokes
of a joy stick, brush over debris, lifting, replacing.
In jittery strobe lights, camera lights, all colors
ground down to a quiet palette,
angles return, corners and spirals
pull back to the human eye—as if from some
iced and black-washed atmosphere, boiler coal,
a footboard and platter, each common shape
brightened, briefly held for the sake of retrieval.
The current spins silt like a sudden storm.
With the intricacy of a body the capsule adjusts,
temperature, pressure. Someone coughs, then the three

sit waiting, as in Whistler's "Sad Sea"
three are waiting. All around them are dollops
of winter wind, everywhere beach and sea. No horizon
at all in this painting, just a grey/brown thrum
beach to sea. How steady his breath must have been
on the canvas, his hand on the brushstrokes
of lap robes, of bonnets and beach chairs, the pull
of a red umbrella: each simple shape
loved and awash in the landscape.

—Linda Bierds

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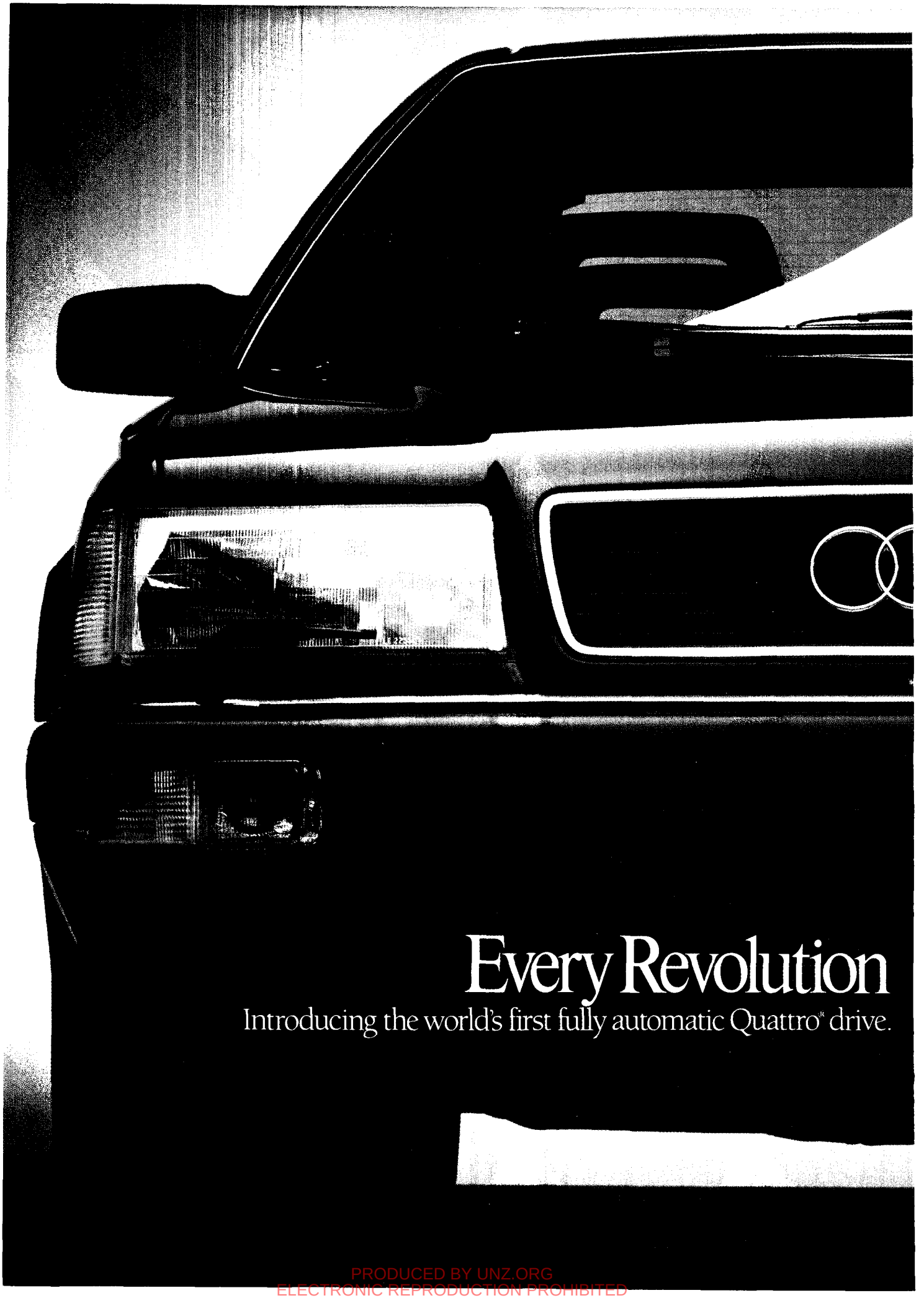

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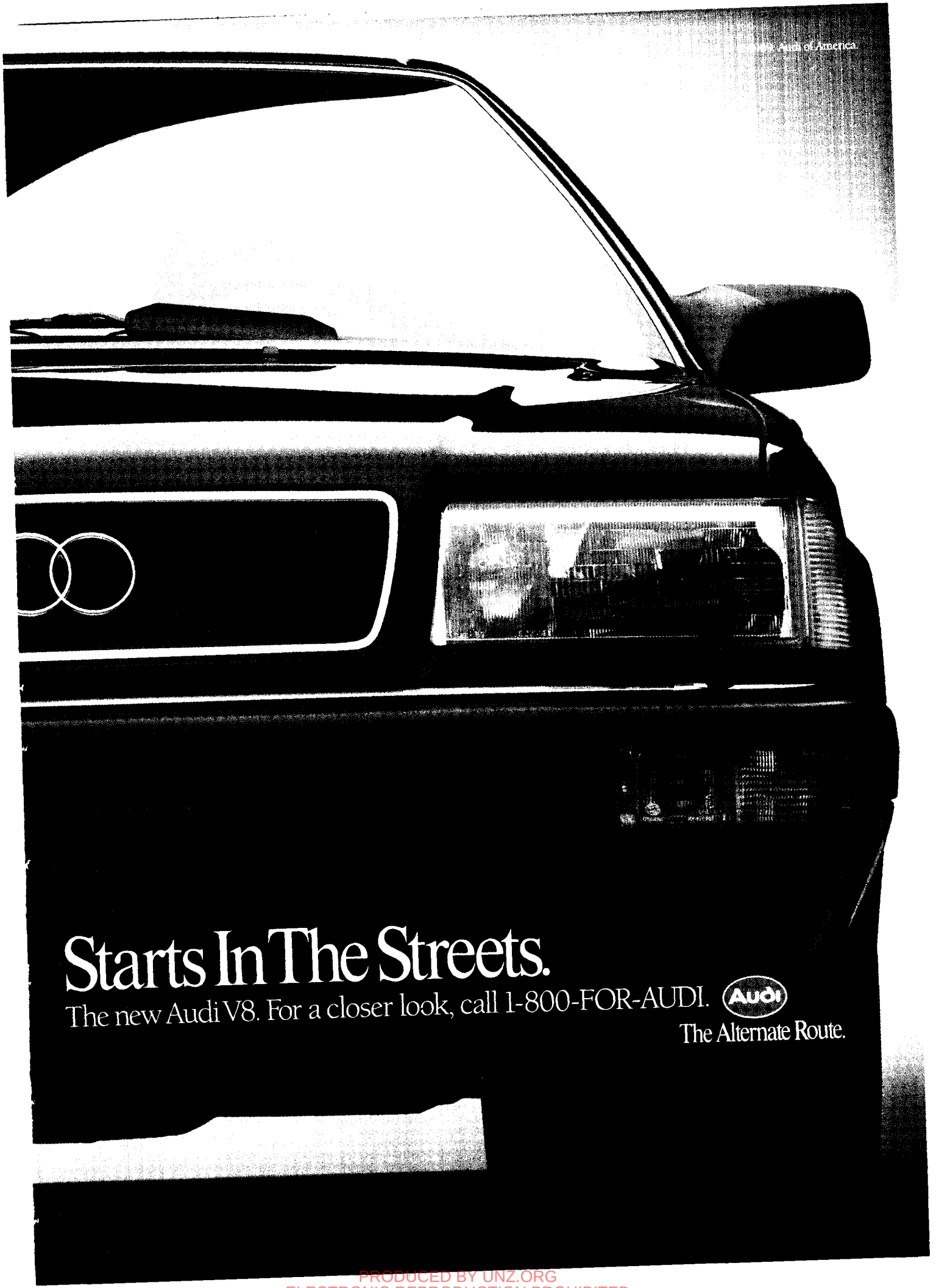

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place, interest rates are partly an anticipation of inflation. There is a good argument that global competitive pressures clamp a firm ceiling on prices. Coopers & Lybrand, the international accounting and consulting firm, says flatly that only the "fierce worldwide competition in price and quality" can explain the tame behavior of prices during the prolonged American economic expansion. Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the Federal Reserve, says that "integration of the world's production facilities" heads off inflation by unstopping production bottlenecks.

At the same time, government borrowing is declining in virtually all the industrial countries, which should press rates down further. Roland Leuschel, the chief investment strategist at Banque Bruxelles Lambert, has even raised an unfashionable alarm over "a looming shortage of government bonds." On average, government borrowing as a percent of national income fell by about half from 1984 to 1988—in the United States from five percent of GNP in 1985 to about three percent now (or two percent if state and local surpluses are counted, as they should be). Britain is already in surplus, retiring perhaps $23 billion of debt this year. Australia and Denmark are running surpluses, as will Japan and Germany within a year or two. America's cash deficit will disappear sometime after 1995, as collections for the next century's Social Security overhang begin to accumulate. Scarcer bonds mean higher bond prices—another way of saying lower interest rates.

Even more important is the expected drop in housing demand in the United States. Housing was the characteristic American investment of the 1970s and 1980s. Not only did the sheer number of young adults increase sharply, but they moved out of their parents' households sooner, got married later, and formed more separate households. To further boost housing demand, the next-fastest-growing age group consisted of those over sixty-five, who for the first time ever decided to keep their own houses instead of living with married children.

Throw in a tax code that depressed the real cost of mortgages, an inflationary psychology that encouraged people to borrow against real property, and truly spectacular capital gains from leveraged real-estate investments—and housing starts exploded. All those factors will run in reverse in the 1990s. The number of young adults will drop, and the number of people over the age of sixty-five will stabilize. More-traditional family relationships among aging Baby Boomers will reduce the number of separate households. A Brookings Institution study forecasts about a 30 percent drop in demographically driven housing demand through the decade of the 1990s. Already the inventory of single-family homes for sale has risen about a third since 1982. A shift of savings away from real estate to bank deposits or stocks and bonds would mean some rough adjustments for homeowners who are still hoping to make a killing on their houses, but would be a major shot of adrenaline for American industry.

Yardeni has pulled together all the roses blooming in the economic garden into a bouquet he calls New Wave Economics. "After the stock market crashed in 1987," he says, "and everyone was filled with gloom, I decided to look at what might go right. Frankly, I was amazed at how positive all the fundamentals were. The work force is getting older, more skilled, and more productive. Savings should rise just as government borrowing and the demand for housing slow down. Global competition and a resurgence in manufacturing are a lid on inflation. We're looking at low interest rates, a long-term shift from housing to business investment, and a big increase in productivity and real incomes. It's a cycle that could go on for a long time."

But Will It Happen Here?

THERE IS STILL THE PERVASIVE WORRY THAT American industry has been weakened to the point where we are slipping to second-class economic status. It is a serious issue, and there *is* genuine cause for concern in specific industries.

But the question of America's future success in a global economy is too often confused with the issue of our regaining our postwar position as economic dictator to the world. That role is gone forever, and no one should wish it otherwise. The income of urban adults in the major industrialized countries is now practically uniform. That was the explicit objective of American statesmanship at the end of the war, the crowning adornment of our postwar foreign policy, a grand aim expressly adopted, pointedly pursued, and unambiguously attained. To seize upon that success as an index of relative "decline" is to miss the point.

The shock of the economic turmoil of the 1970s, the recessionary gales of the early 1980s, and the sudden onslaught of the Japanese have tended to exaggerate the perception of decline. There are real problems in many American industries, but they need to be kept in perspective.

Some statistics:

- According to a detailed study recently completed by the British Treasury, real output per American worker, abstracted from currency fluctuations, is still the highest in the world, and perhaps half again higher than output per worker in Japan.
- Over the past twenty years American companies have increased their share of world exports. But American companies have spread their operations around the globe, and their sales overseas do not show up in American trade data.
- The U.S. share of world output actually increased slightly during the 1980s. Asian and Japanese shares of

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world output also increased, but at the expense of Europe, not of America.

• The United States never "de-industrialized." Manufacturing's share of GNP, at about 23 percent, has been virtually unchanged since 1947.

The world-thumping success of Japanese companies in high-visibility consumer-product manufacture obscures how staggeringly unproductive the greater part of the Japanese work force is. The ratio of wholesale to retail sales, for instance, a measure of how long it takes goods to get to consumers, is more than double that in America. Food is extremely expensive, partly because of agricultural protectionism and partly because there are no world-class Japanese food-processing and distribution companies. According to Nomura Securities, Kraft could import cheese to Japan and sell it for half the price charged by local businesses, which, of course, are clamoring for import protection.

THE MOST DANGEROUS OBSTACLE TO A NEW INDUSTRIAL GOLDEN AGE, AND THE ONLY ONE REALLY WITHIN OUR POLITICAL CONTROL, IS THE ECONOMIC NATIONALISM BREWING IN THE HALLS OF CONGRESS AND THE COUNCILS OF EUROPE.

The Japanese pharmaceutical market is the second largest in the world, but there are no world-class Japanese pharmaceutical companies. The largest Japanese chemical company, Asahi Chemical, would barely make the list of the top ten in America. The Japanese construction industry is notoriously fragmented, inefficient, and mobster-ridden. It is also politically powerful, and has managed, by and large, to exclude much more capable American companies from bidding on major public projects.

The importance of agriculture, mining, and logging in America is sometimes viewed as a measure of backwardness. But as practiced in the United States, these are becoming high-tech industries. The price of coal has dropped by about a fifth in recent years, primarily because of improvements in mining machinery. The continuing flaps over bovine somatotropin, the hormone that boosts cows' milk production, and over the use of recombinant gene products as pesticides or crop enhancers demonstrate the impact of technology on the modern farm.

And the American high-technology position is still very strong. In the booming market for mini-supercomputers—miniaturized powerhouses that can chew through scientific problems that would tie up even the largest business computers for years—the only manufacturers are still American. In the computerized-work-station market—very high-powered personal computers—Sony is still chasing the medium-sized California firm Sun Microsystems in Japan. America has no peer in medical technology, fiber optics, genetic engineering, or computer-aided design.

Clearly, there are problems with American competitiveness, as was documented most recently by MIT's Commission on Industrial Productivity last spring. Michael P. Schulhof, the vice-chairman of Sony Corporation of America, points to an American penchant for quick fixes. "American businessmen seem to think they can catch up in high-definition television with a year or so of federal funding," he says. "That's not true. We've been building those technologies for twenty years. Besides that, I won't believe American companies are serious until they stop trying to sell left-hand-drive cars in Japan."

Schulhof's comment is on the mark. When American import restraints and the falling dollar raised the price of Japanese cars, American automobile executives, for all their Iacoccan swagger, took the easy way out: instead of winning back their markets, they raised prices, trumpeted a turnaround, and paid themselves multimillion-dollar bonuses with the windfall profits. Christopher Willard, at Dataquest, a high-technology market-research firm, says, "There's nothing wrong with American technology. But there is an attitude difference. American companies won't manufacture complicated low-volume chips if they can't make a profit on them. Japanese companies will take the job if they think they'll learn something that will help them later on, regardless of the short-term profits."

The American lead in high technology, indeed, is part of the problem. American R&D expenditures, as a per-

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centage of GNP, are actually slightly higher than Japan's, but about a third of them are defense-related. America has more scientists and engineers than Japan, Great Britain, and West Germany combined, but much of their work is devoted to building weapons. As a consequence, America has unmatched high-end machining, for example—missile gyroscopes and submarine propeller blades must be finished to exquisitely precise standards—but has been thoroughly outclassed in mid-technology applications.

America is too big, too rich, and too resourceful to be shut out of the global boom. Even the pessimist Gary Shilling sees America as regaining much of its competitiveness longer-term: "Japan may actually have a tougher time than the United States," he says, "because of demographics and excess capacity."

As global companies continue the relentless push into local markets, America will become a haven for high-productivity manufacturing. American companies will be clear winners in some global industries, and American companies that have taken to heart the lessons of the past ten years will be winners in every industry. To be sure, a large number won't make the grade and will be swallowed up by stronger Asian or European competitors, but it will be increasingly difficult for consumers or workers to tell the difference.

Can the Boom Be Stopped?

EVEN THE MOST CONVINCED OPTIMISTS CONCEDE that there is a long parade of horribles capable of pushing the world off a fast-growth track. Some of them are unpredictable and probably uncontrollable. Can the world ecosystem sustain a prolonged cycle of global industrial growth? Images arise of a Bhopal or a Chernobyl on a tremendous scale, setting back economic development for a generation. Might there be a new Ice Age in the Cold War? A world nervously fingering triggers in the wake of, say, a revolution in Eastern Europe might snuff out the free flow of goods and wealth-creating technology essential to a sustained cycle of world economic development.

But the most dangerous obstacle to a new industrial golden age, and the only one really within our political control, is the economic nationalism brewing in the halls of Congress and the councils of Europe. Europe is the prime example: it has attempted to protect its markets and its national producers for forty years. Engorged with government subsidies, the British automobile industry simply rolled over and died. None of the global car companies that will survive a decade from now is likely to be European. Semiconductor and computer "initiatives" proliferated throughout Europe in the 1970s; the result was a virtually complete takeover by the Americans, as national resources were dissipated on losers.

There are some signs that American businessmen recognize that protectionism is against their interests. Caterpillar, for example, has opposed the recent steel and ball-bearing import restraints, because they raise the cost of its production. "Managed" semiconductor prices made American computer companies less competitive, and managed trade in cars drew the Japanese into the high-profit luxury segment of the American market.

It may, in fact, be too late for the protectionists to do great damage; the interventions required would need to be truly malign and persistent. Political consensus tends to coalesce slowly, and the trade spats already have an anachronistic air. The rapid movement of global companies into local markets, the intricate networks of partnerships, joint ventures, and cross-ownership, make a mockery of the instinct to throw up ramparts. In 1986 American overseas sales were three times as large as American merchandise exports; half the trade deficit represents imports from American companies. The Japanese tire company Bridgestone is investing $1 billion to upgrade the North American operations of Firestone, its new American acquisition. Goodyear, the world's leading tire manufacturer, is increasing its investment to keep pace. The country and the economy are the winners.

The more challenging problems, in fact—ones that the optimists rarely allude to—will be the problems of success. In the late 1950s John Kenneth Galbraith complained about the slothful market-fixing practices of big American companies. He was right, and the complacent giants got their comeuppance in the surprise Japanese onslaught of the 1970s. But a decade or so from now, when a handful of global automobile companies, global computer companies, global chemical and food companies, global steel and consumer-electronics companies, emerge from the fierce competitive struggle in clear leadership positions, who will keep them in line? Where will Schumpeter's cleansing gale come from? From competitors on Mars? In an outcome that would be much to Schumpeter's chagrin, the global competitive struggle we are now witnessing may end in the Marxist nightmare of global monopolies.

Robert Reich, of Harvard University, worries that global competition, while opening unprecedented opportunities for educated manipulators of symbols, like lawyers, investment bankers, design engineers, and marketing experts, will impose iron limits on the wages of ordinary workers. At the very least, there is cause for grave concern about a laggard national educational system, turning out a class of permanent social dependents who are squeezed out of any meaningful economic role by the better schooling and work ethos prevailing abroad.

Success, in short, will bring momentous problems of its own. But if the optimists are right, and the world really is on the brink of a Schumpeterian golden age, there should be energy and resources enough to solve them. □

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Rural Electrification

GENERATING BRAIN POWER

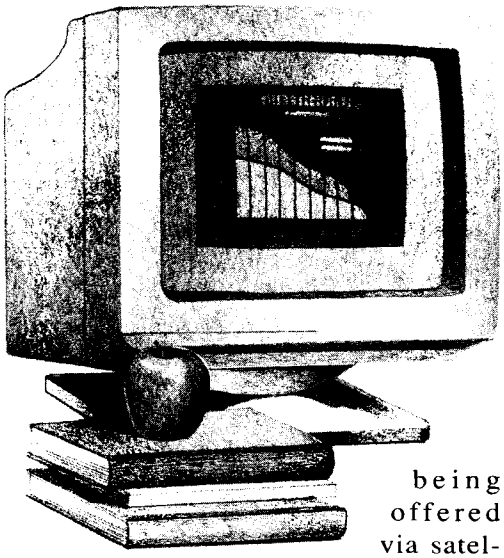
By Bob Bergland

The sound of school bells brings back memories of my classroom days in rural Minnesota. But students in today's countryside are hearing a high-tech ring to that sound, as the latest information technologies help teachers and students keep up with our changing, more competitive world.

In sparsely populated areas, like Indiahoma, Oklahoma, school systems often have difficulty offering a range of advanced courses. So Cotton Electric Co-op stepped in with an innovative solution, donating a satellite dish to beam down telecourses in German, physics, and other subjects produced at Oklahoma State University. Indiahoma's high school graduates now are better prepared to compete in college and in life.

Leadership in education like this is being duplicated in small towns and rural communities across the country. Thanks to Morrow Electric Cooperative in Ohio, a student at Fredericktown High School, who dreams of a career in aerospace engineering, can take a calculus class once out of reach. Youngsters in Eddyville, Oregon, have access to advanced computer courses through the satellite hook-up provided by Consumers Power.

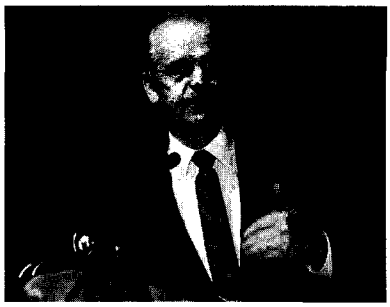
Teacher training and enrichment programs, as well as adult education courses, are also being offered via satellite with help from local electric co-ops.



It's natural that rural electric cooperatives would provide such leadership. They know firsthand how to broaden hometown opportunity by pulling local resources together and forging partnerships with other private and public institutions. They're also supporting congressional rural development initiatives that would include funding for "star schools" programs using fiberoptics, satellites, and other modern technologies to help thousands of students receive an education previously unavailable to them.

Striving for excellence in education is nothing new for rural schools. But with a boost from rural electric systems, cooperating with local, state and federal organizations, students all over the country will walk into college classes and onto job sites with the necessary science, math, and language skills.

By helping young people prepare for today's competitive society, rural electrics are generating more than electricity... they're strengthening the nation's educational foundation.



Bob Bergland is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.

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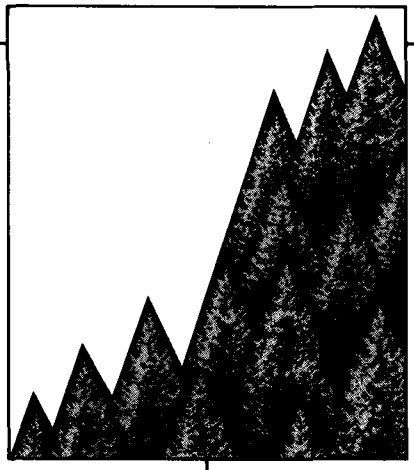
This proposal to fund toxic waste cleanup is designed to keep the environment green.



One of the most crucial public policy problems facing America today is the gridlock that has tied up our national attempt to deal with toxic waste. Not only does this issue affect the quality of the environment, it represents a major economic challenge as well.

Studies by government agencies estimate that at least $150 billion will be required to rectify hazardous waste sites that dot the U.S. landscape. Other research says that the costs could be higher.

This leads to the key question: How do we raise that amount of money without shackling the economy's ability to create jobs and compete internationally? As this suggests, economic forces are at the heart of the inaction on cleaning up the environment.

When the legislation designed to do that job–commonly known as Superfund–was renewed in 1986, the intent was to deal with the country's highest priority waste sites. Yet to date only a few of them have been addressed.

How did we reach this state and what can be done to change it? We must deal with four basic factors to answer that:

One: The current method used to assess and collect funds to clean up our old, known and often abandoned waste sites is founded on the principle of strict retroactive liability. This means that companies are being held responsible for environmental damage that occurred twenty or thirty years ago, or even longer. That's true even when those companies did not violate any waste disposal laws, or act deliberately or irresponsibly.

Two: It is enormously costly and difficult–and sometimes impossible–to find out who is responsible for pollution at most older waste sites. The contamination occurred over decades and often the sites were common dumping grounds. Consequently, governments at all levels are spending huge sums in their attempts to find polluters and fix liability.

Three: The staggering costs of cleanup are a major impediment to progress on improving the environment. The average price per waste site is $25 million and can range up to several billion dollars. With stakes this high, it's impractical for any one party to bear the entire financial brunt of what amounts to a broad public problem. Even major corporations would be strained. The result? Fewer new jobs created and a reduced ability of American business to compete internationally. To be sure, we cannot look to government for more money given the federal deficit and the pressure on state and local government budgets.

Four: With the above three factors at work, our environmental efforts have bogged down in a morass of litigation. Most of the action is taking place in court, instead of at the waste sites. In some cases, even when insurers did not

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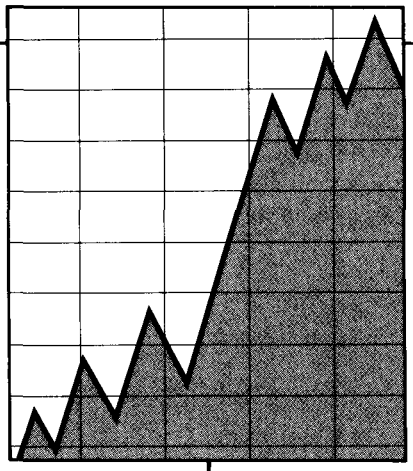
And do the same for the economy.

cover pollution damage, there's been an inclination to look to the insurance industry as a public treasury when no other sources are available to pay the cleanup costs. But that's no solution since the total environmental price tag exceeds the surplus of the entire United States insurance industry.



A Proposed Solution

So we come back to the central question: How can we fund our national program to restore the environment? At AIG, we believe the answer lies in spreading the costs more broadly and equitably.

This could be accomplished if we created a National Environmental Trust Fund, which would be administered by the Environmental Protection Agency. This would be a dedicated fund whose resources would be used only to clean up hazardous waste sites.

The Fund could be financed by adding a separate, earmarked fee to the commercial/industrial insurance premiums now paid in the United States.

Even a modest assessment could provide enough money to deal with the 1,000 highest priority waste sites over the next decade. This approach would not require a new government agency or new taxes. The fee would replace the current method of environmental taxation to give Superfund a new, more effective way to finance its mission.

The new Trust Fund would address only the old waste sites where responsibility for the pollution is not clear. Any enviromental damage occurring in the future, or that resulting from deliberate acts, would be dealt with on a fault basis with the polluters paying.

The National Environmental Trust Fund thus recognizes the effects of past pollution as a national problem. It would avoid imposing an excessive financial penalty on any sector of business –or the economy as a whole. Most important, it would eliminate much of the endless litigation over pollution and enable us to get on with the job of cleaning up the environment.

This is a general outline of a new approach to an old problem. We've purposely presented it this way to stimulate a dialogue and to elicit ideas on the details of how a National Environmental Trust Fund should be implemented.

Please address your comments to: M. R. Greenberg, President and Chief Executive Officer, American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York, New York 10270.

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AIG

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A Short Story

Feeding the Piranha

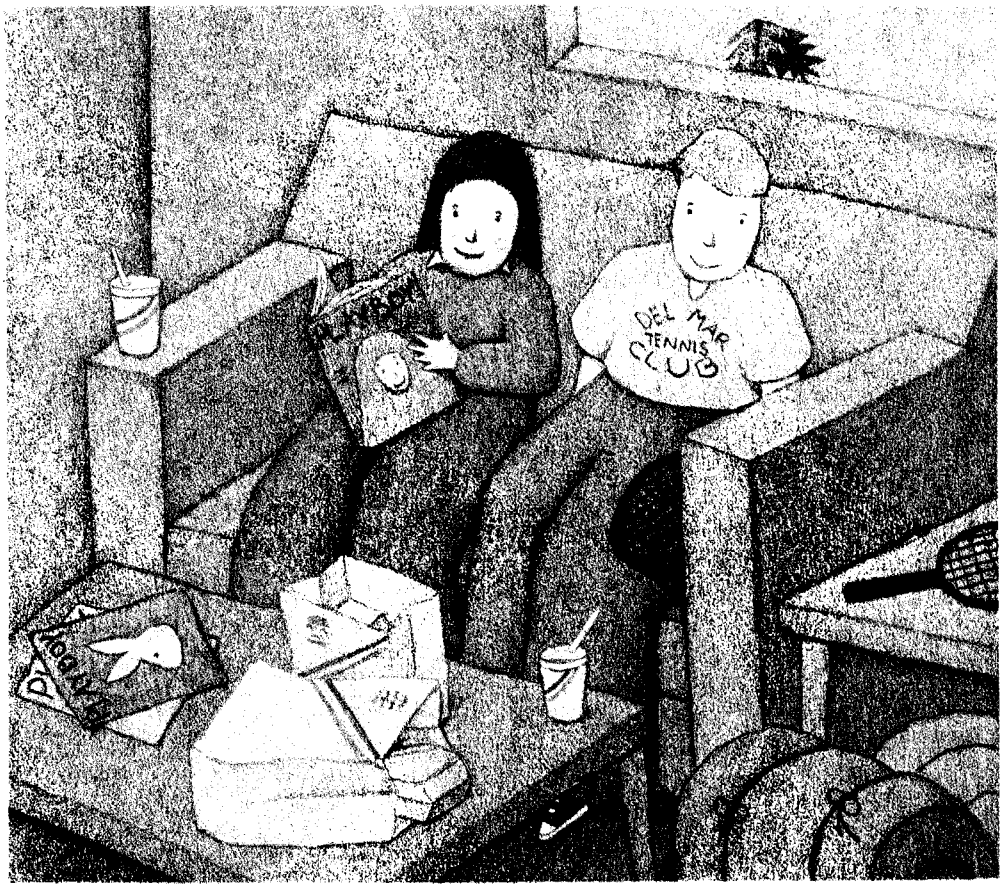
by Pamela Painter

There's only so much children can do for their parents

OUR FATHER WAITS until we have picked up our duffels and left the San Diego airport to ask if we've had our teeth cleaned lately. "Josh?" he asks me. I say no, not lately. "Finny?" My sister says she thinks she has a cavity in one of her back teeth, either top right or bottom right. Her tongue visits the elected spots, probing for confirmation. Dad nods, satisfied that this will be a good visit. And doctor's checkups? I disappoint him with my required physical for football this fall, but Finny's shake of her head assures him that where our mother's neglect is concerned, nothing has changed. Not that he's about to pay for any of this. Finny and I exchange glances as we pull into his apartment complex. It's all cement except for stunted palm trees in cracked clay pots and patches of bright-green grass, one per apartment, each with its own sprinkler whirring away. Nothing else moves. The pool is smaller than it sounded on the phone.

Dad throws our duffels and books into his empty extra bedroom, beside the sleeping bags he borrowed for us. I explore the tiny balcony baking in the California sun while Finny assesses the fridge. The balcony is three feet by six feet. A rusted hibachi sits on bricks at one end, like an abandoned altar. Back inside, Finny slams the door of the fridge. "Guess we better go shopping," she says.

We gather in the living room, where Dad explains about his temporary lack of employment and how he didn't want to ruin our first visit in a year by looking for a job. His time is ours. He spreads his arms expansively in a gesture I remember. "So, Josh, how much money did your mother give you?" he asks. We pool our money on the old oak table from the Chicago family room. I have fifty dollars. Finny has thirty. Dad has twelve dollars and nineteen cents. As the coins plunk down, the nineteen cents makes me feel guilty. But not guilty enough to mention the other fifty bucks in my back pocket or the twenty in Finny's new Madonna purse.



The money on the table comes to $92.19. Dad scoops it all into his hand and puts it in the pocket of his jogging pants. We head off to our first meal, at

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Burger King—my favorite restaurant. There Dad catches us up on his latest jobs and why they didn't work out.

"You have to be able to cut your losses," he says. "Your mother's probably still teaching. Stuck in the same rut."

"Yeah," Finny says, "she'll never quit."

Later we shop for eggs, milk, ketchup, hamburger, and bread.

"Your mother still making that fancy food?" he asks.

"I don't eat it," I tell him, rolling my eyes at the thought of the shrimp curry, the coq au vin, the cold pasta salads, that I'm gladly missing. "I eat cereal," I say, and dump more ketchup on my fries.

Dad and I run three miles every morning while Finny stays in her sleeping bag and reads *Playboy*s. They have great interviews, Dad says. Before we run, he stretches out in front of a mirror, seriously bending, pulling, reaching. I do what he does right behind him in the mirror. He's in better shape than I am—except for losing a little hair. He asks if Mom is still fat, and I say yes, that all her skirts have stretch waistbands. But, Finny says, expensive clothes hide it well. I add that her new husband probably doesn't notice, because his nose is always in some book. Dad laughs; no books are cluttering up his house.

Dad arranges for courts every day that his old club has extras—usually at 6:00 in the morning or 11:00 at night. Dad plays Finny first, then me. "You keeping up with your tennis?" he asks. "Pretty much," I say. Then I tell him about Mom's refusal to send me to tennis camp last summer, even though it would have guaranteed me first place on the team. Finny says Mom held back because she had just bought a new computer. "Still got her priorities mixed up," Dad says.

WE MEET THE girlfriends on different nights. Girlfriend Number One is closer to my age than his. She has great boobs and the sort of overhead smash that in a couple of years would get me into college. We play doubles and go out to Burger King. Then we go to her place for a sleepover. Dad packed our sleeping bags in the back of the car, just in case.

Girlfriend Number Two shows Finny how to make up her eyes with black eyeliner and colors like purple and plum and apricot. She puts lipstick on her with a pencil. The next day they go out to the Hacienda Mall to have Finny's ears pierced. Finny comes back with two gold circles in each ear.

Girlfriend Number Three cooks real Chinese food and shows us how to use chopsticks. Her apartment complex has a trampoline next to the pool. We take turns jumping and falling and reclining and jumping up again. Working on our appetites, Dad says.

"We play hard and sleep late out here," Dad says. "Your mom ever take time off?"

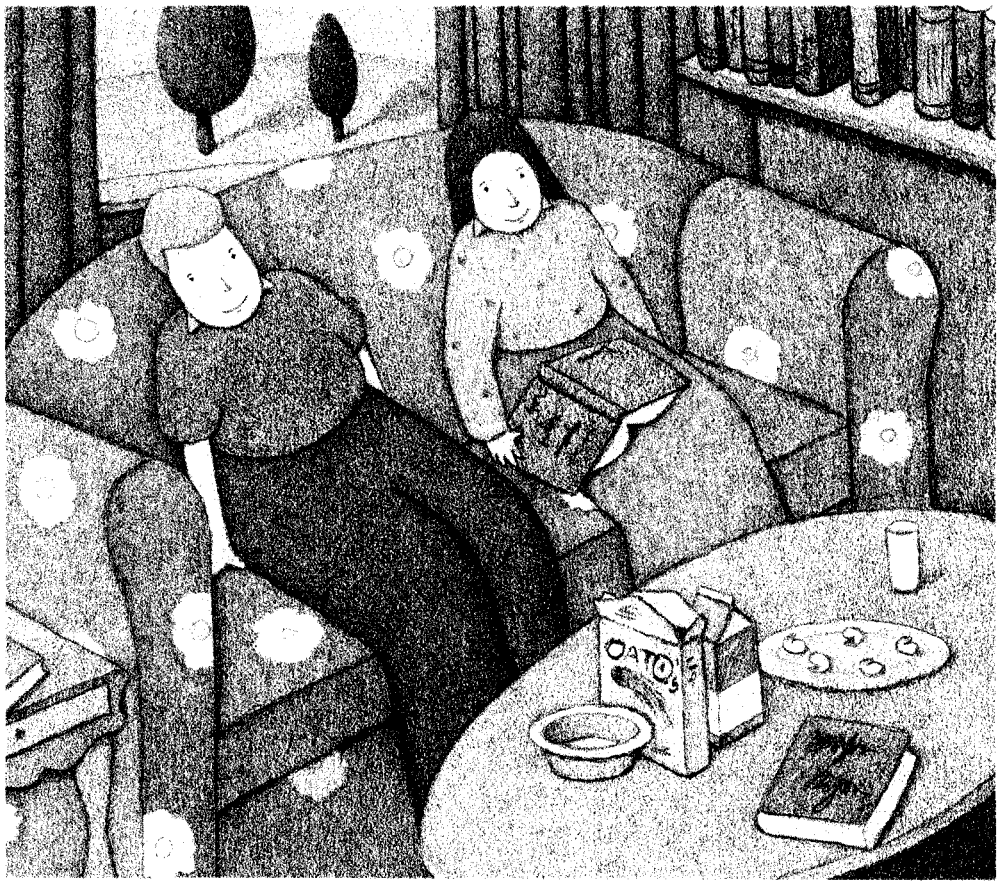
"Just for Scrabble or chess," Finny says.

"But it's no fun, 'cause she doesn't let anybody talk."

Dad has an invitation to move in with any of the three. So which one will it be? he asks, later in the week, when we are back at his place, sitting beside the empty pool, which is being repainted. I vote for Number One and Finny votes for Number Two.

"But what do we do about Number Three?" Dad asks. "No doubt your mother would have some well-chosen words on the subject. Does she still talk most of the time with her hands on her hips?" We both picture it and say yes.

Our grandmother calls, from a little town north of L.A. Finny figures out that we last saw her eight or nine years ago. I remember Skippy, her dog, a dachshund with



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scabby hair who wouldn't stop playing fetch. I remember the musical toilet seat that played "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain When She Comes."

Our grandmother tells Dad that she and Grandpap won't be able to make it down from the mountains to see us this time, but to say hello for them. We'll all get together at a big reunion next time for sure. He passes this along to us. To her he says, "The kids, they are sooooo biggo. Mucho biggo." To us he says, "Your grandmother wants to know if you get the letters and cards she sends or does your mother throw them away?"

"I don't remember getting anything," Finny says. "What's the name of the town they live in?"

BEFORE LONG WE HAVE TO PACK. FINNY SEARCHES the car for our plane tickets while I throw my clothes in a duffel, sniffing to decide what to wear home. We have run out of clean clothes. A few things I can't find. Dad watches us pack. "Can't your mother buy you enough clothes to get through a week?" Dad asks. He has an unending supply of jogging pants and tennis shorts.

"Mom makes us do laundry instead," I say. "She goes nuts on Clorox and Spray 'n Wash and Bounce."

"You name it and we learn to use it," Finny says.

We stop at Burger King on the way to the airport. I order double fries, to get the baseball cards, and pie. "Hold it on the apple pie," Dad says. "We're almost out of money." Finny keeps checking her makeup in her new Madonna compact. She's not so good with the lipstick pencil yet. I'm wearing a T-shirt from the Del Mar Tennis Club.

At the airport Dad talks the woman at the security gate into letting him walk his only kids to the boarding area. She laughs us through. Dad's face is red, his voice husky. He asks if we missed our mother and we say no. He asks, Do you ever miss me? and we say yes.

IN BOSTON IT'S RAINING, AND THE FOG MAKES OUR plane late. We get a cab home. Mom is making curried shrimp and banana raita for dinner. She hugs us, and here it comes. "Did you miss me?" she asks. We say yes. She wipes Finny's lipstick off her cheek and steps back. "What happened to your eyes?" she asks Finny. "You look like a raccoon." My stepfather glances up from his book and says hello. He says hello again, and then goes back to where his finger marks his place.

Mom follows us to our bedrooms to collect the dirty clothes she is sure we came home with. "So how's your father doing?" she asks. Finny tells her Dad is almost bald and wears jogging suits absolutely everywhere. "He still wears his Princeton ring," I say. "He lost the old one at the beach last year and had to order another from Balfour's."

"So, what did you do in sunny California?" Mom asks, hands on her hips.

"There isn't a book in the house," Finny says. "Just his old *Playboy*s."

"Went running, played a lot of tennis at cheap times like six A.M.," I say.

"Did you see your grandparents?" Mom asks.

"They were too busy," Finny says, "as usual. They're probably pissed we don't cash their piddling five-dollar Christmas and birthday checks, but I knew she was on the phone because Dad was talking baby talk."

Mom giggles as if remembering. "Any wedding plans?" she asks.

I say he seems to have more than one girlfriend. "One's only a few years older than me."

"I," Mom says.

"The other girlfriends are closer to your age," I tell her. "He takes turns seeing them. It's Dad who calls them girls."

Mom says, "Well, nothing's changed."

My sister peers in the mirror at her earlobes and asks Mom to check them out. She's sure the holes are unevenly punched; one looks red and yucky. Mom gets close. "Jesus, you had a surgical procedure done at the mall," Mom says.

Later Mom ladles out shrimp curry while I pour cereal into a bowl.

"Does your father have a job?" she asks.

"Yeah, jogging's hard work," Finny says. She counts up the meals at Burger King, describes the fridge—empty except for ketchup. She tells Mom that once again we had to contribute our money to expenses, because once again Dad doesn't have a job.

"But we didn't give him all the money this time," Finny says. "If I can walk dogs, he can get a job."

"Fat chance," I say. I tell Mom I didn't even ask him about sending me to tennis camp. I was afraid he'd suggest I leave my extra racquet there for him to use. Mom is putting two and two together with the past twenty years.

"Do you think we'll be able to count on any money for college?" she asks.

"Not a chance," my sister says, "but the next time we go out there, we'll steal his car."

I tell Mom, by then he probably won't have a car. □

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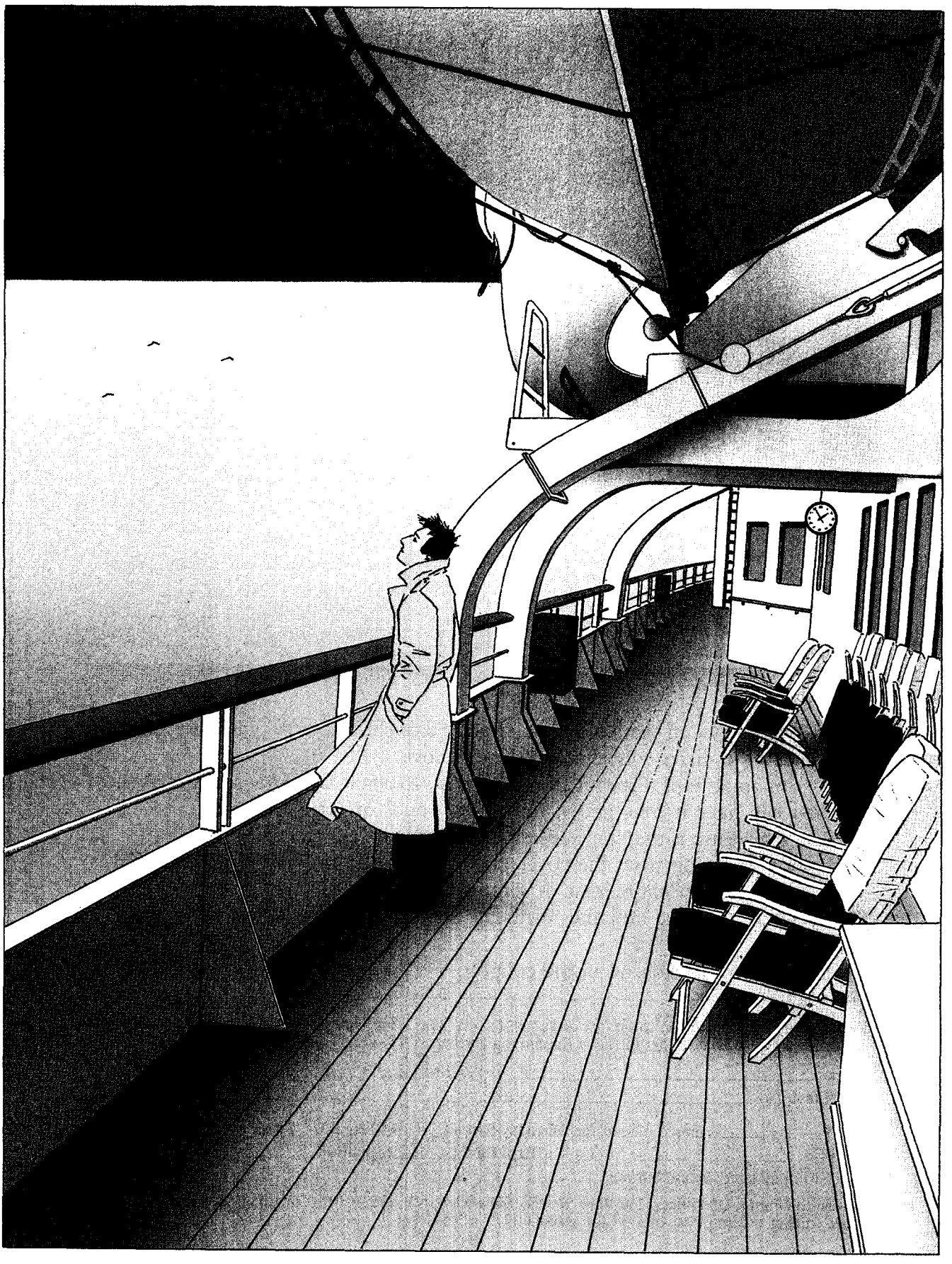
ANTIPODES

BY GUY BILLOUT



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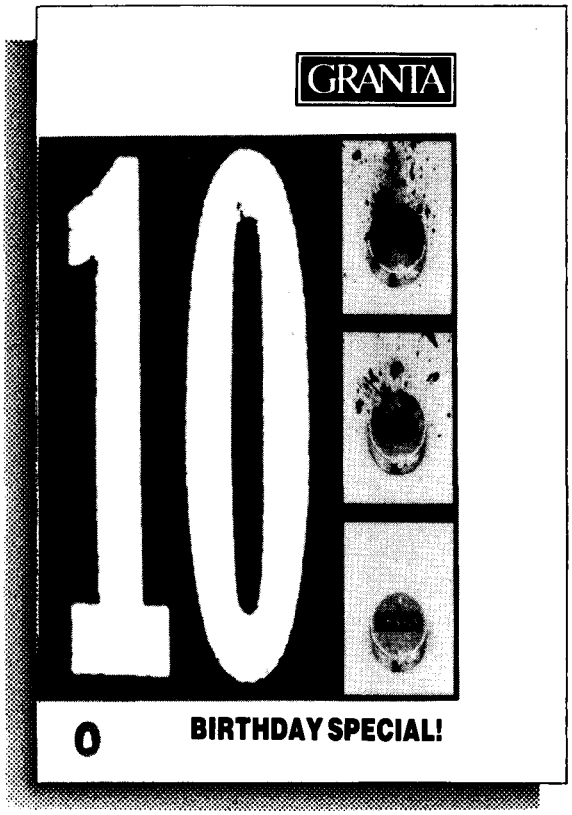
FOR OUR BIRTHDAY
WE'RE GIVING YOU A PRESENT



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AT1

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Do people at work drive you crazy? If so, you'd better take a good hard look at yourself before blaming them. Then you can blame them. Luckily, a seminar shows you just what to do about them

ARE YOU A DIFFICULT PERSON?

BY DAVID OWEN

AT FIRST I DIDN'T THINK I FELT MORE CONFIdent. But later—after I learned that the background music had contained positive subliminal messages intended to boost my self-esteem—I *did* begin to sense that I felt more sure of myself. I also seemed to see greater success in my business and personal life. Still later, after I played my four *Be Confident the Subliminal Way* tapes while driving in my car, my mind appeared to become inundated with confidence-building concepts and ideas. On one side of each tape the subliminal messages were masked by relaxing music. On the other side the messages were masked by ocean waves. It was while listening to the ocean waves that I realized it might be possible to make a great deal of money by helping today's achievers take personal responsibility for their own career success.

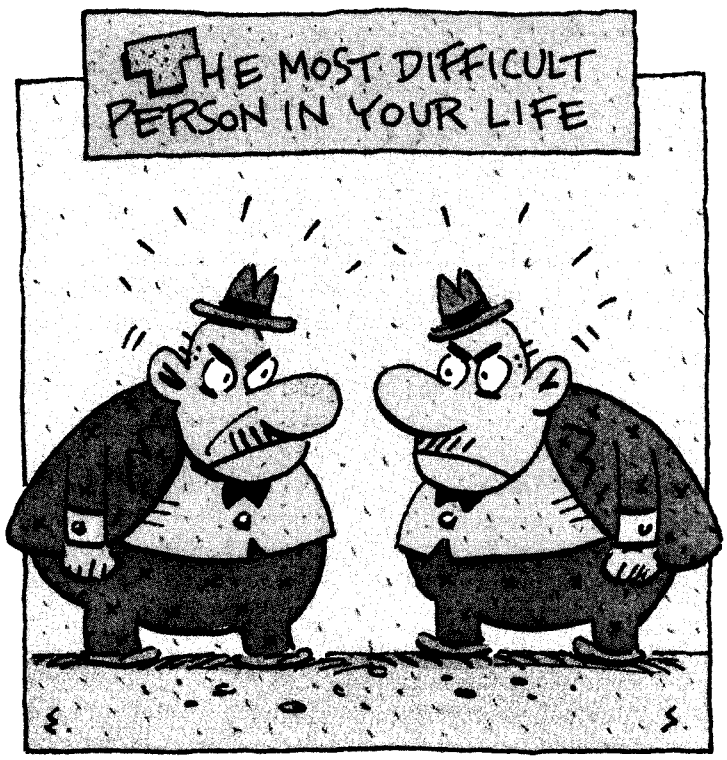
None of this would have happened to me if I hadn't attended a one-day seminar conducted by CareerTrack, Inc., also known as Your Success Company, one of the nation's largest and fastest-growing producers of business seminars.

Look at it this way: CareerTrack's commitment is to ongoing training. Here's what one of the company's publications has to say: "Look at it this way: If you experienced one of our one-day seminars (either live or on tape) every three months, you would likely be in the top 5% of people, skills-wise, in your profession." If not, you would likely be entitled to ask for your money back. Every CareerTrack seminar has a one-year, 100 percent, money-back guarantee.

The seminar I attended was called "How to Deal With Difficult People." This is one of the most popular of the two dozen or so topics that CareerTrack trainers explore more than 4,000 times a year in hotels, auditoriums, and corporate conference rooms on four continents. The continent on which my seminar took place was North America. In fact, Connecticut. I went because I had received an enticing promotional brochure that asked me whether I recognized the following types of people: know-it-alls, passives, dictators, yes-people, no-people, and complainers.

Yes, I recognized them. As the brochure pointed out, they are the people I work with and live with every day. I dialed CareerTrack's toll-free telephone number and signed up.

Business seminars are a very big business in America. Billions of dollars' worth of them took place last year alone. In 1988 CareerTrack had revenues of $52 million, making it the second-largest seminar company in the country. (The largest is the American Management Association, which had sales of $120 million.) The audience for seminars of all kinds includes millions of individuals and so many Fortune 500 companies that you would have to expand the Fortune 500 to include them all.



As the date of my seminar approached, I began to feel some trepidation. What would happen behind the closed doors of the conference room at the Sheraton Waterbury Hotel? Would there be role-playing? Would I be required at any point to take off my shirt? What about having to sit on a stage while a group of strangers told me exactly what they thought of me?

As it turned out, there wasn't much of that at our seminar. Our trainer, an experienced motivational

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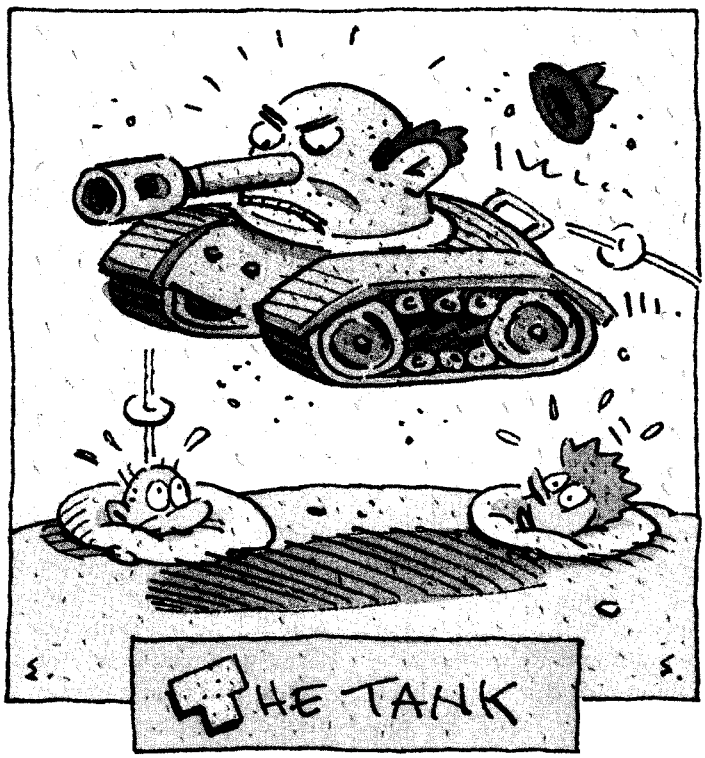
speaker and former guidance counselor, mostly just talked to us. Her name was Linda Hughes Allen. She is the author of, among other works, *Action Plans: The New Woman's Survival Guide.* She lives in Norman, Oklahoma. On a car trip recently she and her husband tried using nonsubliminal audio tapes to increase the self-esteem of their fifteen-year-old son. At our seminar she wore a dark blazer over a somewhat less dark floral-print dress. She began by asking us to think about the most difficult person in our lives.



"Don't you feel like doing *this* to him?" she asked, jabbing her index finger angrily into the air. "You just want to point your finger and go like *this*?" She jabbed again.

There were murmurs of recognition from most of the 120 or so people in the conference room. Allen continued: "Well, the next time you are doing *this*" (jab, jab, jab) "or you get the urge to do *this*" (jab, jab, jab), "I want you to turn your finger around" (and here she slowly crooked her index finger back toward her own face) "and look at who you're pointing at, and remember that *this* is in fact the most difficult person in your life."

FORTUNATELY, THE FACT THAT YOU YOURSELF ARE the most difficult person in your life doesn't mean that when you go to an all-day seminar you have to spend all day discussing yourself. Instead, you can discuss who at your job drives you crazy. This could be your stupid boss. It could also be your babyish customers. It could also be the person in the next cubicle, who talks too loudly, complains about everything, makes too many personal phone calls, comes in late, and takes credit for your best ideas.

The first step in dealing with people like this is to classify them by using a diagram called the "Window on the World of the Difficult Person." This is a rectangular grid, or window, that has four quadrants, or panes. Each pane corresponds to one of the four major categories of difficult person.

"The further to the left on the window the person is, the more passive they are," our seminar workbook explained. "The further to the right they are, the more aggressive they are. Higher up on the window means they are more task-oriented; lower down means they are more people-oriented." The upper left-hand pane represents the kind of difficult person my workbook referred to as the analytic; the upper right-hand pane is the ruler; the lower left-hand pane is the relator; the lower right-hand pane is the entertainer.

Each of these four general types comprises three subtypes. An analytic can be a complainer, a no-person, or a passive person; a ruler can be a tank, a sniper, or a know-it-all; a relator can be a yes-person, a maybe-person, or a passive person; an entertainer can be a grenade, a sniper, or a think-they-know-it-all. As you might expect, a ruler-sniper isn't the same as an entertainer-sniper. An entertainer-sniper snipes merely to get attention, whereas a ruler-sniper snipes to gain or consolidate power. In addition, an analytic passive person is different from a relator passive person, although I can't remember how.

If all of this sounds confusing, don't worry. Almost no one at our seminar seemed to understand it either. One reason may have been that there were two subtly different versions of the workbook in circulation. Another reason, as Allen suggested, may have been that the people who had trouble with the window were predominantly right-brained in their thinking, as opposed to being left-brained or bilateral.

Brainedness is a concept that has been proved to be extraordinarily useful for explaining certain types of human behavior to participants in motivational seminars. "We do know that for whatever reason, some people have picked a favorite side of the brain that they like to use," Allen explained. A bit over half of all people, she said, appear to be bilateral thinkers, which means that they draw more or less equally on the right and left sides. Everybody else is "polarized" in one direction or the other. If you are inflexible, for example, you are probably left-brained. Allen wrote key words having to do with left-brained characteristics on an overhead projector:

Logic
Digital
Organized
Past

A right-brained person, naturally, is just the opposite—say, an artist.

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Some of the most important seminar-related work in brainedness has been done by people involved in a field called neuro-linguistic programming, or NLP. The co-inventor of NLP is Richard Bandler, who wrote a book called *Using Your Brain—for a Change*, which Allen recommended. Bandler also co-wrote *Frogs Into Princes*. (Last year, to the great relief of his admirers, Bandler was found not guilty of murdering Corine Christensen, an NLP student and fellow cocaine abuser whom Bandler had threatened to kill and who died after being shot in the head with one of Bandler's guns during a visit from Bandler and a friend.)

From the work of Bandler and others, Allen said, we know that "people will go with what they see rather than with what they hear" anywhere from 55 percent to 80 percent of the time. Body language is part of it. Other unconscious clues are also involved. Our brains understand a great deal more than we do, to put it mildly. The words a person uses are sometimes the least important part of what that person communicates. That's NLP.

When you're dealing with a difficult person whose brain polarity is different from yours, you can't just communicate in your normal way and expect to get what you want. Instead, you have to go over into the other side of your brain temporarily and try to understand the difficult person's point of view. Allen called this "bridging the gap." If your difficult person happens to be the tightly laced manager of the computer department, you simply cross over to the left side of your brain and think like a nerd for a while. This helps you bring the difficult person to the place where you want him to be, enabling you to win your raise or your promotion or whatever it is that you are trying to win.

One thing I've noticed about brain polarity is that, at least in its motivational-seminar form, it seems to be primarily a right-brained concept. That is, it's a concept used by flexible, disorganized people to explain the behavior of inflexible, organized people, such as managers, accountants, bankers, and your boss. Left-brained people, in my experience, seem to be less enamored of the idea. Or is that just the right side of my brain speaking?

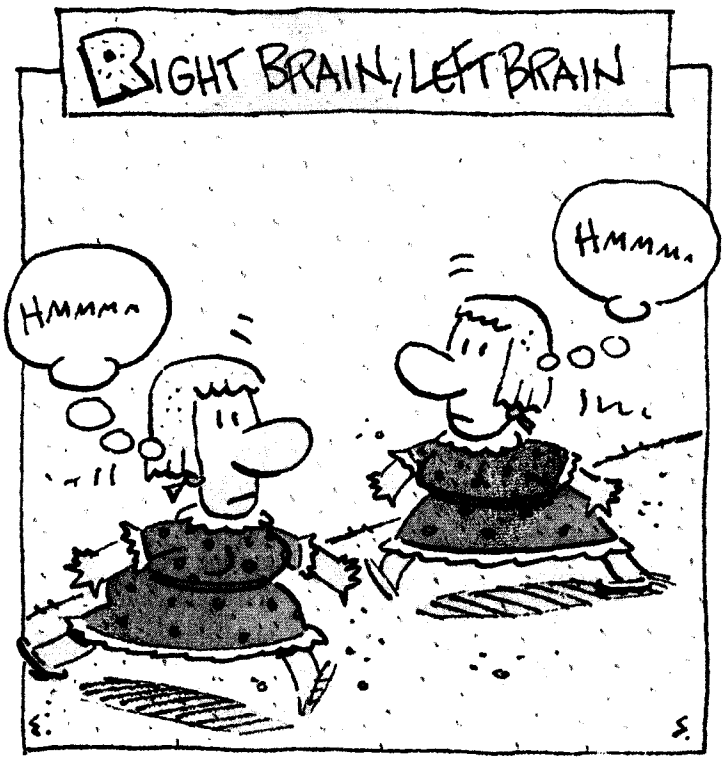
When Allen had finished telling us about brains and neuro-linguistic programming, she said, "At this point in the seminar I would like to anticipate the number-one question that I get asked. The number-one question I get asked is, 'How come we didn't have Danish rolls in the morning?'"

Now that Allen mentioned it, I realized that I had been wondering about this myself. During the registration period (while the background music, unbeknownst to me, had been sending my self-confidence through the roof) we had been offered coffee, decaffeinated coffee, and tea. That was all. There had been no Danish or any other kind of food. Why had there been nothing to eat?

I'm not going to answer that question right away. I'd like you to think about it yourself for a while. Does CareerTrack have something against serving food? Cross over into the other side of your brain and see if you can find the answer.

CAREERTRACK WAS FOUNDED IN 1982 BY JIMMY CALANO and Jeff Salzman. Jimmy was twenty-four years old and a recent graduate of the University of Colorado. He had run his own seminar and mailing-list businesses for about two years. Jeff was twenty-seven, a somewhat less recent graduate of Indiana University of Pennsylvania. He owned a company that prepared advertising copy. The two met, hit it off, and decided to go into business together. They put up $10,000 to found CareerTrack, whose headquarters are in Boulder, Colorado.

From these humble beginnings CareerTrack grew like wildfire. The company's revenues increased from $220,000 in 1982 to $3.5 million in 1983 to $15 million in 1985 to $52 million in 1988. This year the company expects to take in $65 million. In 1987 the editors of *Inc.* listed CareerTrack as the tenth fastest-growing privately held company in the nation.



Being listed in *Inc.* isn't the only honor CareerTrack and its founders have received. In 1985 Jimmy was named a finalist in American Express's Most Interesting Lives competition. The following year he was named Emerging Entrepreneur of the Year by the Boulder Chamber of Commerce. In 1987 he won the Napoleon Hill Foundation's Silver Medal Award for Entrepreneurial Achievement. He won one of six Chivas Regal

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Young Entrepreneur Awards. He became a regional finalist in the *Venture*/Arthur Young Entrepreneur of the Year competition. He was featured in *Fortune*'s "People to Watch" section. He was selected by the Young Entrepreneurs Organization (YEO) as the nation's eighth most successful entrepreneur of thirty or under. The following year—last year—he was selected by the YEO as the nation's *fifth* most successful entrepreneur of thirty or under. (I'm not sure what Jeff was doing during this period. He may simply have been too old to be considered for any awards.)

When you become involved with CareerTrack, you tend to see quite a few pictures of Jimmy and Jeff, who serve as president and vice president, respectively. There is a little photograph of them on the printed thank-you slip that comes in the envelope with your seminar ticket. A similar picture appears, larger and in color, on the cover of *CareerTracking*, Jimmy and Jeff's 1988 book containing their "26 Success Shortcuts to the Top." ("Two hours with this book will save you 15 years of trial and error," says Denis E. Waitley, the author of *Being the Best.*) Similar photographs appear in other CareerTrack publications and in the numerous newspaper clippings that the company's corporate communications office provides upon request. Jimmy has curly brown hair and Jeff has straight blond hair. In about half the pictures Jeff is holding his chin. In one he's getting ready to hold his chin. In none of the pictures can you tell that Jimmy, whose personal motto is "Do Something Now," was severely cross-eyed as a child.

Jimmy's childhood eye problems are one of the keys to understanding CareerTrack's success. Teased by other children, Jimmy developed an overwhelming desire to be the best. "My ambition scares me sometimes," he admitted to the *Denver Post* in 1987. He also said, "When I was young, I felt I could make a good leader, but I wasn't good enough at sports or didn't have the key ingredients to get followers." Later, after eye surgery, he discovered that he had a flair for the synergistically related fields of self-help and direct mail. In Jeff he found two key ingredients he had lacked: an ability to produce brochures and a knack for building a large staff of effective trainers. According to Jeff's company biography, "Jeff is the mastermind behind the CareerTrack 'message.'"

As Jimmy and Jeff readily admit, the message Jeff masterminded is not particularly earth-shattering. It's really just a broad sampling of self-help nostrums and business-related motivational advice. There are no big secrets. Here are a few of the 26 Success Shortcuts to the Top: (9) Have More and Better Ideas; (12) Conduct Meetings That Get Results; (17) Make Presentations That Win Support; (21) Set and Achieve Your Goals; (23) Attend Seminars and Get Ahead. You could probably guess some of the others.

Jimmy and Jeff flesh out these shortcuts with step-by-step "how to do its" and with advice based on their own business experience. Since Jimmy and Jeff's business is giving business advice, most of the experience on which their advice is based was acquired in the course of giving business advice, much of which was a lot like the advice

AT THE DIME STORE

Since I saw him last his teeth have gone.
The gaps draw my eyes, and like Saint
Paul I give way: that very thing I would
not do, I do. He notices, abashed.

Most of one summer he was around, coming
by seven each morning with his rascally look
to build a new wing and replace the old
north sill. Sometimes he'd disappear for a day
or a week. There was trouble at home
and on his lunch hour he'd call—just over
the town line, and so long distance—
thinking we couldn't hear or wouldn't
care. This was years ago.

When I encounter him again in the aisles
we both grin shyly. His boy, tall suddenly,
and bulky, not built like his father at all,
joins him at the check-out. They've got
an aquarium in their cart.

At last the job was finished. All but
taking up the piles of extra shingles,
saw horses, and lumber from the back
yard. Weeks passed, I called. Yes,
his wife assured me, he'd be coming by.

And finally one day he did—
while I was up in town having a filling
replaced. Years old and deep, it had been
hurting for some time. When I got home, shaky
and feeling mussed, I saw that everything
of substance was gone, leaving only
white rectangular spaces on the lawn.

—Jane Kenyon

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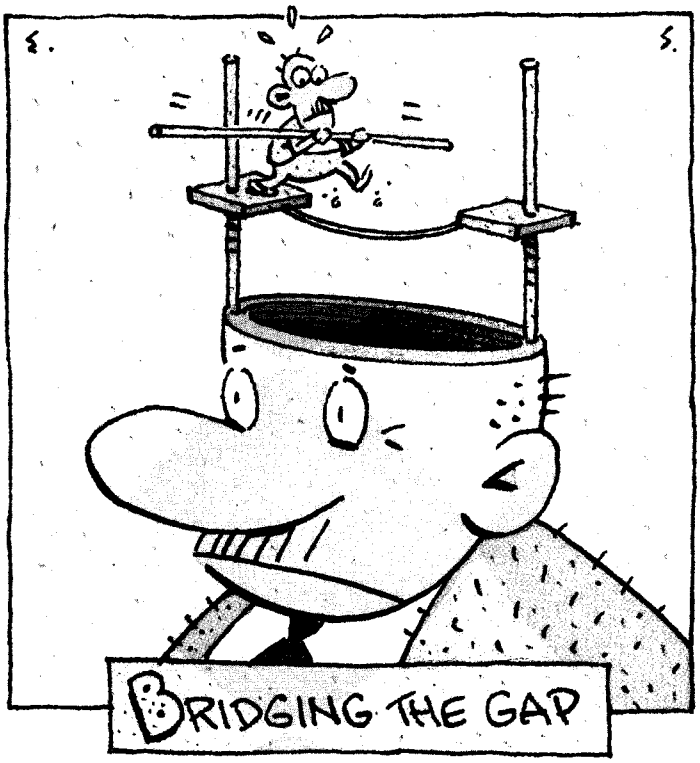
they would later give as a result of having acquired the experience of giving it. Also, of course, they read a lot of books.

Jimmy and Jeff's increasing familiarity with and prominence in the business-advice business has led to some profitable alliances. A few of these are described in *CareerTracking*. To illustrate their belief that you should extend yourself first in order to (19) Negotiate Better Deals, Jimmy and Jeff tell a story about Jimmy's first encounter with Ken Blanchard, a co-author of the best-selling business-advice book *The One Minute Manager*. Blanchard was interested in having CareerTrack produce a seminar version of his book, so Jimmy went to meet with him at his headquarters. Blanchard picked Jimmy up at the airport, invited Jimmy to stay at his house instead of at a hotel, talked to him late into the night about his next book, and drove an hour out of his way to take Jimmy to meet a friend.



"But that's not what most impressed Jimmy," Jimmy and Jeff write. "Rather, it was Ken's reaction to a stranded motorist they encountered shortly after leaving the airport."

A woman's car had broken down in the middle of an intersection. While other motorists zoomed past, Ken stopped his Mercedes and gave Jimmy the "let's-give-her-a-hand signal." The two men pushed the woman's car into a parking lot. Then Ken offered to let the woman use his car phone to call a friend. Then Ken suggested that the woman come to a restaurant with him and Jimmy while they waited for her friend to join them. Then they had cocktails. Then Ken offered to send the woman an autographed copy of his book.

"Jimmy couldn't believe his eyes or ears—was this guy for real? Before he had known Ken for an hour or negotiated one item on his agenda, Jimmy knew he was about to do business with an unusually generous and kind man." "The One Minute Manager" became one of CareerTrack's most successful seminars.

"The One Minute Manager" costs $95. Many CareerTrack seminars, including "How to Deal With Difficult People," cost about half that much. One-day seminars offered by other business-seminar companies usually cost much, much more—often several hundred dollars. From the beginning Jimmy and Jeff's marketing strategy has been to beat the competition on price. As a result their seminars are attractive to the sort of employees who can't simply charge things to their expense accounts, which they don't have. The low prices also encourage repeat attendance.

Jimmy and Jeff's commitment to affordability means that CareerTrack seminars have to be largely frill-free. Instead of computer-based video and audio equipment, our trainer had a school-style overhead projector and a public-address system that was slightly unpleasant to listen to. Instead of leather-bound notebooks for jotting down our thoughts, we were given small pads of paper and cheap ballpoint pens embossed with the Sheraton logo. And instead of Danish, we were given no Danish.

ONE FRILL THAT CAREERTRACK DOES PROVIDE AT its seminars is ample opportunity to buy CareerTrack products, sales of which account for almost a third of the company's revenues. In the course of our day we were given three breaks during which it was possible to buy audio tapes, videotapes, and books. In fact, buying these products was frankly encouraged. Before we took our first break, Allen told us that her background in education had made it clear to her that "repetition is absolutely the key to learning." If you want to learn something, she said, you need to hear it three times.

Probably the best way to introduce this degree of repetition into your life is to (24) Learn With Audiocassettes. "We've found that more and more people are going to cassette learning simply because it's a great way to use what we call dead time," Allen said. Dead time is time you spend driving around, rowing on a rowing-machine, or waiting in line at the supermarket. Why not put this hidden asset to work for you by buying a lot of tapes?

Allen told us about CareerTrack products for quite a while. Then she turned us loose. I followed the crowd out into the lobby, where I bought about a hundred dollars' worth of stuff. I bought a copy of *CareerTracking*, a set of subliminal self-confidence tapes, and the audiotape version of "How to Deal With Difficult People."

The tape version of the seminar is hosted not by Allen but by Dr. Rick Brinkman and Dr. Rick Kirschner, who

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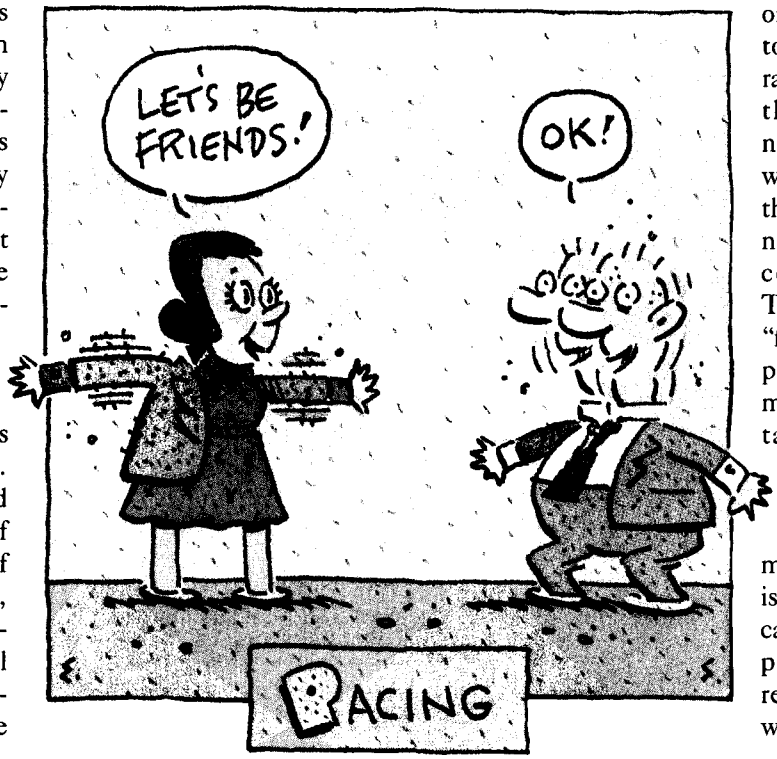
originated CareerTrack's approach to dealing with difficult people. Many times, when you see people referred to as doctors but see no mention of any medical specialty or hospital affiliation, you sort of suspect that they are doctors of something other than medicine. Especially if they are both named Rick. But in this case my suspicions were sort of unfounded. The Ricks, I later found out, are both graduates of the National College of Naturopathic Medicine, which means they are almost as much like real physicians as chiropractors are. The Ricks are also certified practitioners of neuro-linguistic programming.



Naturopaths can't join the American Medical Association or, in most states, prescribe prescription drugs, but they probably wouldn't want to anyway. The basic naturopathic repertoire includes manipulative therapy (similar to what chiropractors do), diathermy (heat), Oriental botanical medicines (to support the body's natural ability to heal itself), hydrotherapy (primarily to stimulate circulation), minor surgery (including the removal of warts and cysts), clinical nutrition (health food), homeopathy (administering tiny quantities of things that in larger quantities would make you sick or kill you), and gentle electrical pulses.

Earlier in this century there were more than twenty naturopathic colleges in America. Today there are just two: the National College, which is in Portland, Oregon, and John Bastyr College, which is in Seattle. There is also a naturopathic college in Canada. Dr. Rick Brinkman is a member of the faculty at the National College, where his title is professor of hypnosis and communication.

In spite of their medical background, the Ricks' approach to difficult people is considerably more freewheeling than Allen's. Allen described their tapes as having a "*Saturday Night Live* format." The Ricks talk fast, tell jokes, and do impressions. But they also offer a lot of practical advice. One of their central concepts—one that Allen didn't spend much time on in our seminar—is an NLP technique called pacing. "If magic is done by mirrors," the Ricks say on their tape, "effective communication is done by pacing."

Pacing is the process of subtly mimicking a person's natural rhythms of, for example, breathing, blinking, or foot-jiggling, in order to establish unconscious rapport. The technique's theoretical underpinnings date back to 1967, when a study was done at the University of California at Los Angeles, according to the Ricks. This study found that "fifty-five percent of what people respond to and make assumptions about takes place visually." Furthermore, "thirty-eight percent of what we respond to and make assumptions about is the sound of communication, while only seven percent of what people respond to is the actual words that are used."

When you find yourself dealing with a difficult person, what you want to do is pace that person's 55 percent. "How do you pace it?" the Ricks ask. "Well, number one, you pay attention to it. Number two, you take on a similar rhythm in some way. So, for example, if you notice that your difficult person is always shaking their foot, you might shake a pencil in the same rhythm." Or blink, or breathe, or tap your finger.

The most powerful natural rhythm is that of respiration, without which we'd all be dead, of course. A very effective way to improve your relationship with a difficult person, therefore, is to do something in rhythm with that person's breathing. For example, you could nod your head slightly each time the difficult person inhales. You wouldn't want to be too obvious about it. Having a difficult person ask you, "Why do you move your head every time I take a breath, you jerk?" is not a good way to establish unconscious rapport. Instead, you should wait a beat or two after each breath before moving your head.

The Ricks illustrate the importance of pacing with a story concerning Tom and Jerry, two co-workers with a difficult relationship. Tom really seemed to have it in for Jerry; the two simply couldn't get along. But then Jerry began pacing Tom's breathing with "a specific finger-tapping movement." He did this for two weeks. "Then something incredible happened." Tom came into Jerry's office and said, in effect, let's be friends.

Once you've gotten the hang of pacing the 55 percent, the Ricks suggest that you move on to the 38 percent and pace sound as well. Doing this involves the big three: tone, tempo, and volume. If you can master all of that, you may be able simply to *ignore* the 7 percent.

I have to admit that there is one aspect of pacing that

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troubles me. Suppose that Tom and Jerry are at a departmental meeting and that Jerry is pacing Tom's breathing by tapping his finger. Now, if Jerry's finger-tapping is in rhythm with Tom's breathing, aren't the chances pretty good that it is *out* of rhythm with the breathing of everyone else? Assuming that pacing also works in reverse, isn't Jerry running the danger of producing unconscious hostility in a roomful of (formerly undifficult) innocent bystanders? But if Jerry stops tapping, won't Tom go back to hating him?

"DID YOU KNOW THAT GOSSIP AND GAMBLING are the two biggest time-wasters on the job in American businesses?" Allen asked us. She talked about the Turtle Syndrome, which is what you have when you don't want to poke your head out from under your covers in the morning. She talked about the Drone Zone, which is where people go when they burn out. She told a story about a man who was deep in the Drone Zone in a crowded elevator who thought he was zipping up his pants but turned out to be zipping up the skirt of a woman standing in front of him. (Is this possible?) The man with the zipper problem had been a participant in one of Allen's other seminars.

After the zipper story we filled out a form in our workbooks called "Who's the Difficult Person Now?" There were spaces for the names of three difficult people. Allen said we could use composites if we ran out of room. We were also supposed to list the characteristics that made these people difficult and to describe the changes we hoped to make, both in our difficult people and in ourselves.

I can't tell you anything about the difficult people on my list, because they might be reading this. But I can tell you that the woman who sat next to me has only one difficult person in her life, and that person's name is Joan. Joan is bossy and manipulative. She's also a lot of other things, I'm sure, but I didn't see what they were. I had to turn away in a hurry because the woman glanced at me accusingly and I didn't want her to think that I was copying from her paper.

Later in the day Allen gave us a great deal of advice about how to deal with our difficult people. Some of this advice was fairly general. "Remember to breathe," for example. ("Your brain uses eighty percent of your oxygen. If it doesn't get any, you will say stupid things.") She also had a lot of specific suggestions, such as how to deal with a complainer who works for you. (Every time the complainer comes to you to complain about something, give him or her some extra work.)

Most of the people at our seminar didn't seem to be too worried about how to handle people who worked for them, because they didn't have people working for them. The most thoroughly represented job category at our seminar, I would guess, was secretary. The main difficulty of most participants seemed to be with the people they worked either under or beside. "They treat people like equipment," one woman said, referring to the people at her office (probably rulers) who made her life unpleasant.

The most difficult kind of difficult person, people seemed to agree, is the tank, a particularly annoying subspecies of ruler. If your boss is always yelling at you and telling you that you are incompetent and generally making you miserable, he's probably a tank. "A tank is someone who purposely goes out and tries to destroy other human beings," Allen told us. "You need to learn to stand up to this kind of person." But don't expect to succeed the first time. Before you can get what you want from a tank, Allen said, you have to stand up to him three times.

One way to deal with a tank is to shout his name. Mr. Jones! Or, if a tank won't let you tell your side of the story, interrupt him or raise your voice. Show that you can't be intimidated. Some examples of well-known tanks might be the J. R. Ewing character on *Dallas* and General George Patton.

Vastly simpler to deal with than tanks are entertainers. These people are egotistical and flaky. "It doesn't take much to feed their ego," Allen said. But if you forget to feed it, they'll sulk. Entertainers make good salesmen, but they hate paperwork. You want to stay on their good side, though, because they have a tendency either to become rich and famous or to turn into grenades. (What to do with grenades? "Let them vent.") Examples of well-known entertainers are Johnny Carson and Liza Minnelli. To drive an entertainer crazy, ignore him.

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Allen led us through the rest of the major CareerTrack personality types and offered suggestions for dealing with each one. Like most of the other participants, I wrote down these suggestions in the spaces provided in my workbook. Get the problem out. Get the group on your side. Get specifics. Use the Detour Method. Get a commitment. Slow down. Don't start a war. If you yourself are a complainer, get whatever help you need. Ask open-ended questions. Ask future-oriented questions. Write out your goals. Be prepared to go it alone.

Don't inhale their hot air.

AT THE END OF THE DAY ALLEN GAVE US A CHANCE to put our new skills into action. She divided us into small groups so that we could help one another figure out how to deal with the difficult people in our lives. The group I joined was for people who wanted to discuss tanks. We stood in a circle in a corner in the back of the conference room.

The first person to speak was an automobile-insurance claims adjuster. His problem was that he was a relator, he said, while all of the people whose claims he adjusted were tanks. These people yelled and screamed at him and threatened to call their lawyers.

A man who looked something like a small, overweight lumberjack—he had a reddish beard and was wearing suspenders but no jacket—said, somewhat testily, "I don't know that I would agree that all of the people you are referring to are tanks."

The claims adjuster began to say, "Well, the truth is they're—," but the lumberjack interrupted him and said, "All of the people are irate people, yes—," but the claims adjuster interrupted him right back and said, "Yes, but they're all— ," but the lumberjack simply raised his voice and said, *"But it doesn't necessarily mean they're tanks."*

We also discussed the problems of a man who said he had been fired after being yelled at by his tank of a supervisor. "My tongue was practically bleeding by the time I got out of there," the fired man said, "because I was biting it so hard to keep from saying anything. I have a tendency to fly off the handle. I've been studying human relations. So I sat and just listened."

While we were considering this, the lumberjack said, "I think one of the most important things that you need to be aware of, from my perspective, is that I would never step onto the football field to play with Sam Huff on his best day. I would never step up to home plate to bat against Sandy Koufax on his best day. And I would never take an antagonistic position with a tank. Because *that's their game.* Their game is to battle, and they're good at it, and the best thing to do if a tank is coming at you with a full head of steam is *step to the side.* Euphemistically, step to the side. If you stand your ground, head on, you're going to get run over."

Another man said, "You say to step to the side rather than to stand your ground. The trainer said we were better off standing our ground."

The lumberjack gave this man a long, hard look. "It depends on what you mean by standing your ground," he said. "Maybe it's just a semantical difference, okay?"

Someone asked, "Has anybody successfully worked with a tank?" No one seemed to pay attention to this question, and we talked about something else for a while, but a few minutes later the lumberjack said, out of the blue, "In responding to your question, yes, I've *dealt* with tanks, and one of the reasons why I want to *talk* about tanks is that in one of my positions of employment my boss was absolutely a tank. And I was one of the few people in that institution who could deal with him without any problem at all. And what I found to be successful for me was to take a nonconfrontational position. If you try to refute a tank when he is coming at you, then you are in for a battle, and the tank is going to win."

The great majority of the people at the seminar were women, but so far all the talking in our group had been done by men. In fact, most of it had been done by the man who looked like a lumberjack. I could understand how he felt, though. After sitting quietly all day while another person gave me advice, I felt like giving a little advice myself. I had already thought of several suggestions I intended to make to my wife when I got home.

Finally one woman did speak up. She said she was a nurse and that one of the doctors at her hospital was a tank. This doctor yelled at everyone, made unreasonable demands on the staff, and upset the patients. No one could get any work done when he was around. "This is a tank," she said. "I don't know what to do."

Someone suggested going over the tank's head. The nurse said that would be impossible. Then an intense man I hadn't noticed before looked the nurse right in the eye and said, "Then you are lying to yourself. Are you a liar?"

The nurse, taken aback, laughed nervously and said no. "I did not perceive you to be one," the intense man said. "And yet you work in a community of liars. You are saying to me, 'I can't stand this situation, but I don't want to do anything about it.' You are lying to yourself."

There was a brief, uncomfortable pause. It was broken by the lumberjack.

"That's not necessarily true," he said. "There are some situations that are unresolvable. Now, I've spent some time in health care myself, and . . . "

I was beginning to have the feeling that our informal discussion was becoming a teeny bit difficult. The people in our group were shouting and interrupting and making accusations. No one was listening to anyone else. That made me anxious and uncomfortable.

But then, without knowing it, I felt my confidence surge. After close to seven hours of comprehensive instruction, I later realized, I had unconsciously begun to develop a subliminal sense that I knew *exactly* what to do. □

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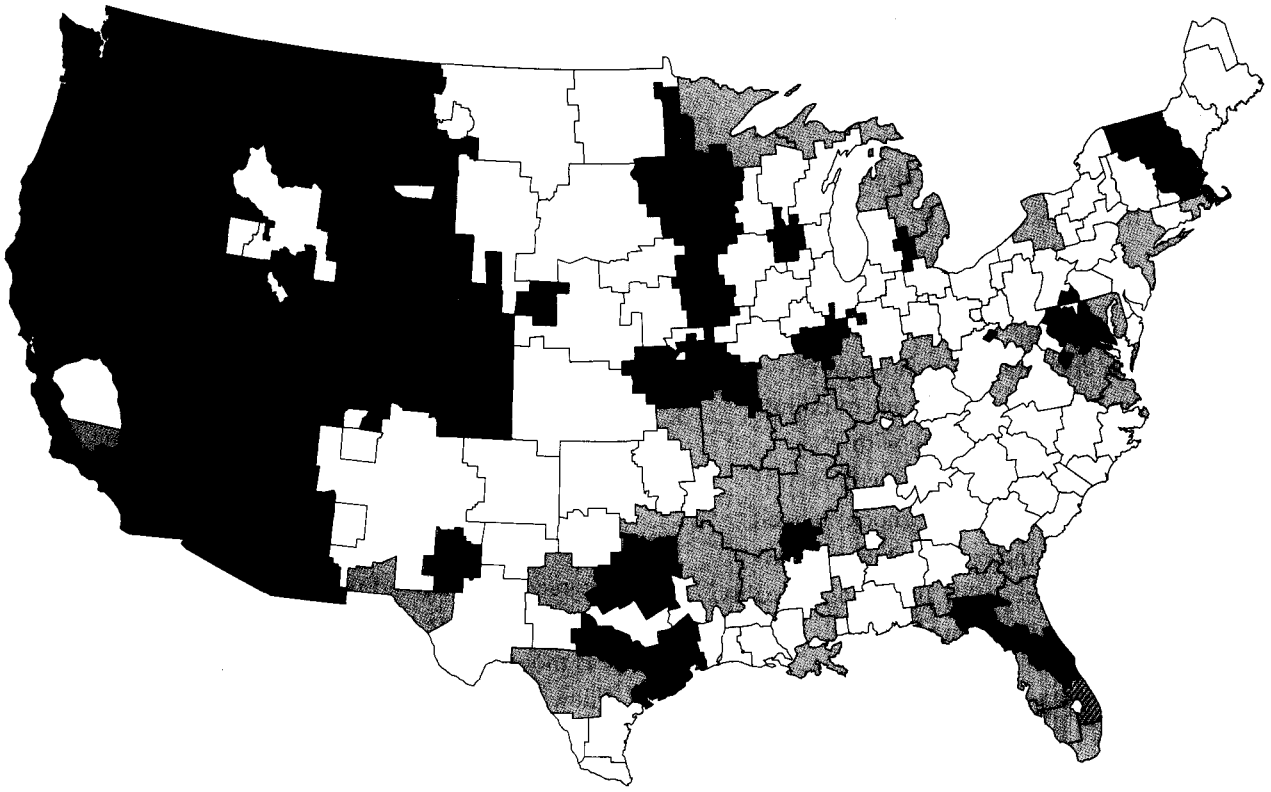
AT LAST COUNT

BOOKWORMS VERSUS COUCH POTATOES



THERE MAY BE people who read lots of books *and* watch lots of television, but divide the nation up according to areas with the heaviest concentrations of people who do one or the other and U.S. geography seems to form itself into two distinct archipelagoes. In the map above, the United States is segmented into what are known as "areas of dominant influence"—that is, the major television markets. The map shows the ADIs in which the percentage of people who buy twenty or more books a year is above the national average, and those in which the percentage of people who watch enormous amounts of television (for men, thirty-four or more hours a week; for women, thirty-nine or more hours a week) is above the national average.

Not surprisingly, the key variable that separates book-dominated from TV-dominated ADIs is the average level of education. People who buy books tend disproportionately to have college degrees and also to have incomes above $100,000 a year and houses that cost at least $200,000; when they're not reading, they are more likely than the average American to participate in such activities as skiing, hiking, and playing racquetball. Because well-educated people have been more likely than most other Americans to join the migration to the high-tech boomtowns of the West, book-buying in the western states is relatively heavy. Also, the amount of time spent watching television in the West is depressed by the fact that women in western states are more likely to have jobs than are women in eastern states, and by poor signal reception in some sparsely settled areas.

LEGEND

Where heavy book-buying exceeds the national average

Where heavy TV-viewing exceeds the national average

Source: The Claritas Corporation, Alexandria, Virginia

The people who log the most time in front of the television set are located disproportionately in the South and are more likely than other Americans never to have finished high school. They are a sedentary bunch in other respects, too. While heavy television viewers are more likely to live in mobile homes than other Americans, they also are among the Americans who least frequently change their address. Heavy viewers are more likely than the average American to smoke cigarettes, to drink significant amounts of beer, wine, and liquor, to entertain at home, and to travel by bus if they take a pleasure trip.

The one area of overlap between heavy book buyers and heavy television watchers, in south Florida, reflects the fact that the demographic disparities there are among the most extreme in the nation. —*Michael J. Weiss*

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WHEN ONE HAS LIVED A LONG TIME ALONE

BY GALWAY KINNELL

When one has lived a long time alone,
one refrains from swatting the fly
and lets him go, and one hesitates to strike
the mosquito, though more than willing to slap
the flesh under her, and one lifts the toad
from the pit too deep for him to hop out of
and carries him to the grass, without minding
the toxic urine he slicks his body with,
and one envelops, in a towel, the swift
who fell down the chimney and knocks herself
against window glass and releases her outside
and watches her fly free, a life line flung at reality,
when one has lived a long time alone.

When one has lived a long time alone,
one grabs the snake behind the head
and holds him until he stops trying to stick
the orange tongue, which splits at the end
into two black filaments and jumps out
like a fire-eater's belches and has little
in common with the pimpled pink lump that shapes
sounds and sleeps inside the human mouth,
into one's flesh, and clamps it between his jaws,
letting the gaudy tips show, as children do
when concentrating, and as very likely
one does oneself, without knowing it,
when one has lived a long time alone.

When one has lived a long time alone,
among regrets so immense the past occupies
nearly all the room there is in consciousness,
one notices in the snake's eyes, which look back
without paying less attention to the future,
the first coating of the opaque milky-blue
leucoma snakes get when about to throw
their skins and become new—meanwhile continuing,
of course, to grow old—the exact *bleu passé*
that discolors the corneas of the blue-eyed
when they lie back at last and look for heaven,
a blurring one can see means they will never find it,
when one has lived a long time alone.

When one has lived a long time alone,
one holds the snake near a loudspeaker disgorging
gorgeous sound and watches him crook
his forepart into four right angles
as though trying to slow down the music
flowing through him, in order to absorb it
like milk of paradise into the flesh,
and now a glimmering appears at his mouth,
such a drop of intense fluid as, among humans,
could form after long exciting at the tip
of the penis, and as he straightens himself out
he has the pathos one finds in the penis,
when one has lived a long time alone.

When one has lived a long time alone,
one can fall to poring upon a creature,
contrasting its eternity's-face to one's own
full of hours, taking note of each difference,
exaggerating it, making it everything,
until the other is utterly other, and then,
with hard effort, possibly with tongue sticking out,
going back over each one once again
and cancelling it, seeing nothing now
but likeness, until . . . half an hour later
one starts awake, taken aback at how eagerly
one swoons into the happiness of kinship,
when one has lived a long time alone.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID DIAZ

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When one has lived a long time alone
and listens at morning to mourning doves
sound their *kyrie eleison*, or the small thing
spiritualizing onto one's shoulder cry "pewit-phoebe!"
or peabody-sparrows at midday send schoolboys'
whistlings across the field, or at dusk, undamped,
unforgiving clinks, as from stonemasons' chisels,
or on trees' backs tree frogs scratch the thighs'
needfire awake, or from the frog pond pond frogs
raise their *ave verum corpus*—listens to those
who hop or fly call down upon us the mercy
of other tongues—one hears them as inner voices,
when one has lived a long time alone.

When one has lived a long time alone,
one knows only consciousness consummates,
and as the conscious one among these others
uttering compulsory cries of being here—
the least flycatcher witching up "che-bec,"
or redheaded woodpecker clanging out his
music from a metal drainpipe, or ruffed grouse
drumming "thrump thrump thrump thrump-thrump-
thrump-thrump-rup-rup-rup-rup-rup-r-r-r-r-r-r-"
through the trees, all of them in time's
unfolding trying to cry themselves into self-knowing—
one knows one is here to hear them into shining,
when one has lived a long time alone.

When one has lived a long time alone,
one likes alike the pig, who brooks no deferment
of gratification, and the porcupine, or thorned pig,
who enters the cellar but not the house itself
because of eating down the cellar stairs on the way up,
and one likes the worm, who by bunching herself together
and expanding rubs her way through the ground,
no less than the butterfly, who totters full of worry
among the day-lilies, as they darken,
and more and more one finds one likes
any other species better than one's own,
which has gone amok, making one self-estranged,
when one has lived a long time alone.

When one has lived a long time alone,
sour, misanthropic, one fits to one's defiance
the satanic boast—*It is better to reign*
in hell than to submit on earth—
and forgets one's kind, as does the snake,
who has stopped trying to escape and moves
at ease across one's body, slumping into its contours,
adopting its temperature, and abandons hope
of the sweetness of friendship or love
—before long can barely remember what they are—
and covets the stillness in inorganic matter,
in a self-dissolution one may not know how to halt,
when one has lived a long time alone.

When one has lived a long time alone,
and the hermit thrush calls and there is an answer,
and the bullfrog, head half out of water, remembers
the exact sexual cantillations of his first spring,
and the snake slides over the threshold and disappears
among the stones, one sees they all live
to mate with their kind, and one knows,
after a long time of solitude, after the many steps taken
away from one's kind, toward the kingdom of strangers,
the hard prayer inside one's own singing
is to come back, if one can, to one's own,
a world almost lost, in the exile that deepens,
when one has lived a long time alone.

When one has lived a long time alone,
one wants to live again among men and women,
to return to that place where one's ties with the human
broke, where the disquiet of death and now
also of history glimmers its firelight on faces,
where the gaze of the new baby looks past the gaze
of the great-granny, and where lovers speak,
on lips blowsy from kissing, that language
the same in each mouth, and like birds at daybreak
blether the song that is both earth's and heaven's,
until the sun has risen, and they stand
in a halo of being united: kingdom come,
when one has lived a long time alone.

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The dominant foreign-policy goals of the United States were long essentially reactive; they were defined by the Cold War with the Soviet Union. In the world of Mikhail Gorbachev's devising, however, that will no longer do. We have to confront the new time with a new question:

WHAT SHOULD WE DO IN THE WORLD?

BY STANLEY HOFFMANN

THERE ARE PERIODS OF HISTORY WHEN PROfound changes occur all of a sudden, and the acceleration of events is such that much of what experts write is obsolete before it gets into print. We are now in one of those periods, which obliges the United States to rethink its role in the world, just as it was forced to do by the cataclysmic changes that followed the end of the Second World War.

For more than forty years American foreign policy has been dominated by the contest with the Soviet Union. The strategy of containment, defined by George F. Kennan in 1946–1947 and applied by all American administrations since, often in a manner that displeased Kennan, may not have been an adequate compass at all times. The Soviet Union found ways of leaping across the barriers that the United States tried to erect, with military alliances and bases, all around the Soviet empire. Moreover, the imperative of containment failed to provide clear guidance for dealing with a host of regional and internal conflicts, especially in developing areas. Nevertheless, containment proved to be an extraordinarily sturdy concept. It was flexible enough to serve such diverse policies as the original strategy of alliance-building and confrontation, the détente of the early 1970s (aimed at providing Moscow with incentives for self-containment),

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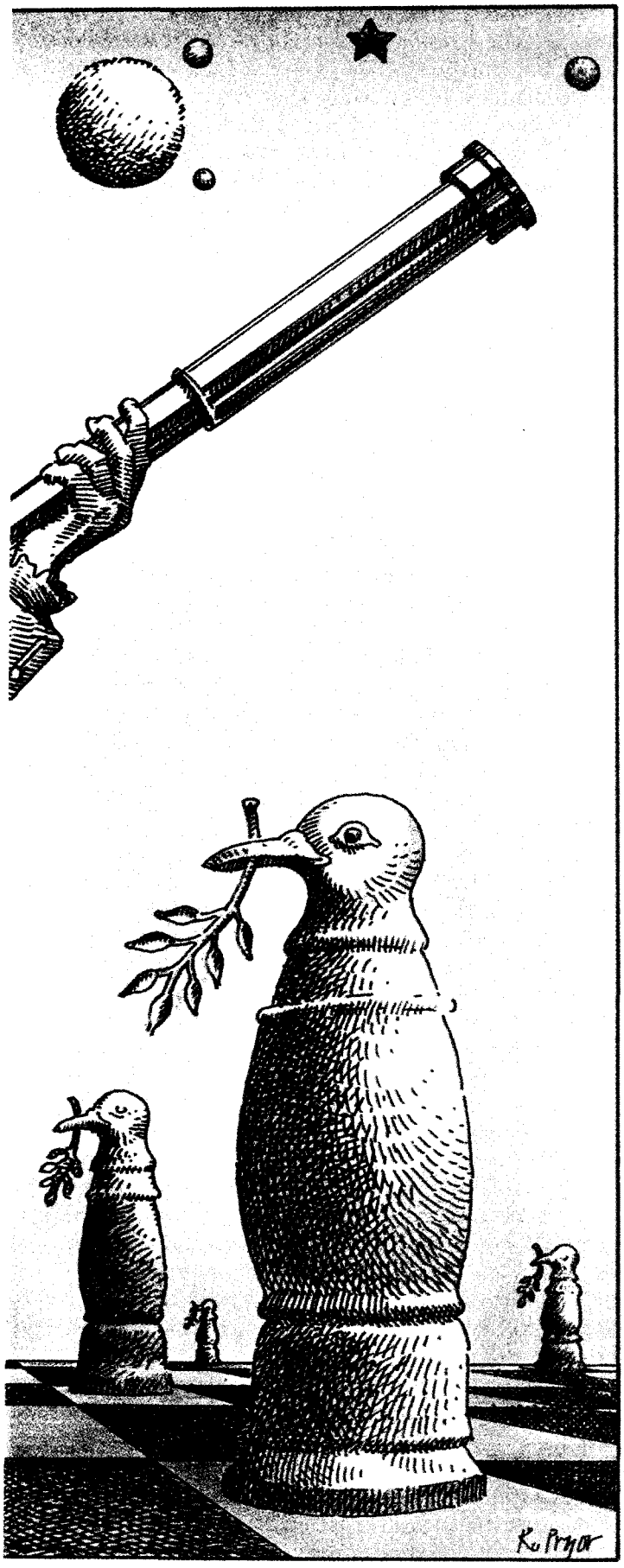

and occasional attempts at "rollback," including the Reagan doctrine. And while there were constant clashes over the Third World between "globalists," keen on interpreting the politics and conflicts of, say, the Middle East, Central America, and southern Africa strictly in terms of the Soviet-American contest, and "regionalists," who believed that we had to deal with the local sources of trouble, the two groups agreed that the main goal of American diplomacy was to prevent the expansion of Soviet influence. In the view of the globalists, this goal required reliance on friendly clients and stern opposition to the Soviet Union and its allies; in that of the regionalists, it required the avoidance of moves that could push local nationalists into the arms of Moscow. Similarly, in the 1970s there were those (led by Zbigniew Brzezinski) who wanted a Washington-Beijing anti-Soviet entente, and those (led by Henry Kissinger) who wanted a triangular game that would allow the United States to be closer to both Moscow and Beijing than the two were to each other. Still, containment of Moscow was the aim of both groups.

The momentous changes of the past three years have done more than any other trends or events since 1947 to deprive U.S. foreign policy of this overriding rationale. The détente of the early 1970s was a limited rapprochement between superpowers that were continuing to arm even while seeking to control jointly some parts of the arms race. It was a shaky convergence of contradictory calculations, in which the United States was trying to impose its version of stability and its own predominance on the Soviets, while the Soviets were hoping for condominium. Despite the defection of China, Moscow was still the center of a powerful empire. Today this empire is in serious trouble, China appears the more repressive and cruel of the two Communist giants, and Mikhail Gorbachev has gone far toward fulfilling the prophecy of Gyorgy Arbatov, the head of Moscow's Institute of USA and Canadian Affairs, who said that the new Soviet Union would deprive the United States of its main enemy.

As if stupefied by the pace of events, many members of the American foreign-policy establishment behave like the orphans of containment—clinging to the remains of an obsolete strategy and incapable of defining a new one. And yet this is the moment coolly to re-evaluate American interests in the world. For many years our perceptions (often mistaken) of the Soviet threat drove our policy and defined, or distorted, our interests. Any great power has fundamental concerns, such as survival, physical security, and access to essential sources of energy, raw materials, and markets. In addition it has what specialists in international relations call milieu goals: promoting its values abroad, or at least preserving chances for the flowering of those values, and shaping international agreements and institutions in such a way that the nation's fundamental objectives and values are served.

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These very general interests are translated into something that can be called the national interest—a more precise list of concerns that takes into account external factors, such as the distribution of power in specific areas between friends and foes, and internal ones, such as the imperatives and prohibitions set by domestic political and economic forces. In periods of extreme international tension, when there appears to be one global enemy, any move made by the adversary tends to be seen as a threat, creating a national interest in repelling it. A bipolar conflict thus serves as a Procrustean bed: each side's definition of its interests is dictated by the image of the enemy. Now that the enemy recedes, a redefinition of those interests becomes possible, and necessary.

In order to understand what the United States ought to do now, we have to begin by taking stock of where we are—of the main features of the international system in which we operate, and of the main perils it contains.

The Two World Systems

THE TRADITIONAL THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL relations which professors have taught their students, and which statesmen have practiced, treats international politics as if it were exclusively the strategic and diplomatic game of states as it was played in the days of Thucydides or in the eighteenth century. But the key reality of the post-1945 period is that states play in two arenas. The first is the traditional strategic and diplomatic one, in which there is no broad international consensus, and in which power tends to be used in the way it always has been, usually as a contest in which my gain is your loss. The second is the economic arena, in which a variety of games are played—about trade, finance, energy, raw materials, the environment, and so forth—and most countries, but not all of them, are closely linked; they are interdependent in the sense that even the more powerful and less vulnerable are affected by what happens elsewhere. Here states combine the usual attempts to gain relative advantages with an awareness that this is not a zero-sum game, and that every country has an interest in the prosperity of the global economy and of the other players. Here the logic of "anarchy"—the fragmentation of the world into sovereign states—is checked by the logic of, and a broad consensus on, an open global economy. While international organizations are all fragile, and none of them has power over the major states, they are more numerous and effective in the second arena than in the first.

Each arena has its own distribution of power. In the strategic and diplomatic arena, we have been blessed or cursed, depending on one's point of view, by bipolarity—by the dominance of the United States and the Soviet Union. The economic arena, however, has been marked for a very long time by American hegemony. This is still largely the case, although increasingly important roles are, of course, being played by West Germany and Japan. What's more, here there are major players that are not states but, rather, regional organizations and multinational corporations, banks, and speculators, whose capital movements, investments, and loans deeply affect the world economy and contradict the efforts of states to preserve, singly or jointly, some control.

Moreover, each arena has its own, unprecedented restraints upon it. In the strategic and diplomatic field restraint has been imposed by nuclear weapons. What is new here, as McGeorge Bundy has shown in his recent book, *Danger and Survival*, is that above a certain level of force, superiority does not make any difference, because there is nothing one can *do* with those weapons (as Robert McNamara has been telling us ever since he stopped being Secretary of Defense). Nuclear weapons have restrained the superpowers from all direct military confrontation, which is quite an unprecedented achievement. In addition, these weapons are largely unusable for political blackmail (for it is hard to wrest gains by brandishing weapons that one doesn't want to use), and the result is that on the very field that is dominated by two powers, they are often impotent. What we find, therefore, is a downgrading of the great powers, a relative pacification at the top, and a continuation of the traditional "state of war" among other powers at lower levels, because despite prophecies about the obsolescence of war, nuclear restraints certainly have not eliminated violence altogether.

In the economic arena the restraints are different but perhaps even more interesting: they are the shackles of economic interdependence. The economies of the main players have become so thoroughly intertwined that any state that tries to exert its power for competitive, immediate, or hostile gains risks creating formidable boomerang effects, as we have seen, for instance, in the case of OPEC, and may be seeing in the future with Japan. To be sure, there is a constant tension between the forces of protectionism—interest groups harmed by open borders and external competitors, bureaucracies trying to save their fiscal policy and other instruments of domestic control—and the imperatives of the open capitalist economy. But, paradoxically, the fact that the agenda for this arena is set by the demands of domestic consumers and producers tends to make those imperatives prevail over the occasional domestic backlash against interdependence or the occasional temptation of states to use their economic power belligerently. This is so because very few states, including the biggest ones, are capable of reaching their economic objectives by what has been the basic principle of international affairs: self-help.

Finally, the internationalization of production—the fact that when you buy a product these days it is hard to know what its nationality is—and the global nature of financial markets result in even more restraints on the ma-

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nipulation of economic power by any given state. Because the use of force is irrelevant in this realm, its politics are, in fact, an unstable hybrid of international politics without war and domestic politics without central power.

The Diffusion of Power

THESE FEATURES HAVE BEEN VISIBLE FOR A while. But some changes have taken place only in recent years. On the strategic and diplomatic front the most interesting trend has been the beginning of the end of the Cold War. Some of the reasons for this trend are external, or international, the main one being the extensive limitations on the effectiveness of force to which I have already alluded. In addition to the nuclear restraint, we must consider the increasing capacity for resistance among the victims of external force, especially if those victims get support from the outside, as usually happens, or if, like the Palestinians in the occupied territories, they fight at a level that makes successful repression difficult. Here recent experiences are telling. We have witnessed remarkably parallel American experiences in Vietnam and Soviet experiences in Afghanistan; the Israelis have been thwarted in Lebanon (which also gives Syria much trouble); the Vietnamese are calling it quits in Cambodia; and so on. Plainly there exists a wide inability to use force abroad for the control of a foreign people. These frustrations lead one to a conclusion once expressed by a former French Foreign Minister (a very shrewd man who liked to talk in apparent banalities): if you can't win a war, you might as well make peace. Thus the bizarre epidemic of peace in 1988. There is another external reason for the beginning of the end of the Cold War. Over time, inevitably, there had to be some loosening of the two blocs that have confronted each other; the compression of all the internal divergences and conflicts within them could not last forever. It was largely artificial: they were compressed as long as there was a cold-war condition, a kind of mimicked state of war; once it became clear that war was being postponed indefinitely, there was no reason for the blocs to remain as rigid as they once had been.

Of course the dominant reasons for the ending of the Cold War are internal. In the United States, apart from economic factors to which we will come, there is what is quite improperly called the Vietnam syndrome, which is simply the marked reluctance of the American public to become engaged in protracted, uncertain wars for unclear purposes in secondary parts of the world. After all, Ronald Reagan, a rather popular President, did not succeed in getting the U.S. public to support the contra war against Nicaragua, nor did the American public support the presence of the United States Marines in Lebanon, once the awful cost became visible. In the Soviet Union the internal situation is far more serious, and there is a rather desperate need for retrenchment because of the economic predicament.

In the realm of economic interdependence, the evolution of recent years has two main characteristics. One is that despite the considerable difficulties of the past two decades, the economic relations among the advanced countries have developed successfully. To be sure, there has been a creeping erosion of the international principles of free trade established after the Second World War.

As if stupefied by the pace of events, many members of the American foreign-policy establishment behave like the orphans of containment—clinging to the remains of an obsolete strategy.

Nevertheless, a relatively open and growing international economy has been preserved despite the economic shocks of the 1970s—no mean achievement, especially if one compares this with the situation that prevailed between the wars. The second trend, which is much more disturbing, has occurred in North-South relations; there we have not been so successful. An increasing differentiation has taken place between the developing countries that have been able to join the industrial world, and whose economic take-off has been spectacular, and the many other countries that have failed, and have fallen more and more deeply into debt. Between the latter countries and the rest of the world the gap has grown ever wider.

Behind this evolution in both fields there is one very important trend, which concerns the distribution of power. The surface manifestation is a diffusion away from the superpowers. But we are not moving back to the traditional world in which *several* great powers had reasonably equal weight. In the strategic and diplomatic field we now find a coexistence of weakened global superpowers and regional balances of power, which are often unstable and where an important role is played by what are some-

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times called regional influentials. In the arena of interdependence an increasing role is being played by a tightening European Community, by Japan, in some areas by Saudi Arabia. The aspect of this diffusion of power that is most significant for us here is the relative decline of the United States, to use the obligatory cliché of the past two years (after all, a cliché is simply a truth that too many people have uttered and that many resist). Many public officials and academics have wrapped themselves in the American flag in the long debate on decline. They keep saying, quite rightly, that—if one compares the United States in the world today with the United States in the world of 1945–1950—a major part of this decline is not only normal but has been planned by the United States. Since 1945, when, after all, the world situation was completely abnormal, the United States has done its best to help the economies of Western Europe, Japan, South Korea, and Taiwan; as a result the American share of world GNP was bound to decrease.

However, there is more to it than that. The United States has become a debtor nation that depends on the willingness of others to provide the funds necessary to finance its budget deficit; we are going to be burdened for a long time by that debt. The United States has also seen its competitiveness decline for reasons that are largely internal and that cannot simply be dismissed by referring to the inevitable growth of other countries. The phenomena of overconsumption and underinvestment; insufficient industrial productivity; rigidity, waste, and shortsightedness in industry; and the problems in American education, particularly technical education, which have been much discussed though not much has been done about them, are the main culprits here. As a result the United States is simply no longer the leader in a number of key sectors in the world economy. Granted, this is less significant than it would have been in past international systems, where declining in key sectors meant a dangerous advantage for a major new military challenger. In the current system the United States faces no military challenger that is in better shape than it is. Nevertheless, this decline means that the American capacity to mold the international system of the future is not what it used to be, insofar as technological predominance often leads to wide influence abroad, and technological decline reduces the dependence of others on American civilian and military goods.

Beyond the Cold War

GIVEN THESE FEATURES AND TRENDS OF THE world of the late 1980s, what ought American foreign policy to be? The point of departure must be the recognition of a paradox. The United States remains the only "complete" great power, the possessor of the largest military arsenal and of the most powerful economy in the world. On the other hand, both the diffusion of power in recent years and the partial impotence of military and economic power because of the restraints on its uses make it much more difficult for the United States to impose its will on others and to shape outcomes according to its preferences. We can still lead, toward goals that have a reasonable chance of being deemed by others compatible with their own interests. But we can no longer rule. Games of skill must replace tests of will. Our waning power to command and control needs to be supplemented by the new kind of power that the international system requires: the power to convince and to deal. In order to be effective, we have to define our national interest in a way that has a chance both of preserving a national capacity for steering toward world order (not because we are wiser than other nations but because there is no other candidate for the job) and of persuading others that their long-term concerns and ours mesh.

We cannot replace a fading vision—that of containment—with mere short-term management and avoidance of trouble, because the present offers opportunities for a decisive change in direction, and because there are simply too many dangers ahead to allow us to stumble from issue to issue in a "pragmatic" way. Nor can we follow the advice of neo-isolationists who believe that the United States ought not only to reduce its commitments and its military presence abroad, now that the Cold War is ending, but also to transfer to other powers the responsibility for dealing with the world's perils. That a great deal of what some call "devolution" needs to take place is not in doubt, but there is a gap between devolution and abdication. The truth is that only our continuing involvement is likely to draw other powers into an effort for world order, precisely because our past predominance has led others to rely on our initiatives and has led us to hug political control even as we rhetorically deplore the costs and burdens that come with it.

We have to define first our goals, then our strategy. Our first goal ought to be the rearrangement of our relationship with the Soviet Union, away from both the old Cold War and the rather misleading exchange of misunderstandings that was the détente of the 1970s. This new relationship will inevitably be partly competitive, because our two nations will continue to have conflicting interests in many parts of the world, but it ought to be competitive without excessive militarization, and partly cooperative on issues in which there will be or already are converging interests.

A second goal ought to be to facilitate a transition to a world in which major new threats to world order will be neutralized. One is the threat of fragmentary violence resulting from sharp internal conflicts in many of the weak countries of the world—conflicts in which others will be tempted to intervene—and from the regional conflicts that still rage in many parts of the world. Some conflicts are likely to surface or to worsen once the discipline ex-

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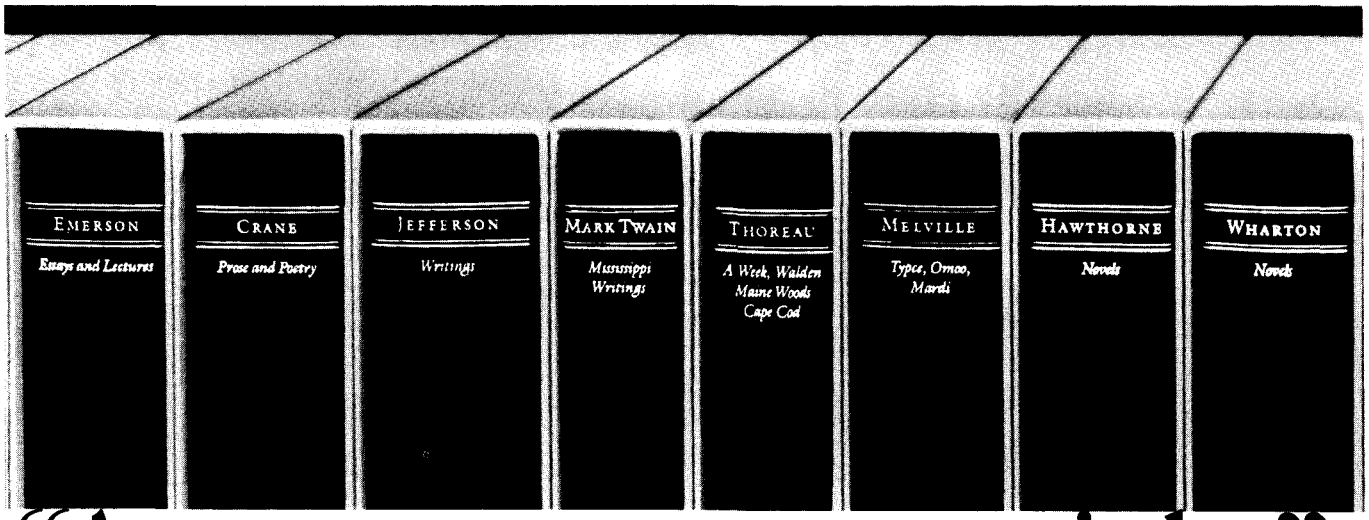

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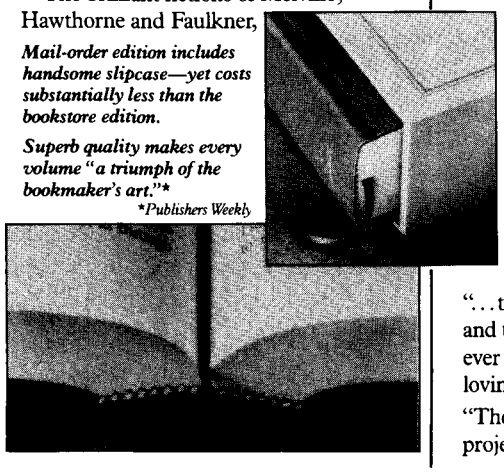

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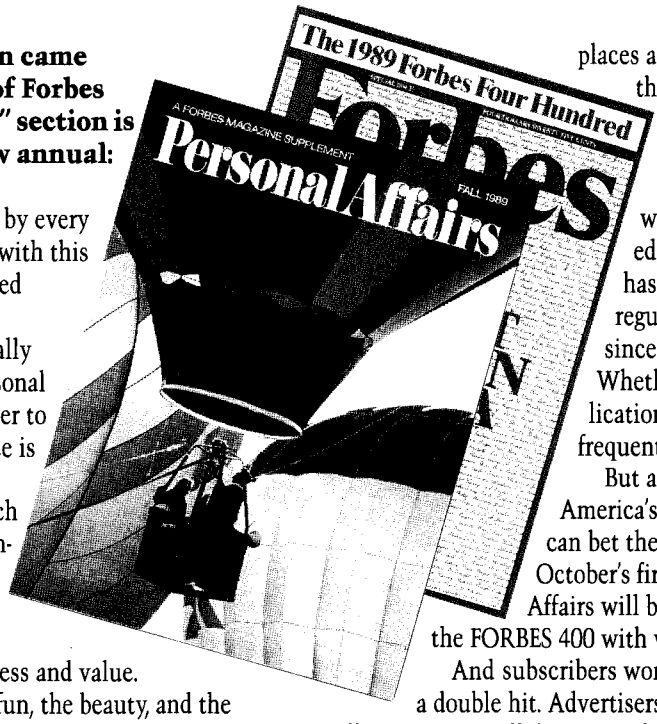

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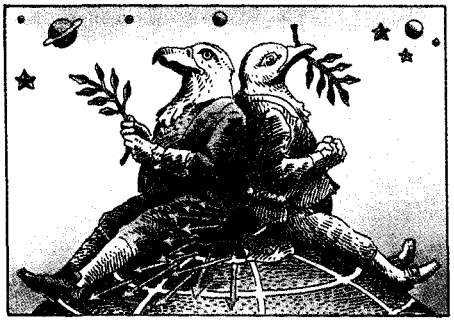
erted on each camp by the Cold War is no longer there, once often centrifugal or nostalgic nationalisms (in Eastern Europe, for instance) replace artificial and defunct ideological solidarities. Another new threat is the threat of chaos in world economic relations, because of mismanagement by states (of the huge problem of Third World debt, for instance), or because of a victory of economic nationalism over the constraints of interdependence, or because of states' lack of control over the economic activities of private parties whose moves could provoke financial panics. Therefore, our third goal ought to be to bring about more order and more justice—to coin a phrase, a kinder and gentler world.

The domestic precondition for these new foreign-policy goals must be, of course, putting our economic house in order. What needs to be done in this sphere is too familiar from books and articles for me to repeat it here. I would only point to the price that our continuing budget crisis exacts from the pursuit of U.S. interests abroad. In Poland, for example, the pace and reach of reform will be less than if we had been able to make more money available to promote political pluralism and a market economy.

Goals are easy to describe. What matters more is a strategy for reaching them.



Games of skill must replace tests of will. Our waning power to command and control needs to be supplemented by the new kind of power that the international system requires: the power to convince and to deal.

The Gorbachev Opening

EVEN THOUGH THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION appears to have emerged from its inauspiciously long initial phase of skepticism toward Gorbachev and grudging annoyance at the pace of his moves, much of what calls itself the enlightened public remains extraordinarily hesitant about what to do with the Soviet Union. The doubt takes two forms: fear that Soviet efforts at reform are still very much reversible, and questioning whether the United States really has an interest in "helping" Gorbachev. My answer is that of course much is reversible—in human affairs many things always are, and in politics nothing, not even totalitarianism, is ever definitive—but a great deal of the new thinking about foreign affairs which is going on in the Soviet Union is not tied exclusively to Gorbachev. It appears to be shared by much of a political generation, because it corresponds to almost desperate domestic necessities that are being proclaimed by a large number of Soviet people who have, by traveling around the world and by reading foreign works, been able to compare the Soviet performance with what goes on abroad. This is one of the interesting, welcome, and unexpected by-products of the détente of the 1970s. Also, the new thinking corresponds to a realistic reading by many Soviet leaders and experts of an international system in which the traditional Soviet mode of behavior—the attempt to impose political control and ideological conformity on others by force—yields limited results, often at exorbitant cost; in which the arms race and the logic of "absolute security" lead only to a higher, more expensive plateau of stalemate and to new forms of insecurity; and in which, in particular, the contest with the United States for influence in the Third World has turned out to be extraordinarily unrewarding. Thus, while Gorbachev may ultimately fail and be replaced, while some of his daring foreign-policy moves may be reversible, and while we may have only limited leverage over what happens in the Soviet Union, the important question is whether it is at all in our interest to undermine Gorbachev's innovations. The answer is obviously no, because the alternatives that one can think of are worse: a return to the militarized foreign policy that prevailed in the years of Leonid Brezhnev or a domestic triumph of the sort of Russian fundamentalism—anti-Western, chauvinistic, anti-Semitic, nationalist—that would make any kind of cooperation with the USSR much more difficult.

Thus it would be foolish for the United States to contribute to Gorbachev's fall, even if the contribution took the form of merely responding too grudgingly to some of his initiatives, and especially if it took the form of setting intemperate or untimely preconditions about internal changes or external retrenchment which could only embarrass and help derail him. Moreover, if Gorbachev should succeed, the result would not be a Soviet Union so much more efficient that it was more dangerous than the one we have known; in fact it would be less dangerous. *Glasnost* and *perestroika* are likely to produce a more open society, with a better informed and less manipulable public, with a greater role in the arena of interdependence and a smaller role in the military arena—precisely

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what we have always said we really wanted. Moreover, should Gorbachev fall after the United States had tried to cooperate with him, we would still have the means to return to our second nature—the Cold War—especially if we preserve our alliances while pursuing a new policy.

Therefore, it is in our interest to respond to Gorbachev's overtures, for all kinds of reasons. First of all, it is probably the best way of preserving the Western alliance; as the instructive few weeks before the NATO summit last spring showed, the more we drag our feet, the more divided we will be from at least some of our major allies—West Germany in particular.

And, then, we should respond in order to prevent the Soviets from getting too far ahead of us in a competition that Gorbachev seems to understand is more important than the classic military contest or the struggle for physical control of governments, peoples, and resources: the competition for influence. We should, when we celebrate the end of the Cold War as a victory for our past strategy and for our values, be careful not to nurture the illusion that Gorbachev wants to preside over the shrinking of Soviet foreign influence and the liquidation of the Soviet empire. In Europe, in the Middle East, in his relations with China, he acts like a man who understands that his country's best chances for affecting the course of world affairs lie in shedding counterproductive or fruitless burdens and attracting broad support, so that even suspicious powers (say, Israel and South Africa) will be willing to acknowledge a Soviet role. U.S. passivity would only play into his hands. Also, we have a chance, while Gorbachev is in power, of achieving with the Soviet Union not only a nonhostile relationship, which already would not be so bad, but also a number of cooperative arrangements in several areas.

Finally, we and the Soviets have a remarkably convergent interest in reducing the burden of arms that are very difficult to use and whose main purpose is to deter the other side from doing something that it has no particular desire to do. First, in arms control, the time has come to close the famous grand deal on strategic nuclear reductions that we might have obtained toward the end of the Reagan Administration, and that a large number of players in that administration wanted. It was blocked by the President, because he could not give up his Star Wars dream, even in exchange for drastic cuts in Soviet offensive weapons. The Strategic Defense Initiative may have been a clever bargaining chip, which contributed to Gorbachev's reversal of previous Soviet positions on verification and on cuts in heavy missiles, but the time has come to agree to limits on SDI in exchange for these reductions. Such limits would amount simply to recognizing the fact that the "Astrodome" concept is unrealizable, that no reliable deployment is conceivable for many years anyhow, and that there are ways of preserving land-based missiles that are cheaper and better than antiballistic defenses. A START agreement has also become snagged on the issue of sea-launched cruise missiles. The United States should agree to the Soviet proposal to limit these weapons, which might otherwise multiply threateningly and without any foreseeable possibility of verification. And the two sides should agree to ban antisatellite weapons.

The reduction of NATO and Warsaw Pact conventional forces, which experts have tended to present as a formidably difficult undertaking, appears far less so since the Soviets' agreement to the framework proposed by NATO and President Bush's decision to accept the inclusion of aircraft, on which the Soviets had insisted. The coming negotiations are still likely to be complicated, if only because of the number of parties engaged in them and the disagreements on the types of aircraft to be included and on the number of states that will have to reduce their armed forces. But the two sides have agreed to concentrate on those forces that are capable of surprise attack and on those weapons—such as tanks and armored personnel carriers—that are primarily offensive, and they have agreed to try to stabilize the restructured alliance forces at levels much lower than the present ones.

As for regional conflicts, whether in Afghanistan, the Middle East, or Central America, the imperative is clear: we must continue to cooperate with the Soviet Union in resolving them without being handicapped by the needless fear that by engaging the Soviets in such negotiations we legitimize their presence in those regions. They are there anyhow, whether we legitimize them or not. The "Finlandization" of Eastern Europe—the granting of internal autonomy in exchange for continuing membership in the Warsaw Pact—is not a fit subject for Soviet-American negotiations: the Soviets appear already to have granted Poland and Hungary the right to proceed in this direction, and evolution in East Germany and Czechoslovakia depends on the domestic situations there more than on Soviet, or Soviet-American, decisions. As for another suggestion that is sometimes made, that we negotiate the neutralization of Eastern Europe with the Soviets, it is most unlikely that they would accept this, and its necessary consequence, a total withdrawal of Soviet forces, without asking for at least a partial neutralization of Western Europe—including West Germany—and the departure of American troops and weapons. It would be unwise for us to accept this, because American forces would be even more difficult to send back to Europe in case of a crisis than Soviet forces would, and because neither great power has much interest in severing the ties that bind "its" Germany to it and to the other countries of its alliance. (Also, could two neutralized Germanys remain separate for long? And would not a reunified Germany, even if formally neutralized, be a far more powerful and unpredictable independent actor than, say, a neutral Austria or Switzerland is?)

In the economic realm, the real question is not whether we should provide our chief military rival with high-tech goods and military technology; obviously the answer

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is no. But what the Soviet Union mainly needs is consumer goods, and the kinds of industries that can produce consumer goods. These are not strategically dangerous goods and industries, and are something we ought to be able to provide, in exchange for evidence of progress toward a more decentralized economy. If we don't act in this realm, our allies will anyhow. Finally, we should take advantage of the Soviets' cooperative strategy in order to involve them more, as they say they are willing to be involved, in international and regional organizations—including those that promote human rights.

Against Violence

IN THE LONG RUN, STRATEGY ON THE GLOBAL FRONT outside the Cold War is likely to be most important, and needs to become our main foreign-affairs priority. Much of what we will need to do between now and the end of the century can be grouped under three headings. The first of these is "Against Violence" in international affairs. Here the most urgent task ought to be the liquidation of the acute, dangerous, and lasting regional conflicts that are still with us.

In Central America we are a major part of the problem; we should leave the initiative as much as possible to the regional powers themselves. With respect to Nicaragua they seem to be doing a little bit better than we have done: our goal has been to overthrow the Sandinista regime, and it appears that we have finally given up on it, whereas President Oscar Arias Sanchez, of Costa Rica, and his colleagues can be counted on to keep applying pressure for democratization. In El Salvador it is up to us to make further military aid to the government contingent on the elimination of human-rights violations and the opening of serious negotiations with the opposition; the alternative is endless war and horror.

In the Middle East we are perhaps not a major part of the problem, but we are certainly a major part of the potential solution. There will be no solution if we continue to exert only mild pressure on Israel. The Israeli government's proposal for elections in the occupied territories is one more detour to avoid negotiating with the Palestine Liberation Organization and reaching a comprehensive settlement by means of an international conference. But if we want such elections, they will have, in order to be acceptable to the PLO, to include East Jerusalem and to occur in the absence of Israeli military control and without crippling restrictions being placed on the role of the elected representatives. If we succeed in obtaining free and open-ended elections, we will still ultimately need an international conference, because it is only with such a conference that some of the decisive parties—the PLO and Syria—could be involved and that each superpower would have an opportunity to exert some moderating influence on its allies or clients. If there should finally be a settlement of the Palestinian issue, which inevitably will be a Palestinian state (for the choice is either continuing occupation, repression and violence and the internal corruption of Israel, or a Palestinian state), the other American role will be to provide security guarantees for Israel after the state is established.

Another important priority in the area of violence will be to try to limit the risk of contagion from the fragmentary violence described earlier. This means taking more seriously, and backing with collective sanctions, the reinforcement of the nuclear nonproliferation regime, signing and enforcing a treaty against chemical warfare, and gradually negotiating both with the Soviet Union and with our allies (the latter being likely to prove resistant) limitations on the indiscriminate export of high-tech conventional weapons and missiles. These exports are already making even more dangerous a world in which many states have reached the stage of producing their own weapons—something about which we can do little. Both dynamics of the arena of economic interdependence—the traditional drive of states for comparative economic advantage and the logic of an open market that treats the trade in lethal goods like any other trade—threaten to make the strategic and diplomatic arena more deadly. Contrary to Kant's prediction, commerce detracts in this respect from the pacification of world affairs, which Kant thought would result from economic interdependence and the increasing horror of modern war.

Against Injustice

UNDER THIS SECOND HEADING, "AGAINST INJUSTICE," we have a double mission. Some of what we should do derives from self-interest. In matters of distributive justice among states, economic interdependence means that we have an interest in the progress toward prosperity of many of the poorer societies, for they can provide us either with markets or with refugees. Moreover, if their states should collapse under the weight of debts, our international financial system might collapse also. But some of our duties go beyond self-interest. We have values, and it is perfectly normal to seek to promote them. In an increasingly open world of instant communications the claim of states to exert unlimited jurisdiction over the lives of their subjects is anachronistic and repugnant, because there is a connection between such a claim and the external behavior of a government, and because there is a constant demand by the American public in the realm of human rights abroad—an unease with any amoral foreign policy. This demand sometimes (as currently, with China) conflicts with the cold calculations of realpolitik, or else absolves the United States of its own exactions abroad, yet it cannot be ignored by American statesmen who seek legitimacy at home for their diplomatic course. We do not have to be apologetic about a human-rights policy as long as it is pursued without either hubris or illusions.

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The main areas of policy against injustice would be the following: First, we continue to face the problem of the debt of numerous developing countries; here what is needed is, in the short term, extensive relief measures that will allow developing countries to concentrate on exports and to afford imports, rather than having to spend their resources on servicing their debt. We also need a reform of the conditions ritually imposed by the International Monetary Fund, because those conditions have so often turned out to be politically disastrous and recessionary. Any American policy on human rights must seek to be an international strategy; the United States cannot by itself redress injustices against human beings all over the world. If we look at South Africa, we realize quickly how limited American leverage is: American sanctions are not insignificant, but by themselves, they are not very effective. The United States *can* stop providing military and economic support to, or encouraging its companies to invest in, countries where serious human-rights violations take place. Moreover, there are many parts of the world where the United States by itself can have a considerable influence on the fate of human rights: those areas where it continues to be dominant and where it could use the tools of policy at its disposal to prod clients toward democracy and freedom.

In the world we have entered there will be many things that the United States can do nothing about. We should accept this state of affairs and, incidentally, perhaps even be grateful for it.

For a More Balanced Order

UNDER THIS LAST HEADING, "FOR A MORE BALANCED Order," come the steps we must take in the 1990s to resolve numerous problems resulting from changes in the global distribution of power over the past fifteen or twenty years. We ought to adjust our burdens and privileges to our (relatively shrinking) power, and encourage others to play the roles and carry the responsibilities their power now requires. We should encourage the Western Europeans to develop and strengthen their identity. Whether or not they succeed in establishing a unified market by 1992 is a detail; it is not the timetable that matters but the process itself. It may take a little longer, because the issues of pooling sovereignty over money, taxation, and fiscal policy, for instance, are very complicated, and because Margaret Thatcher exists, but even without Thatcher the issues would be difficult, and what counts is that things are again in motion. Fears that a "Fortress Europe" will exclude American goods are not justified; many powerful forces in Europe, including Great Britain and West Germany, and many multinational businesses operating in Europe, will not allow this to happen. It is in the American interest, in the long run, to encourage the European Community to play a larger role in diplomatic and security affairs, an arena where progress among the twelve members has so far been very limited. If we succeed in lowering the level of armaments in Europe, in agreement with the Soviets, the moment will come when we will indeed be able to withdraw a part of our forces. The NATO alliance will then become more of an even partnership between the United States and its European associates. They are more likely to cooperate with one another on defense if the level of defense is lower overall than the present one. The situation that President Dwight D. Eisenhower, many years ago, thought would come very quickly will finally arrive: we will be able to disengage somewhat, and our allies will engage more. Western Europe has an extremely important diplomatic role to play in the eastern half of the continent. There the American and European objective ought to be to encourage as much Finlandization as possible. Each country in Eastern Europe is different, and it is much easier for the Western Europeans to pursue a discriminating policy—helping with economic ties and cultural agreements those countries that liberalize most convincingly—than it has ever been for the United States.

We should encourage Japan to be more active in international organizations, particularly in world institutions of assistance, development, and finance. Greater Japanese efforts at helping the developing countries would allow a partial reorientation of Japanese trade away from the developed world, where resistance to the volume of Japanese exports has been growing. Japanese consumers are likely to demand that their nation's economy also shift from the conquest of new external markets to the satisfaction of long-repressed domestic needs.

The last part of a policy toward a more balanced order should consist of deliberately strengthening international and regional organizations. Their decision-making machinery—especially that of world economic and financial

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organizations—needs to be reformed, so that the distribution of power, which now reflects the realities of the 1950s, will express the realities of the 1980s and 1990s. This means more power for Japan and Western Europe in the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. We will need international and regional organizations as peacekeepers in areas of conflict. We will need them for information and for inspection. And we will need them on all the economic fronts, where self-help no longer gets one anywhere. There, such collective frameworks for bargaining are likely over time to affect the way in which states define their interests—by injecting a concern for the long term and for the survival of international institutions. A collective defense of the environment is inconceivable without them. But we will also need to strengthen and spread such institutions in the field of security, in particular, for the prevention and limitation of regional conflicts and the monitoring of agreements against the proliferation of conventional and nuclear arms.

A Public Ahead of the Establishment

THERE ARE FORMIDABLE DOMESTIC OBSTACLES to the policy I have sketchily described here. One—with us for so long that it is pointless to pin the blame on any administration—is the disjointed way in which American foreign policy is made. We can deplore this, but we could also try to do something about it, so that the amount of disorganization and fragmentation that inevitably results from our constitutional system is minimized. This requires a strongly engaged President (not one like Reagan, who concentrated on only a few, largely ideological concerns), a State Department that tries to balance the need to pursue a strategy abroad and the need to cooperate with Congress (instead of sacrificing one to the other), and a National Security Council staff that can effectively coordinate, but avoids making, policy. It also requires a sharp reduction in the covert role of the Central Intelligence Agency, a role that not only creates more bad will than successes abroad but also often threatens to divert American policy into uncontrolled, harebrained schemes.

Another obstacle is the disorientation of the foreign-policy establishment. It has become accustomed to American predominance and to the comforting ideas that only the United States has a sense of "world responsibility" and that it has a single permanent enemy and a number of reliable but dependent allies. A world that is more fluid, in which we remain "No. 1" but without the ability to control, is unsettling. A world in which the main perils are abstract—damage to the environment, the risk of a global recession, the possibility of regional arms races—is less easy to understand than a world dominated by a contest between two countries representing rival value systems. The Bush Administration is largely made up of conservative men, whose formative experiences occurred from the 1950s to the 1970s, and while their pragmatism has been evident, they seem, as in the case of the NATO summit, to have been pushed and pulled into the new world, rather than to have devised a coherent and long-term strategy for dealing with it.

However, there is at least one element favorable to the redirection of American foreign policy, and it has to do with the public. If one looks at opinion polls, one sees that the public, while quite wisely cautious toward the Soviet Union, is less mired in old modes of thinking than it has been in a long time. It is sufficiently worried about domestic economic trends to believe that the first priority is indeed putting our house in order. The shackles that opinion sometimes puts on the perceptions of leaders are not apparent for the time being.

In conclusion, in the world we have entered there will be many things that the United States can do nothing about. We should accept this state of affairs and, incidentally, perhaps even be grateful for it. It is a world in which war is no longer the principal and often inevitable mode of change; change comes more often now from domestic revolutions, about which we can and should do very little, because usually we do not understand the political cultures and trends of other countries and often we make mistakes. Change also, now that the pressures exerted by the Cold War are easing, comes from the rebirth of nationalisms. Many of the new forces of nationalism may lead to explosions and revolutions, about which, again, there will be very little that we or anybody else in the West can do. The task therefore is not to eliminate trouble everywhere in the world. Instead, we must devise what could be described as a new containment: not of the Soviet Union (although this will be part of it, insofar as conflicts of interest with the Soviets will continue) but of the various forms of violence and chaos that a world no longer dominated by the Cold War will entail. It is a complicated agenda, but it is at least different from the agenda we have had for so long.

If, as I have indicated, statesmen and citizens now operate not in a single international system but in two different fields, with different logics, actors, and hierarchies and tools of power, the question remains whether this duality can persist. An imperative for the United States is to prevent it from ending in the wrong way, as in the 1930s, when economic power was widely used for either self-protection or aggression. This is why we need to strive for the devaluation of hostile forms and uses of power in the strategic and diplomatic arena, and against a major recession in the field of economic interdependence. Our new strategy must aim at spreading the sense of common interests in the former and at strengthening it in the latter. It will require more "internationalism" than before, and the novel experience of cooperating widely with associates who are no longer satellites or dependents—as well as with the enemy of the past forty years. □

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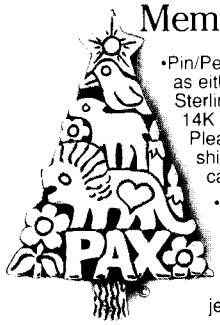

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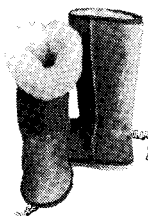

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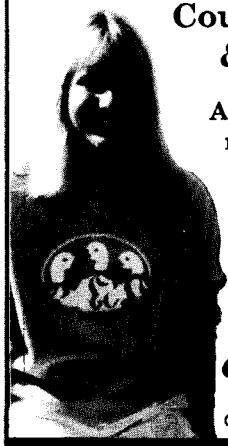

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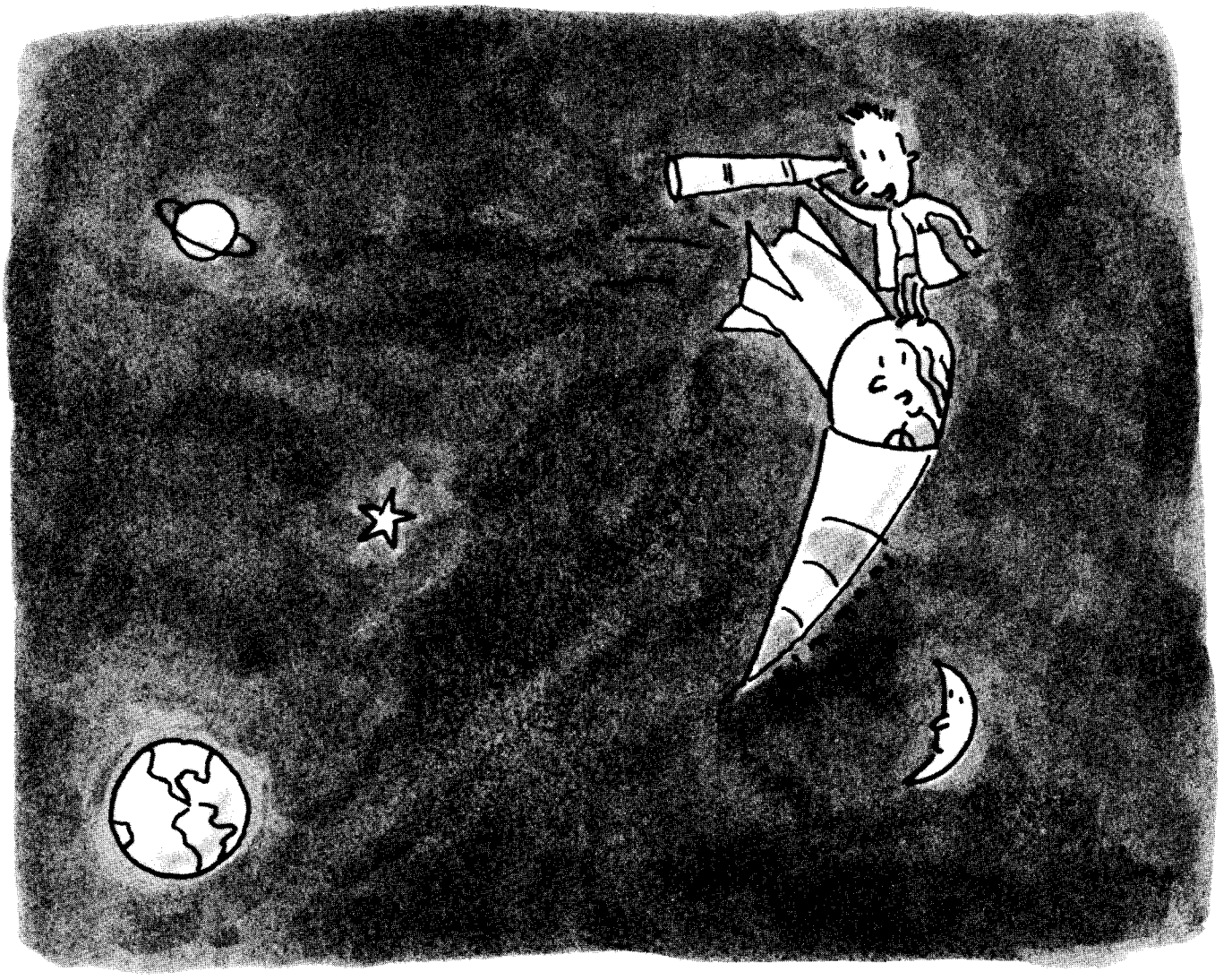

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A Better Omelet

You don't have to break too many eggs to make a frittata

by Corby Kummer

THERE ARE FEW better tests of a cook's insecurity than making an omelet. Just as Giotto is said to have impressed a pope in search of an artist by sending him a perfect circle drawn freehand instead of a finished drawing, a chef is said to be able to demonstrate his mastery to a prospective employer by making nothing more than an omelet. As a teenager, I once spent an afternoon, on Julia Child's devil-may-care instructions, tilting a pan away from me and practicing rolling omelets, throwing out the imperfect ones. After watching clumps of cooked egg land all over the stove and two dozen eggs disappear from the refrigerator, my parents decided that I had experimented enough. I never got it quite right, but I did learn that the easiest way to make a good-looking omelet that will come out of the pan is to use a lot of butter. This might have been the beginning of my disenchantment with French food.

Imagine an omelet with all the usual virtues and many undreamed-of ones—the filling dispersed all through instead of bunched in the middle, and more of it, too; less grease; and no technical feats to learn. This describes the Italian frittata, a flat omelet that is cooked through, with none of the runny egg liquid that makes some people ill. A frittata is often served at room temperature or in a sandwich, so it can be made ahead; a cold omelet, all congealed butter and egg goo, is hardly welcome. At its best a frittata, hot or cold, is browned and crisp outside and airy and soft inside.

Frittatas in Italy are family meals, typical last-minute or Sunday suppers that get rid of leftovers. In Italian *fare una frittata* also means "to make a mess of things," an idiom perhaps inspired by the first attempts of some non-cooks—a frittata, along with pasta with tomato sauce, is a meal that every bachelor or hopeless cook is expected to know how to make. Tracing the origins of the dish is probably foolhardy, since some form of omelet has likely been eaten since man first heated eggs. But Apicius, who wrote the best-known book of Roman cookery, mentions a sweet frittata; in the sixteenth century frittatas were at once sweet and savory, served with powdered sugar and cinnamon and a sauce of bitter orange, which points to Arab influence by way of Sicily. Frittatas are a favorite dish among Sephardic Jews, because they can be served with either milk or meat menus. Their appearance in both Sephardic and non-Jewish cookbooks from the regions around the Mediterranean where Sephardic Jews settled—Morocco, Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Iran, and Turkey, for example—raises the question of whether Jews helped popularize them. Frittatas everywhere were served as light meals or between-meal snacks, either hot or cold; in Spain a *tortilla*, the Spanish frittata,

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usually made with potatoes and onions, is still a typical *tapa*, or little dish to be served with sherry.

Lidia Bastianich, an owner of the restaurant Felidia, in New York City, remembers her grandmother taking fresh sandwiches filled with frittatas to workers in the field as a mid-morning *merenda*, or snack. She also remembers hunting for goose eggs in her native Istria, the region to the extreme northeast of Italy, which is now mostly Yugoslavia; her grandmother kept jealous count of chicken and duck eggs but encouraged the hunting of goose eggs, which were laid in random places. All went into frittatas.

EVEN THOUGH FRITTATA technique requires no wrist training, it did take me quite a few eggs to get a frittata I was happy with—four dozen, in fact. The problem was that I tried to make a frittata as fast as an omelet, which I had seen chefs do on a kitchen tour of New York Italian restaurants. My experiments using their techniques led to results that gave credence to Elizabeth David's dismissal, in *Italian Food*, of frittatas:

> [Italians] are particularly stubborn with regard to the cooking of omelettes, insist upon frying them in oil, and use far too much of the filling . . . in proportion to the number of eggs, and in consequence produce a leathery egg pudding rather than an omelette.

I much prefer oil to butter, and I love a lot of filling, even if it does tilt a frittata in the direction of a kind of cake; but I don't like rubbery eggs, and that's what I was making. (When there is so much filling that the egg only binds it, the dish becomes a *tortino*, or little cake, and is usually baked.) The problem, I suspected, was the timing. Italian cookbooks are vague on how long to cook a frittata. One cooking encyclopedia points out that like all simple preparations, frittatas should be given great care. But then it pulls back, like the others, on timing; it's one of those things you should know. Not everyone does. I have been served my share of leathery frittatas in Italy.

But as I made frittatas, in both senses of the phrase, I remembered the one that had reformed my opinion: a zucchini frittata made by a young woman friend in Italy, in general an unenthusiastic cook, who said she was preparing something very special she had learned from her grandmother. As I watched her fuss over a plain egg dish for what seemed much too long a time, I grew increasingly impatient and skeptical. She finally presented me with something tender and delicate, something different from omelets and equally delicious. I decided to slow down and try to recapture her frittata. (Although slow cooking is today more common in Italy for a tortino than a frittata, Apicius himself called for a very low fire, and Felipe Rojas-Lombardi, who is the owner and chef of The Ballroom, the first and best tapas bar in New York City, and the authors Marcella Hazan and Barbara Kafka cook frittatas a long time.)

Which pan to use is of course important. Italians use a light iron pan with rounded sides, of a weight that is rarely available here. Cast iron doesn't work very well, because after an initial browning of the egg mixture the heat is supposed to be lowered for a long, slow drying; cast iron retains too much heat and cooks the frittata too quickly. I had very good results with an inexpensive light nonstick skillet. The ideal pan is stainless steel with an interior layer of copper in the bottom. A frittata should be a half inch thick, and so the pan should be small: eight inches for three eggs, ten inches for six eggs. It's unrealistic to recommend keeping a pan solely for frittatas, and unnecessary if you use a nonstick pan. If you don't, clean the pan by heating it and rubbing it with a generous amount of coarse salt and lots of paper towels.

Fresh herbs are a constant in fillings—for example, minced parsley leaves or chives or sage or basil. In theory, the filling is built around something delicate and rare, like elder flowers or wild mushrooms or truffles; in practice, the filling is what is left over and needs to be extended. Among the most common fillings in Italy—all sliced thin and sautéed in olive oil, with or without onion, according to taste—are zucchini, mushrooms, spinach, chard, thin wedges of trimmed artichoke (preferably young), peas, green tomato, red peppers, leeks, and potatoes. To make the frittata a one-

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dish meal, Italians sometimes add rice or slices of bread fried in olive oil or even leftover pasta. Meat appears seldom, usually cubes of leftover sausage or ends of salami. Cooked or raw, the filling should be at room temperature when you start cooking, and so should the eggs.

To serve two people, heat two teaspoons of olive oil in an eight-inch pan until the oil just starts to smoke. (A nonstick pan needs no fat. Heat the pan.) If you are using an electric stove, set another burner to very low. While the oil is heating, beat three eggs with a tablespoon of grated Parmigiano Reggiano (the authentic Parmesan) cheese and a few grinds of pepper. Beat the eggs—with a fork, not a whisk—just to mix white and yolk and to break up any lumps of cheese, stirring into the mixture any cheese that sticks to the sides of the bowl. Add a half cup of filling and mix gently, so that the ingredients are well distributed but not broken up. To serve four, double the ingredients and use a ten-inch pan; to serve more, make several frittatas, not bigger ones.

Pour the eggs into the pan. The bottom should set immediately; cook it briefly, shaking the pan gently. Don't stir the eggs, as you would with scrambled eggs or an omelet. One of the blessings of making a frittata is that you can leave it alone. If you are using a gas stove, turn the flame down very low; if using an electric stove, transfer the pan to the burner set on low. Cook a three-egg frittata, uncovered, for twenty-five minutes, and a six-egg frittata for thirty to thirty-five minutes. You should see little bubbles of simmering oil at the sides of the pan, but the cooking will be very slow. At the end of the cooking time the top should be all but dry—a bit of liquid is fine. Run a spatula around the sides and under the frittata to free it. Set a plate or a pot lid over the pan and with one motion unmold the frittata. Return the pan to high heat, add enough oil to make a film on the pan (unless it is nonstick), wait until it smokes, and brown the other side for a minute.

Some cooks—for example, Andrea Hellrigl, of the refined Palio, in New York City—prefer not to brown the other side. They like the contrast of crisp and soft, and want to show off the filling on the unbrowned side. I prefer the appearance and taste of a second browned side and advocate turning as a way of finishing the dish (in Italian the phrase "to turn the frittata" means to correct something you said). I don't recommend running the pan under a broiler, an escape route well traveled by those fearful that the frittata won't unmold in one piece. By the time you are ready to turn the frittata there is almost no danger that it will come apart, and broiling toughens the eggs unnecessarily and brings all the fat to the surface.

I wasn't pleased with any of the shortcuts I tried. Covering the pan cuts the cooking time in half but results in a soggy bottom and a steamed texture. An acceptable second best is to transfer the frittata to a 375° oven after setting the bottom. This cuts the time to between ten and fifteen minutes, after which you can unmold the frittata and brown the other side. Nothing makes a frittata as tender, though, hot or cold, as cooking it for the full time uncovered on the burner. You can clean up, slice bread, and make a salad as it cooks.

Room-temperature wedges of frittata make an excellent hors d'oeuvre or picnic food, and as noted, slices of it are very good in a sandwich. Cooks in the Piedmont often put a few drops of balsamic vinegar on cold frittata, according to Bruna Alessandria, one of the first of a revolving cast of Italian women cooks at the new restaurant Le Madri, in New York. Perhaps my favorite way of eating frittata is a dish introduced to me by Sandro Fioriti, the big and exuberant chef of the Roman-style trattoria Sandro's, in New York. Thin strips of frittata are heated briefly in a tomato sauce with torn leaves of basil and some grated Parmigiano Reggiano, and served as a first course. The sauce seeps into the frittata and makes it even more tender, and sets off the flavors of the filling. The dish is called *frittata in trippa* or *trippata*, because the frittata is cut in strips like tripe; it is variously attributed to Rome, Umbria, and Florence (all three places have famous tripe dishes). But whatever the source, the method for making frittata with tomato sauce remains the same, and the dish is enough to persuade anyone to forget about omelets. □

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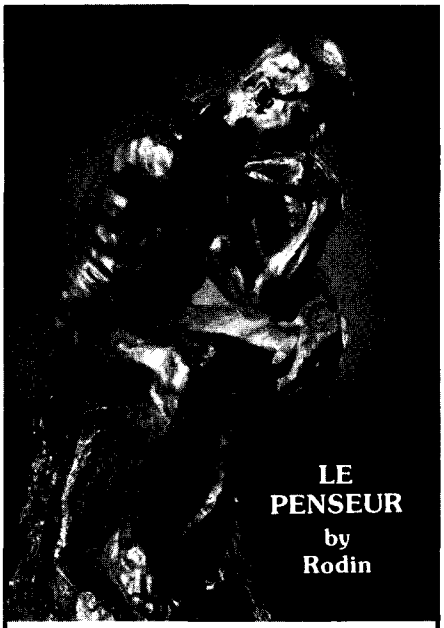

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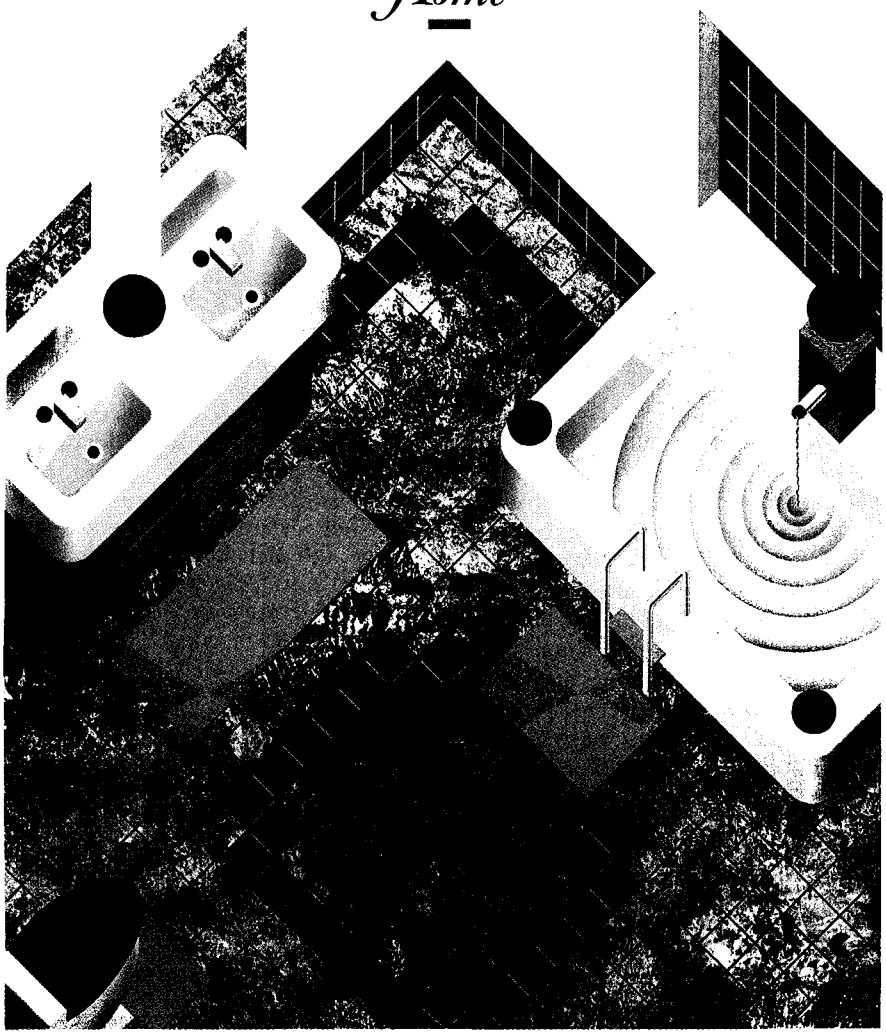

Glorified Bathrooms

The lavish new prominence of a once-private part of the house

by Philip Langdon

In 1974 American Standard, one of the largest plumbing manufacturers in the United States, produced a fifteen-minute promotional film with the humble title *That Room Down the Hall.* The country's postwar effort to build millions of inexpensive basic houses had by then run its course, and the plumbing industry was starting to aim for a different market—people who could be persuaded to put more money and style into the room nobody talked much about.

That Room Down the Hall presented new toilets, including one now-common model whose tank and bowl are a single, continuous unit, making it sleeker, quieter-flushing, and more expensive than a standard two-piece toilet. The film encouraged people to think about making the bathroom larger. A common size for bathrooms had been five by seven feet; by the 1970s one manufacturer had introduced a multi-person "Superbath" that required five and a half by seven feet for the tub alone.

By the early 1980s the plumbing manufacturers, aiming at an increasingly leisure-oriented public, had succeeded in associating the bathroom with sensual pleasure. Probably nowhere during the seventies and eighties has the bathroom been portrayed more dazzlingly than in the displays at the conventions of the National Association of Home Builders. On the floor of the Houston Astrodome during the builders' 1983 convention the Kohler Company, a chief rival of American Standard, erected a many-tiered bathtub exhibit and had an attractive young couple saunter through it in swimsuits, dipping into tubs of various shapes and sizes while a smooth-voiced mistress of ceremonies extolled the bathroom's role in "the emerging life-style of the 1980s." The audience watching in the Astrodome's stands seemed to be mesmerized.

While exhibits like this were prodding builders to put luxurious bathrooms into newly constructed houses, the plumbing manufacturers were also devising effective methods of reaching the remodeling market. Customarily homeowners had relied on plumbers to help choose the fixtures for a bathroom remodeling. The trouble was, plumbers tended to stick with fixtures that were familiar and simple to install—nothing exotic. Also, plumbers aren't renowned for their sales skills. A few years ago the manufacturers found a way of bypassing the plumbers: companies like Kohler and American Standard encouraged the opening of scores of bath showrooms around the country. The showrooms, which continue to proliferate, have given the homeowner a way to see a wide selection of fixtures and fittings in plusher surroundings, where the selling is done by people who don't wrestle with pipe wrenches for a living.

As a result of this and other developments, master bathrooms are getting bigger. *Kitchen & Bath Business* magazine reports that the average size of master bathrooms in existing houses, after remodeling, is fifty-seven square feet (about seven by eight), up slightly from what it was a few years ago. In new houses the expansion has been substantial. Douglas Poretz, the vice-president of the Virginia-based NVR, the nation's largest builder of for-sale housing, says, "Three or four years ago our Ryan Homes subsidiary was building two-thousand-square-foot houses with fifty- to eighty-square-foot master baths. Today the same house would

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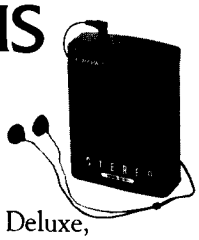

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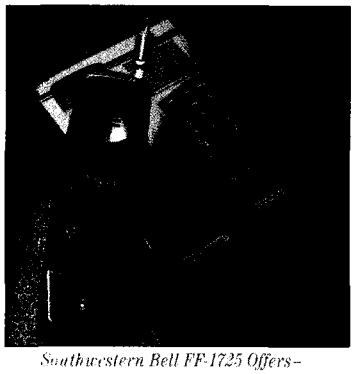

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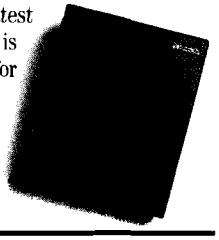

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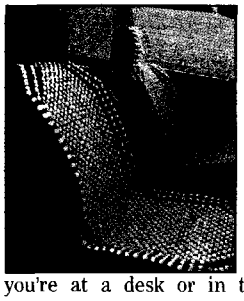

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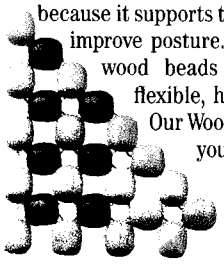

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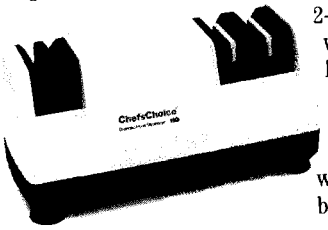

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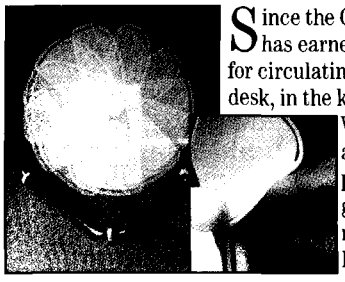

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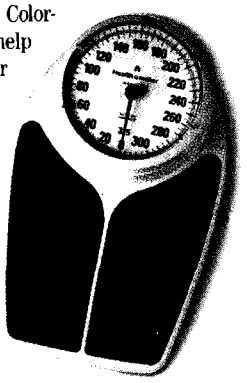

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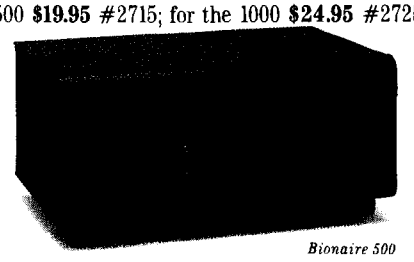

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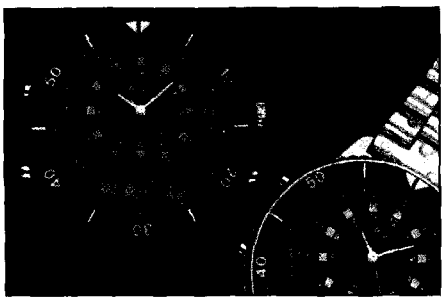

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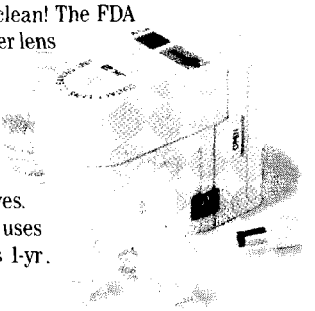

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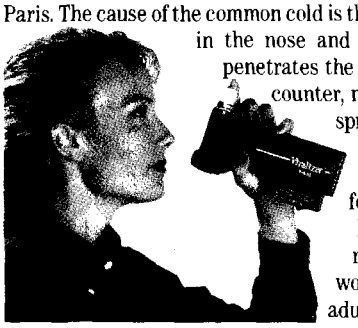

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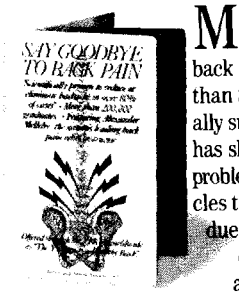

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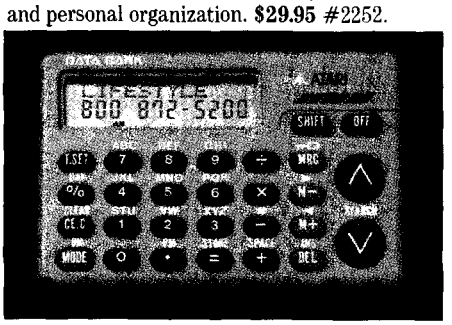

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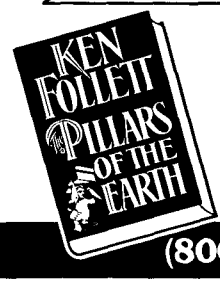

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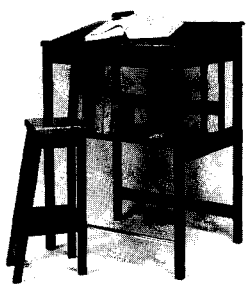
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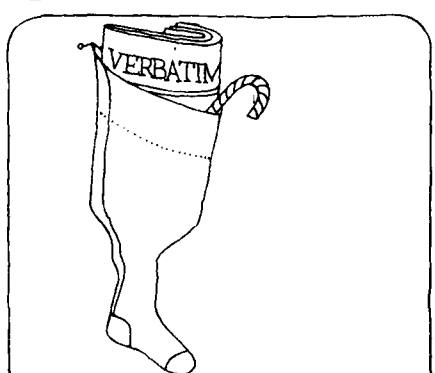

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have a one-hundred-twenty-square-foot master bath." The extra space has come from whittling down a secondary bedroom.

In New York, where space is tight, developers have been hard put to increase the size of bathrooms, so they've concentrated instead on making them posh. A decade ago the master bathroom of a typical new Manhattan luxury condominium had walls that were tiled up to about waist height. That is no longer considered sufficient. "Early in the 1980s, Museum Tower, above the Museum of Modern Art, set a new standard of luxury for New York housing—marble tiles all the way to the ceiling," says Charles H. Henkels, a New York architect.

Saga House, an Upper East Side condominium building designed by Stephen B. Jacobs and Associates, features master bathrooms tiled from floor to ceiling in brown Italian marble. While I was being shown some of Saga House's apartments recently, I thought that these bathrooms would be satisfying places to start the day. They conveyed richness, elegance, solidity. Only later, when I'd had time to mull over my first impression, did it occur to me that the handsome marble surfaces also serve another function: they divert attention from the fact that even in Manhattan's luxury bathrooms people still usually have to do without windows, natural light, and natural ventilation.

Some retailers of bathroom materials promote the idea of covering entire walls in tile—either marble or ceramic—by emphasizing that this is a European custom. "Bathrooms in Italy have been tiled to the ceiling ever since the advent of plumbing," one tile specialist told me. Marble tiles start at about $7 a square foot for the cheapest marble—gray-and-white Carrara—and exceed $20 a square foot for hard-to-get varieties. A drawback of a fully tiled bathroom is that it can feel institutional—more like a public rest room than a room in a house. To avoid such a cold, monolithic character, some designers advocate using one pattern of tile up to a horizontal molding four feet above the floor and a contrasting pattern from there to the ceiling.

Recently Guy Robinson, an interior designer in Nahant, Massachusetts, took me to see a 1930s house that he had renovated for a family in the Boston suburb of Brookline. The bathroom measures only nine by six and a half feet, and the tub continues to double as a shower—a utilitarian combination that has recently fallen out of fashion. Even so, the bathroom feels handsome and inviting, thanks to its diamond-patterned marble floors and marble-sheathed walls. Cream-colored Spanish marble covers most of the wall area, and in subtle contrast, smooth bands of darker marble wrap around the room at baseboard, waist, and ceiling height. At the homeowner's insistence Robinson even veneered the vanity doors with inch-thick slabs of the cream-colored marble.

While marble has become one of the distinguishing features of sophisticated bathrooms, there has also been a growing appreciation of traditional styling, especially in the Northeast. In a renovated row house I visited in the SoHo section of Manhattan, the master bathroom, designed by Michele Morris and Alfredo Carballude, architects at CMA Design Studio, and Alex Fradkoff, an interior designer, has walls surfaced in a mahogany that looks as if it could have been the robust work of late Victorians. The lustrous reddish-brown woodwork, protected by nine coats of lacquer, provides the backdrop for a salvaged old pedestal sink, white with a couple of indelible green blemishes. To stop the steam in the bathroom from penetrating an adjoining walk-through closet, the owner can pull out a beautiful mahogany sliding door containing thirty-six small panes of beveled glass. The SoHo bathroom is, to be sure, idiosyncratic: it has no bathtub, because the owner wanted only a brass-trimmed shower.

There are fewer unusual touches in new speculatively built houses. Spec houses at the upper end of the price scale now boast these features in their master bathrooms: fine materials (especially marble), a "volume" ceiling (higher than eight feet), an oversize bathtub (usually with whirlpool jets), a separate shower (generally with a door of clear glass), two sinks (usually set into a single long counter), and a sleekly stylized toilet (often an elongated one-piece fixture, which operates quietly and is low enough to allow the installation of a shallow counter above the tank portion). Those features constitute the prevailing notion of mass luxury.

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THE BROOKLINE and SoHo houses barely begin to explore the possibilities of individually designed bathrooms. To learn about what custom design can offer, I talked recently to a number of bathroom designers and interior designers, including Ann E. Grasso, in Providence, Rhode Island; Janine Newlin, in Chappaqua, New York; Charles Morris Mount, in New York City; Doris Bachmann, in Ramsey, New Jersey; Thompson Price, in St. Louis; Gay Fly, in Houston; Sarah Lee Roberts, in San Anselmo, California; and Martha Kerr, in Portland, Oregon.

One possibility has to do with bathtubs. Whereas builders of expensive tract houses seem to believe that the bigger the whirlpool bath the better, designers of custom bathrooms realize that the bigger the tub, the longer it takes to fill and the harder it is to clean. Many designers press their clients on whether a gargantuan bathtub will be used much. "After the novelty wears off, people find that it's more practical to have a whirlpool bath for one person, not two," Gay Fly says. Whirlpools start at about $1,300 to $1,700 for a small unit, five feet long and thirty-two inches wide. The most lavish whirlpool, American Standard's "Sensorium With Ambiance," which has an undulating, wavelike profile and includes lots of electronic gadgetry, costs about $28,000—the price of a Lincoln Town Car.

Because a whirlpool bath needs to be supported around the rim, it's common to see the tub surrounded by a tiled ledge several inches wide, which can also serve as a place for dry towels, plants, or decorative objects. Some expensive spec builders embellish the tub still further with two or three marble-tiled steps leading up to the ledge, but good designers wince at the use of steps. "It is very dangerous," Ann Grasso warns. Anyone who cares about safety should do without steps or accompany them with grab-bars.

Where money is no object, individually designed bathrooms are increasingly built not only with a separate shower but with a shower large enough that two people can lather together, each under a shower head with its own controls. ("A woman can stand a hotter temperature than a man," Fly says.) One popular accessory, made by Kallista, of San Leandro, California, and priced at $342, is the Rainbar, a two-foot-long sidespray that's installed vertically—often one each on opposite shower walls. People who want to take a shower without getting their hair wet like these. A bench in the shower makes it easier for people to wash their feet or shave their legs. Designers usually include detachable hand-held shower nozzles in the tub as well as the shower, mainly for easier cleaning of the tub surfaces and the shower compartment.

Designers often specify that the shower be equipped with an anti-scald device, such as a pressure-balancing valve, developed by Symmons Industries, of Braintree, Massachusetts, and now made by a number of manufacturers (building codes in some states require such devices). The valve, which raises the plumbing cost by $50 to $100, aims at keeping the shower's water temperature constant when a toilet is flushed or a tap or dishwasher or washing machine draws water. An enormous variety of American- and foreign-made faucets and other fittings is available to choose from. One popular product, recently introduced, is colored epoxy-on-brass faucets and handles. They are available mainly in white, black, and red, and sell in the $150-to-$250 range.

Designers believe that sinks and counters should be at whatever height suits the homeowner. Placing one counter and sink at about thirty-six inches for a six-foot-tall man, and another slightly lower for a woman who applies makeup while seated, for example, works better than putting everything at a standard thirty- to thirty-two-inch height, Janine Newlin says. Lighting along the sides of a mirror, not just above it, enables a man to see his neck while shaving. To establish a mood and to make nighttime trips to the bathroom less blinding, dimmers can be installed.

The most surprising development in bathroom design is a widespread trend toward placing large windows only an inch or two above the rim of the tub. In many high-priced spec houses, especially in California, the tub is set against a pair of corner windows, making bathing a public spectacle. One explanation for this strange practice is that home-buyers are so much attracted by a bright, naturally lit bathroom that they don't question the window

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placement until too late. Mitchell Rouda, the editor of *Builder* magazine, has coined the phrase "the twenty-minute house," by which he means a house designed to make a terrific impression during the few moments that a home-buyer typically spends inspecting a model home for the first time. You'd expect an eventual backlash against show-it-all bathrooms, as word of their lack of privacy got around. But instead, glassy bathrooms with tubs next to the windows are spreading from California to other, presumably more conservative parts of the country.

Clare Cooper Marcus, a prominent academic analyst of the built environment, and Carolyn Francis and Colette Meunier, two of her students at the University of California at Berkeley, looked at suburban model homes in the San Francisco Bay area for five years and came away convinced that the exposure of bathrooms to outsiders' eyes is so common that it must be intentional. "After our initial astonishment wore off," they wrote in the journal *Places*, "we began to wonder if the windows afforded a deliberate form of 'social flashing' of opulent bathrooms and their luxuriating owners to next-door neighbors, passersby, or, in some cases, golfers on adjacent fairways."

Clearly a pronounced shift in attitude is taking place. In addition to their revealingly placed windows, a growing number of tract houses in California and other parts of the country provide a direct line of sight from bath to bed, with no door in between. The most likely explanation I can offer is that house design is finally accommodating itself both to the sexual revolution of the past quarter century and to the virulent materialism of the 1980s. Having a good time—as opposed, say, to living simply and saving for the future—has become a contemporary social imperative.

It has frequently been observed in the past several years that in America the boundaries between what's public and what's private have eroded away. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the bathroom. Designers and the plumbing and homebuilding industries have learned how to turn a once modest part of the house into an undisguised center of gratification, with a speed that continues to startle even those who helped bring about the transformation. □

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Books

Little John

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THE LONE STAR:
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IF TEXAS EVER picked someone to be its official embodiment, in the way that France periodically chooses a glamorous woman to represent Marianne, the spirit of the nation, it would be John Connally. Connally, who spent his childhood on a farm with no electricity or running water, personifies the great Texas shift from a poor rural society to a prosperous urban one; and when Texas went bust in the eighties, Connally did too. The government-business nexus (public-works projects, defense contracts, favorable treatment of the oil industry) was crucial to Texas's rise, and also to Connally's. Texas is essentially male, and Connally is the ideal Texas physical type, magnificently big, handsome, purposeful, and commanding, fully conversant with the folkways of both the boardroom and the cattle ranch.

In the national life Connally doesn't look like nearly as major a figure. He grazes a category containing people like Estes Kefauver and Nelson Rockefeller, who were extremely powerful in their day and who might have become President, but who never got the chance to leave a real mark on the country. Connally's story is a succession of almosts and might-have-beens; today he seems remarkable more as an aide than as a principal. At the age of twenty-two he went to work for Lyndon Johnson, and the two were closely connected for more than thirty years. In the early seventies Richard Nixon fell deeply under Connally's spell, appointed him Secretary of the Treasury, and came to regard Connally as the best man to succeed him as President. James Reston, Jr., in his long biography of Connally, says that when Spiro Agnew resigned as Vice President, in 1973, Connally was so sure he was going to get the job that he rented a hotel suite in Washington and began offering people jobs on his vice-presidential staff. For a few months in 1979 Connally looked like a real possibility to become the Republican presidential nominee in 1980.

In a way Connally's stature in Texas and his limits as a national politician are related: his Tory ideology dominated Texas until very recently but is a sure loser in the presidential politics of both parties, and he has an imperious bearing that plays well in Texas, in ministerial Washington, and in corporate headquarters (the chief executives of forty-one of the 200 biggest corporations contributed to Connally's 1980 presidential campaign) but practically nowhere else. Connally has always been the opposite of a populist. Reston dug up a letter that Connally wrote Johnson in 1944, on the subject of Johnson's primary opponent for reelection to Congress, which says,

> I wonder if the "peepul" know just how *common* he is. We can't all be common or at least we shouldn't so I better knock off discussing that "grate" man or I will expose myself as a worthy opposition to him for the common man's vote. God, what a travesty is our democratic process!

Connally was a twenty-seven-year-old navy officer when he wrote that. The progression of his thinking over the years can be adduced from an unwittingly self-descriptive speech he gave in 1971 (quoted by Reston) about

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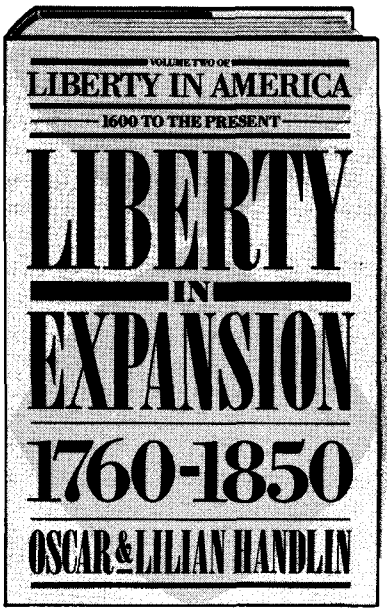

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why Richard Nixon embodied the qualities that are most important in a President:

> I'd want a man who was intelligent, and [Nixon] sure as hell is. I'd want a man who was studious, and he is. I'd want somebody who has guts, and he does—great courage. I'd like somebody who had a little bit of a mean streak in him—a little streak of ruthlessness, because no *kind* man ought to be president of the United States. A *kind* man can't make the tough decisions that have to be made in the interest of this country.

Connally's successes and failures have all come from the belief that there is a superior class of people (which most assuredly includes him) that ought to be allowed to run the world through the generous application of "toughness" and "leadership," the twin elixirs that can solve any problem. You can see how appealing this view would be to people who have made the long climb to positions of power, and Connally himself—that chin! that hair!—is the perfect packaging for his message. It comes as no surprise to learn, toward the end of this book, that Connally once had in his possession an inscribed version of the Theodore Roosevelt quote about the superiority of the man in the arena amidst the dust and the sweat, which is the favorite epigram of every successful American man of action.

As Treasury Secretary, and as governor of Texas in the sixties, Connally demonstrated the good uses to which his abilities can be put: he did lead. But his regal bearing is not well suited to campaigning in general, and particularly in the age of "retail" presidential-primary politics. The mistakes he made in plotting his course stemmed from the incaution of a person who feels invulnerable to the ordinary pitfalls of life. He was openly contemptuous of his political opponents (including George Bush in 1980, which explains his invisibility in the current administration). Like the equally presidential-looking John Lindsay, he didn't fully appreciate the risk inherent in a mid-life switch in political parties. He got indicted and then acquitted during Watergate on the charge that he accepted from a lobbyist $10,000 in cash, an insignificant sum to him, as a kind of personal tribute. His career as a real-estate developer, which ended in bankruptcy, was marked by an almost wild overconfidence and inattention to detail. In the opening anecdote of Robert Caro's biography, Johnson, way back in the forties, refused a sweet oil-business arrangement because he realized that it might get in the way of his presidential ambitions much later; Connally, in contrast, spent nearly all of the fifties working as a political operative for Sid Richardson, the big independent oilman who founded the Bass Brothers fortune, and he has suffered the consequences that Johnson avoided.

THE CHALLENGE FOR a biographer of Connally's is that this man, who from adolescence exuded a gale-force sense of importance, has not been, finally, all that important. Usually the biographer of a second-rank subject will use the life story as a way of describing a milieu that is interesting on its own, which in Connally's case would be Texas in the fat middle of the century. Reston has chosen a different course: enriching the Connally story by focusing on the times when he participated in great events, though not as the central actor. He builds up Connally's historical stature by arguing that he changed the course of more than one President's life. Connally, rather than John F. Kennedy, Reston argues at great length, was Lee Harvey Oswald's intended target on November 22, 1963. (In January of 1962, when he learned that his Marine Corps discharge had been downgraded because of his defection to the Soviet Union, Oswald wrote to Connally in the mistaken belief that Connally was still Secretary of the Navy, a job he held only in 1961. Connally wrote back a perfunctory letter promising to pass on to his successor Oswald's request that his honorable discharge be restored. Reston claims, unconvincingly, that Oswald felt the downgraded discharge had ruined his life, and that he blamed Connally for it and decided to seek revenge.) Connally was the person who persuaded Johnson not to run for re-election in 1968. George Bush wouldn't be President today if Connally hadn't demanded in 1970 that Bush be given a job in the Nixon Administration, which, Reston says, led to Bush's being made ambassador to the United Nations. Gerald

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Ford would probably have beaten Jimmy Carter in 1976 if he had picked Connally as his running mate. Reston has shown admirable honesty in not overselling Connally's significance, but this has led him to expend an unusual amount of his authorial energy on other people.

The result is a consistently interesting, thoroughly researched biography in which the main subject is about the third or fourth most memorable character. The most memorable is Johnson, who whenever he appears simply blows Connally off the page with his enormous and never fully under control life-force. The Texas political world atop which Johnson sat was, by today's standards, utterly wild and uncivilized, involving vote theft, fistfights, knife fights, lockouts, drunken swoons, and the copious dispersal of envelopes of cash. Reston gives us one scene in which Connally, in the middle of a crude, ranting performance by Johnson, has to go outside and throw up. Johnson, according to Reston, made a pass at Connally's wife, Nellie, while Connally was serving in the Pacific theater. The impression that emerges from Reston's account is that one of Connally's many feelings about Johnson was an understandable distaste. Connally apparently believes that the main reason he didn't become President is that, in his words, "I reminded everybody of Lyndon," a view that Reston gives too much credence to.

Connally's real problem was that he reminded everyone of Louis XIV. Maybe it's just coincidence, but Connally's decline as a national figure began almost precisely at the time Johnson died, in January of 1973; Reston quotes several telling Johnson aperçus about Connally's flaws. "His problem is he likes those oak-paneled rooms too much," Johnson said to one aide, and to another, "Connally doesn't have . . . compassion. That'll keep him from the top." In Texas the most famous Johnson remark about Connally, which Reston doesn't quote (perhaps it's apocryphal), is "John doesn't love the people." Connally seems to have been the kind of protégé who decides too soon that there isn't anything more he can learn from his mentor, and so misses those crucial last few lessons.

Johnson is probably inherently more vivid than Connally, but also Connally's inner life is less accessible than Johnson's. Connally wouldn't part with his papers until bankruptcy forced him to, and even then he got the LBJ Library, in Austin, to agree to keep them sealed for five years, a restriction that Reston says was aimed at him. Reston was granted only two interviews with Connally, and Connally's inner circle of political aides seem to have stuck pretty close to the party line in their interviews with Reston. Anyway, Connally isn't the talkaholic Johnson was, and so even his closest associates may not know much about his deep fears and desires. Reston usually has to come at Connally sideways, getting his information from a tangential but more forthcoming source. His most absorbing chapter is about Connally's relationship with Jake Jacobsen, the milk lobbyist who says he gave him $10,000: Jacobsen spoke to Reston freely, and there is an extensive court record stemming from Connally's indictment and trial.

What Reston hasn't been able to do is present a real sense of the development of Connally's character. In Caro's biography of Johnson—the comparison is inescapable—Johnson is a little different at the end of each chapter from what he was at the beginning. In *The Lone Star*, Connally is like the little George Washington in the portrait, wearing a powdered wig and breeches, confessing to cutting down his father's cherry tree—fully formed from the outset. To judge from what we know about him, Connally is a kind of living rebuke to Freud. The only explanations of him that work are social (he absorbed, and never grew out of, the values of the ranch) or physical (he became the person he was genetically destined to look like). Otherwise he is a mystery.

Most Texas politicians of Connally's generation grew up in tough circumstances, and Connally's upbringing was tougher than most. His parents' firstborn child burned to death in a hearth fire. He picked cotton from the age of five, and he was able to afford to go to the University of Texas only because he got a seventeen-cent-an-hour part-time job with the National Youth Administration. And yet there is no hint that he believes the country is full of John Connallys who didn't get the break they needed and stayed poor and

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The Atlantic

BACK TO EDEN
by Evan Eisenberg

Agriculture as we know it is squandering our water and soil, and polluting our rivers and fields. If we are to continue to feed ourselves, says a maverick geneticist, we must invent a new kind of farming, with principles drawn from the prairie.

HYPERACTIVITY
by Alfie Kohn

Psychologists and psychiatrists concede that it is difficult to determine how many children are hyperactive or even whether a particular child is, but they insist that hyperactivity is both real and widespread. A review of the medical literature reveals that little is actually known about a disorder for which hundreds of thousands of American children regularly take medication.

LETTER FROM ASIA
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frustrated. He was the most influential opponent of the Great Society in Johnson's inner circle. He opposed the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and after Martin Luther King was killed, he said, "He contributed much to the chaos and the strife and the confusion and the uncertainty of this country, but whatever his actions, he deserved not the fate of assassination." Connally is not one of those conservatives who takes a tough line on the issues but forgives the imperfections of people he knows personally, either. Reston repeats a popular though not provably true anecdote that had Connally threatening to fire Paul Volcker as deputy secretary of the Treasury if Volcker didn't start wearing nicer suits.

Whatever its source, Connally's *Übermensch* quality was reinforced by all his experience in politics and business up until the time that he struck out on his own as a presidential candidate and then as a businessman. The Texas where he rose was a one-party state without a real machine, so that pure force of will, rather than ideology or organization, was the main determinant of success. Economically the state was, like many other underdeveloped areas, a colony in which a few roughhewn natives had managed to get rich on their own. Connally threw in with the homegrown rich rather than the raj (which nurtured Texans like Bush and James Baker) and accepted their ethic of larger-than-lifeness as the key to business success.

When events appeared to swing dramatically in his favor—the country moved to the right politically, Texas boomed—he was curiously unable to capitalize on them. What Ronald Reagan understood or intuited about the political mood, Connally never grasped; he always thought the country liked big government as long as it was allied with business in the cause of promoting growth. As a businessman, he didn't see that the economic world he knew—that of a high-level contact-maker and problem-solver for the super-rich—had nothing to do with being an entrepreneur. Actually, history was moving away from Connally just when he thought it was moving toward him. He is a natural oligarch, and America during his maturity has become more fragmented, less centrally run, less deferential—in sum, unfortunately for Connally, more democratic. □

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A Literary Hybrid

by Lloyd Rose

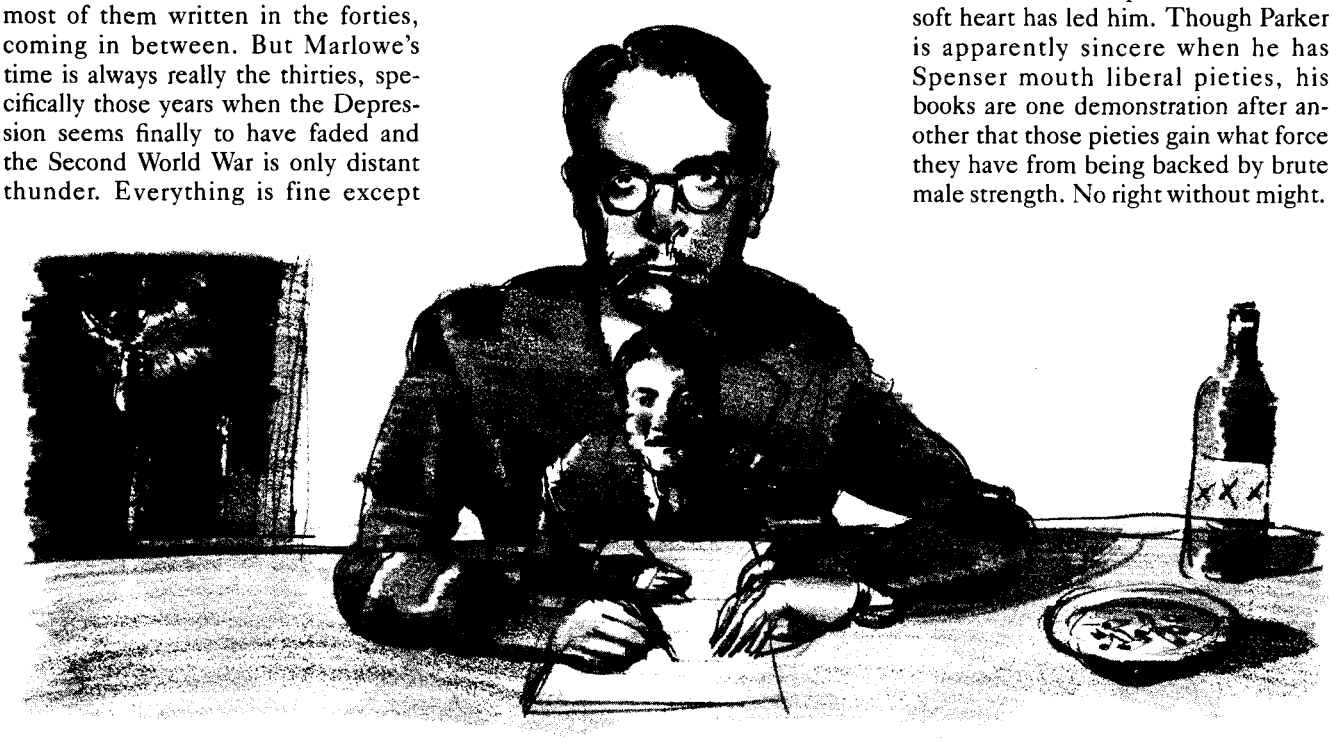
POODLE SPRINGS
by Raymond Chandler and Robert B. Parker.
Putnam, $18.95.

THERE'S SOMETHING crazily oedipal about the very idea of Robert B. Parker's being hired to complete Raymond Chandler's unfinished "The Poodle Springs Story." Parker is probably the most Chandler-influenced of modern mystery writers. Like Chandler's private eye Phillip Marlowe, Parker's wisecracking, poetry-quoting, jaw-busting Spenser (no first name) is a man out of place in the ugly moral territory through which he moves, the one uncorruptible man in a fallen world. Spenser's world is chilly, Puritan-bound Boston. Marlowe's was Los Angeles, and Chandler made it a carnival of sin, a neon-defaced landscape where the fresh ocean breeze was likely to pick up and waft along the odor of an undiscovered corpse.

Chandler started writing hard-boiled detective stories in 1933, and his last complete novel, *Playback*, was published in 1958, with six other novels, most of them written in the forties, coming in between. But Marlowe's time is always really the thirties, specifically those years when the Depression seems finally to have faded and the Second World War is only distant thunder. Everything is fine except that, as Marlowe himself might put it, everything stinks. People with lots of money and no real problems violently act out their greed and lust. Chandler wasn't a political writer, but his point of view was, in its naive way, anarchistic—politicians are phonies; the cops are corrupt or, if decent, helpless; the rich are evil. This social vision gains power and an odd, aching poignancy from being focused on Los Angeles, one of the most physically lush of all American cities, with its brilliant tropical flowers and radiant sunlight, its impossible intimations of eternal youth. Los Angeles is where Americans slough off their old lives and are reborn. In giving the lie to the city, Chandler gave the lie to our dream of redemption.

The fragment of "The Poodle Springs Story" that Chandler left at his death, which makes up the first four chapters of *Poodle Springs*, isn't very good. He had made the mistake of marrying Marlowe off—and to an heiress no less. Chandler's notion was that Marlowe and his rich wife would spat continuously: "Marlowe . . . will hate the house she has rented for the season in Palm Springs. . . . He will detest the bunch of freeloaders who are . . . party guests. . . . She on her side will never understand why he insists on sticking to a dangerous and poorly paid profession." The bit of this bad idea that Chandler worked out was excruciatingly arch; the level of wit can be gauged by his alias of Poodle Springs for Palm Springs. Fortunately, he got very little of the story going, and Parker, stepping in at the top of Chapter Five, can take things exactly where he wants. "I found an office finally," he starts, "as close to a dump as Poodle Springs gets . . . " and the reader is carried off, not only into the mystery but into the past, into our dream of the past Chandler invented, and into Parker's past as a reader in love with an author who was to shape his life. In Parker's hands the real subject of *Poodle Springs* is the myth that inspired him as a writer, and you can sense him stretching to capture it—the kind of stretch a man does when he's been cooped up too long and can reach out at last. Parker breaks free of the East Coast and the eighties. Imaginatively he moves to L.A., and defies Chandler's underlying message of failure and mortality by being artistically born again.

SPENSER'S CONCERNS, unlike Marlowe's, take on a culture-specific cast: he tends to try to take the "right" attitude toward women, minorities, social problems; he pays lip service to the idea that *machismo* isn't enough. But things almost always work out so that *machismo* isn't just enough, it's the only thing, as Spenser is forced to rely on his fists and his gun to get him out of the scrapes into which his soft heart has led him. Though Parker is apparently sincere when he has Spenser mouth liberal pieties, his books are one demonstration after another that those pieties gain what force they have from being backed by brute male strength. No right without might.



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Israel and the Media

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In December of 1987, an Israeli civilian was stabbed by Arabs in the Gaza territory, administered by Israel. On the following day, four Gaza Arabs were killed by an automobile driven by an Israeli. The two events were totally unrelated. Yet, the rumor spread that the Arab deaths were revenge murders by the Israelis. Rioting broke out and spread into Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank"), also administered by Israel. It was the beginning of the "intifada," which still goes on. The media have covered and continue to cover this uprising extensively. Are they doing it fairly?

What are the facts?

■ The conflict between the Israeli government and the Arabs in the areas administered by Israel, the so-called "intifada," is essentially a minor regional one. It does not compare in scope, in violence and in the number of people killed or injured to the many other conflicts going on in the world right at this time, such as the conflict between the Basques and Spain; between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland; and between Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs in India. And there are many more. Just as with the Arab-Israel conflict, no easy or early solution seems at hand.

■ Yet, while the "intifada" is only one of many regional conflicts, the volume of its coverage in the media has made it appear to be a major world event. There are over 250 press and t.v. reporters accredited in Israel, a tiny country the size of New Jersey and with only half the population of New Jersey. This large media contingent is second only in number to that of Washington and Moscow—and less than that of such key news centers as London, Paris, Bonn, New Delhi, Peking or Tokyo. Naturally, all of these reporters must produce daily stories in order to justify their presence. This results in much journalistic overkill. *The Washington Post*, for instance, reports in an internal audit that . . .during a 5-month period in 1988, they published over 300,000 words on the "intifada," more than two articles daily, one-quarter of which appeared on the front page. That was the most intense coverage by the *Post* of any continuing story. In contrast, when in one day 65 Shi'ites were killed in one of the brotherly battles in neighboring Lebanon, the *Post* gave that only 600 words, in an article on page 15.

■ But it isn't just the intensity of coverage that casts serious doubt about the fairness of the media. It's primarily the slant that is being given to the news, both in the print media and on television. Television, especially, thrives on "action bites," short dramatic scenes with potential to get the viewer involved. For instance, we see over and over again pictures of teenage boys throwing rocks at Israeli soldiers, and the soldiers chasing those teenagers with guns and clubs. That inevitably creates the impression of Israel as the bully or the Goliath, and of the "Palestinians" as defenseless Davids. The opposite is true, of course. Israel is a beleaguered country surrounded by implacable enemies, who incessantly plot its destruction. The "intifada" is part of that never-ending war.

■ The media do not show the hundreds of Israeli soldiers and civilians who have been grievously wounded and in some cases killed by rocks and gasoline bombs. They do not show the Arabs setting countless arson fires, in which over 25,000 acres of forest—every tree having lovingly been planted by hand—have been destroyed. They do not show the attacks on Jewish farms, the wanton destruction of industrial and public service facilities, the fire bombing of hundreds of buses, and the ruthless killing of livestock. They do not show the PLO terror aimed at the "Palestinians" themselves. In the last seventeen months of the "intifada" dozens of Palestinian Arabs have been murdered by the PLO, hundreds injured, many critically. This campaign of intimidation has increased since Yasir Arafat allegedly renounced terrorism.

■ In the few cases in which fuller coverage of the conflict was attempted on t.v., such coverage usually did turn out to be more "show-biz" than serious reporting. ABC's reportage "Six Days Plus Twenty Years" was so blatantly anti-Israel in tone that Arab countries rushed to use it as a propaganda film. Peter Jennings on ABC insistently perpetuates the odious comparison of Israel with South Africa. T.V. interviews with people in the territories invariably show reasonably middle class intellectuals and professionals with whom the American viewer can identify—never the arsonists, the bus bombers and the throwers of Molotov cocktails. The occasional Israeli spokesman that gets trotted out is almost always a member of the radical left or of the so-called "Peace Now" movement, quite unrepresentative of mainline Israeli thinking.

The media do not give the "intifada" fair coverage. It's partly the sheer volume of the coverage, which gives this minor regional conflict perceived importance that it doesn't have. It also lies in the persistent anti-Israel slant that permeates the reporting in all media. Finally, the media, almost without exception, focus on the immediate "drama" and do not explore the history and background of this conflict. The most important point, always omitted, is that the conflict between Israel and the "Palestinians" is not the core problem in the area. The core problem is the unremitting obsession of the Arab states to destroy Israel, their refusal to make peace with it, or to lift the economic boycott against Israel—regardless of what disposition may ultimately be made of the "West Bank." Israel, more even than other beleaguered pro-Western nations, is the target of disinformation and unfair reporting. Largely because it is a dependable friend and ally of the United States, the Jewish state is another victim of the "blame America first" bias in the media.

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This is a grimly realpolitik view of society, much bleaker than Chandler's. But then, Chandler didn't have to deal with, among other things, feminism and post-Vietnam American self-doubt. And in *Poodle Springs* neither does Parker. His setting is no longer a cramped, chilly eastern city but a spacious, hot place. He loosens up. His prose gets less workmanlike, his descriptions gain life and poetry, and his melancholy sets and blooms in the desert soil. Like Chandler's finest work, *Poodle Springs* has a haunted quality that comes from somewhere beyond the plot, a sense of things gone fundamentally wrong:

> The Agony Club was northeast of Poodle Springs, just over the line in Riverside County. . . . There were no cars in the big crushed stone circular driveway. I could hear the hum of the air conditioner somewhere out of sight, like a locust behind the building.
>
> I parked the Olds under the portcullis at the back of the courtyard and walked in through the cooler darkness of the entry. There were two big carved mahogany doors, one slightly ajar. I pushed through it into the suddenly cool indoors. It felt good after the hard desert heat, but it felt artificial too, like the soothing touch of an embalmer.

If this isn't up to Chandler's best, it is, with its images of sunlit decay, very near. All of *Poodle Springs* has this evocative quality. In the world Chandler created, Parker plays with what might best be described as serious joy. He makes you feel that *Poodle Springs* is both an homage and a fulfillment, the opportunity of his writing life, and he gives it all he's got. He may not have Chandler's baroque sense of plot, but he can match his sense of humor and occasionally his rococo similes: "He wasn't expecting to be tailed, and he had other things on his mind. I could have followed him in a ferris wheel." (In one case, at least, he borrows directly from Chandler, when he describes some thugs as so tough they'd "kick your teeth out and then shoot you for mumbling.")

But it's with Marlowe that Parker shows his real strength. Chandler's great artistic flaw was his sentimentalizing of his detective. Parker isn't, even here, the writer Chandler was, but he's not a sentimentalist, and he darkens and deepens Marlowe. In a

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bar, pumping an aging alcoholic redhead for information, Marlowe notes:

> Drunks are fragile creatures. They need to be carried like a very full glass; tip either way and they spill all over. I knew about drunks.
>
> She needed another cigarette. I took one out of her pack on the bar and lit it and handed it to her. Maybe I wouldn't have made a good manservant. Maybe I would have made a good gigolo. Maybe I didn't want to think about that. Maybe that hit too close to home.

Their interview ends with Marlowe dancing with her, turning her gently even after the jukebox has run out, the pathos and sweetness of the scene undercut by his self-loathing and sense of betrayal. Chandler never really tarnished his knight; he always left Marlowe safe on the moral high ground. Parker's view of his hero is riskier: not risky enough for dangerous ambivalence, for greatness, but enough to make this book more than just a classy imitation of a master. *Poodle Springs* is a novel in its own right—Chandler's vision carried further than he carried it, and not betrayed but realized. □

Brief Reviews

CARRINGTON *by Gretchen Gerzina. Norton, $24.95.* Dora Carrington (1893–1932), who insisted that she be called merely Carrington, was a peripheral member of the Bloomsbury group through her long association with Lytton Strachey. It was an odd partnership. The two were deeply devoted to each other but unable to become either spouses or lovers, because he was homosexual and she never decided for certain what she was other than an egregious flirt. Sex aside, she was a painter, and a better one than the Bloomsbury clique acknowledged, for her reluctance to show her work naturally led her friends to take it lightly, while her commercial sideline—creating pretty trifles for the decorating trade—was not the sort to win serious respect. She deserves respect, however, as an artist of wit, varied abilities, and the courage to face a period of rapid social change while burdened with an inconvenient temperament. Ms. Gerzina's well-written and thoroughly researched biography does justice to Carrington's merits without overlooking her quite maddening follies.

KEEP THE CHANGE *by Thomas McGuane. Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence, $18.95.* Joe Starling, the hero of Mr. McGuane's novel, is a painter who, having lost interest in his art, flees Florida in "a small pink convertible" stolen from his mistress. He heads for the family ranch in Montana, and his trip provides the excuse for a dryly satirical description of highway vagaries. These are a mild prelude to the oddities Joe encounters in the old home town, where the state has put up a DEAD END sign on the road to the cemetery. Mr. McGuane is extremely skillful in the selection of details that convey meaning beyond the literal sense of the words, and in the construction of dialogue that is both believable and dramatic. He writes tersely, compressing scenes in a way that implies latent explosive power. Nothing actually blows up—Starling's tragicomic problems are ultimately sorted out peaceably—but the possible big bang makes for absorbing reading.

RAVENS IN WINTER *by Bernd Heinrich. Summit, $19.95.* "As an academic field biologist," the author begins, "I have the duty of finding out about our natural world." His loving description of the Maine woods makes it clear that Professor Heinrich's duty is also his pleasure, for which he will forgo comfort, safety, and Thanksgiving dinner. He started his study of the social habits of ravens in a tar-paper shack shared with a dead goat, progressed in time to better quarters, and learned that "you know winter has finally arrived when it starts snowing inside a cabin that you

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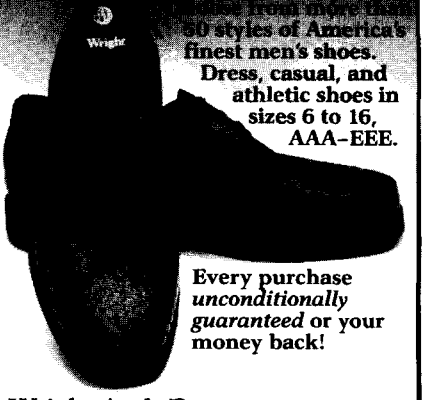

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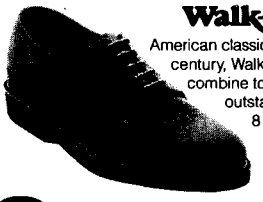

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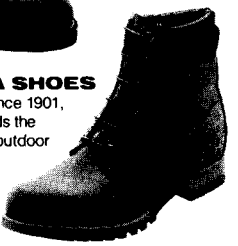

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thought was well chinked." That goat was the first in a long line of corpses lugged up the mountain to entice the birds, and there is a certain macabre amusement arising from the vision of the professor backpacking carrion by the hundredweight through knee-deep snow. A student of ravens, it appears, must be infinitely patient, indifferent to cold, and strong as a horse. Elegant writing is presumably not an actual requirement, but Professor Heinrich provides that as well, and his step-by-step account of his research has the narrative pull of a good detective story.

THE MARQUIS OF BOLIBAR *by Leo Perutz. Arcade, $17.95.* The author died in 1957, convinced that his writing career had been a waste of time, but his novels have recently been revived by a German publishing house, with great success. This one is set in Spain during the Peninsular War and combines convincing historical elements with fantasy (we meet what seems to be the wandering Jew disguised as a French officer), possession by the ghost of a Spanish patriot, and ironically interlocking sexual obsessions. It is a striking, if blood-chilling, tale, readable as simply that or as a parable of self-destructive delusion.

A SOLDIER OF THE COMPANY *by Captain Albert Hervey, edited and introduced by Charles Allen. Michael Joseph, $27.50.* Hervey, aged eighteen, went to India in 1833 as an ensign in the Madras Native Infantry of the East India Company. He described ten years of his experiences in a book published in 1850 and running to three volumes. According to Mr. Allen, these tomes contained much sermonizing, much trivial detail, and much long-winded repetition, most of which the editor has cut. Enough remains to justify Mr. Allen's suspicion that "some of Hervey's more hearty companions must have thought him an awful wet blanket," but as an observer of activities Hervey was lucid and sensible. When the John Company's forces moved (always, to Hervey's mystified annoyance, at the height of either the hot season or the monsoon), the regiment setting out "with its best foot first and the road a-sliding past" must have struck terror along the route through sheer numbers. Hervey estimated 5,000 camp followers for every 1,000 fighting men. He himself, the most junior officer possible, had an ill-behaved horse, five or six bullocks for his baggage, and a crew of twenty-five people. The sepoy ranker was frequently accompanied by wife, children, aged parents, and random cousins, and was obliged to feed them on his pitifully inadequate pay. Hervey deplored that situation, as he did a number of the company's other arrangements. He was, given the time and his situation, a modestly liberal and humane man with a real concern for his troops. He may not have been altogether surprised by the so-called Indian Mutiny. The reader can only marvel that the rebellion did not come sooner.

HOKUSAI ONE HUNDRED POETS *by Peter Morse. Braziller, $80.00. One Hundred People, One Poem Each* is an anthology compiled in Japan in 1235 and still a revered classic. The great artist Hokusai undertook to illustrate it in the nineteenth century, and while the full set of prints was never completed, enough remains, in one form or another, to fill this fascinating and beautiful book. Some of the illustrations are quite direct, some are impishly arbitrary, and each is accompanied by a page of text containing the relevant poem in both translation and phonetic Japanese, information about the poet, discussion of the picture, and Mr. Morse's gallant but doomed attempt to account for all the multiple meanings and ambiguities of which Japanese is, from a translator's point of view, disastrously capable.

TALKING GOD *by Tony Hillerman. Harper & Row, $17.95.* Officers Leaphorn and Chee, of the Navajo Tribal Police, pursue different puzzles to Washington, D.C., but once there, join forces efficiently despite their disapproval of local scenery, local manners, and almost all forms of officialdom. If Mr. Hillerman's latest mystery is less exciting than his best, blame the setting. Washington is a dreary place compared with New Mexico.

WARTIME: Understanding and Behavior in the Second World War *by Paul Fussell. Oxford, $19.95.* A portion of this book originally appeared in *The Atlantic.*

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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ACROSTIC NO. 51

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.

1 L	2 C	3 X	4 Y	5 A	6 O		7 K	8 F	9 M		10 O	11 T	12 U	13 V	14 D		15 X	16 P	17 C	18 G	19 Y		20 D
21 K	22 W	23 S		24 L	25 H	26 I	27 S	28 T		29 F	30 X	31 H	32 W	33 A	34 Y	35 S	36 I		37 N	38 V	39 B	40 X	
41 S	42 W	43 T		44 R	45 I	46 G	47 P	48 A		49 B	50 X	51 E	52 C	53 Z		54 G	55 O	56 I	57 S		58 H	59 J	60 W
61 V		62 U	63 O	64 X	65 Q	66 K		67 J	68 S	69 Z		70 B		71 Q	72 C	73 G		74 D	75 K	76 R	77 M	78 H	79 B
80 C		81 Q	82 X	83 J	84 E	85 H	86 R	87 Z		88 K	89 Y	90 C	91 T	92 N		93 J	94 G	95 Y		96 U	97 S	98 Z	99 B
100 K	101 C	102 E	103 D	104 G	105 N		106 Q	107 V	108 B		109 N	110 D	111 G	112 P	113 L	114 J	115 E	116 R		117 O	118 Q	119 Y	120 R
121 B	122 J		123 D	124 K		125 N		126 M	127 P	128 Q	129 I	130 W		131 Y	132 Q	133 Z	134 G	135 U	136 B	137 X	138 A		139 D
140 H	141 V	142 L		143 N	144 Z	145 Y	146 G	147 I		148 O	149 E	150 U	151 F		152 A	153 D	154 R	155 G	156 Y	157 L	158 H		159 T
160 W	161 P		162 F	163 L	164 O	165 K	166 V	167 J	168 T	169 N	170 R		171 B	172 A	173 M	174 G	175 Y	176 Q		177 W	178 H		179 X
180 V	181 M	182 F	183 O		184 S	185 T	186 D		187 P	188 M		189 L	190 O	191 I	192 F	193 P	194 V		195 B	196 D	197 U	198 M	

The solution to Acrostic No. 50 appears on page 108.

A. Person with elfish qualities — 138 48 5 33 152 172

B. Near-misfortune (2 wds.) — 79 195 121 136 108 171 49 70 39 99

C. Editor of *Conjurers' Monthly* from 1906 to 1908 — 80 2 90 52 72 17 101

D. Eater of raw meat — 110 20 123 14 139 153 103 196 74 186

E. Certain to produce a negative outcome (hyph.) — 102 149 84 115 51

F. Top-notch (hyph.) — 162 8 182 151 192 29

G. Portrayer of Santa Claus in *Miracle on 34th Street* (2 wds.) — 104 18 111 46 134 174 73 54 155 146 94

H. Spent fuel rods, etc. — 25 140 158 58 31 178 78 85

I. A unified whole, in psychology — 147 26 36 191 129 45 56

J. Shakespeare's queen of the fairies — 83 59 114 93 122 167 67

K. Exceptionally talented person (2 wds.) — 7 21 88 66 75 165 124 100

L. Absurdist drama of 1957 — 157 113 142 24 189 1 163

M. Monster killed by Beowulf — 126 181 77 188 9 198 173

N. Squabble; row — 109 37 169 143 125 105 92

O. Comic opera by John Philip Sousa (2 wds.) — 183 148 190 164 10 55 6 63 117

P. Flying fleet — 16 187 127 47 112 161 193

Q. Potential imminent disaster (2 wds.) — 106 132 65 128 71 118 176 81

R. Basketball pro from Los Angeles — 116 170 120 44 154 86 76

S. Physicist who collaborated with Lise Meitner (2 wds.) — 184 23 35 97 41 27 57 68

T. Dry lake bed (2 wds.) — 91 185 43 168 11 159 28

U. Sea parrot — 62 12 96 197 135 150

V. Hiding from the police (3 wds.) — 180 141 166 107 61 194 38 13

W. Substitute (hyph.) — 22 130 42 160 60 177 32

X. Daughter of Anne Boleyn — 82 64 30 3 50 179 40 137 15

Y. Ancient Greek reciter of epic poetry — 156 89 4 131 19 175 95 145 34 119

Z. Wood shop necessity — 53 133 87 69 144 98

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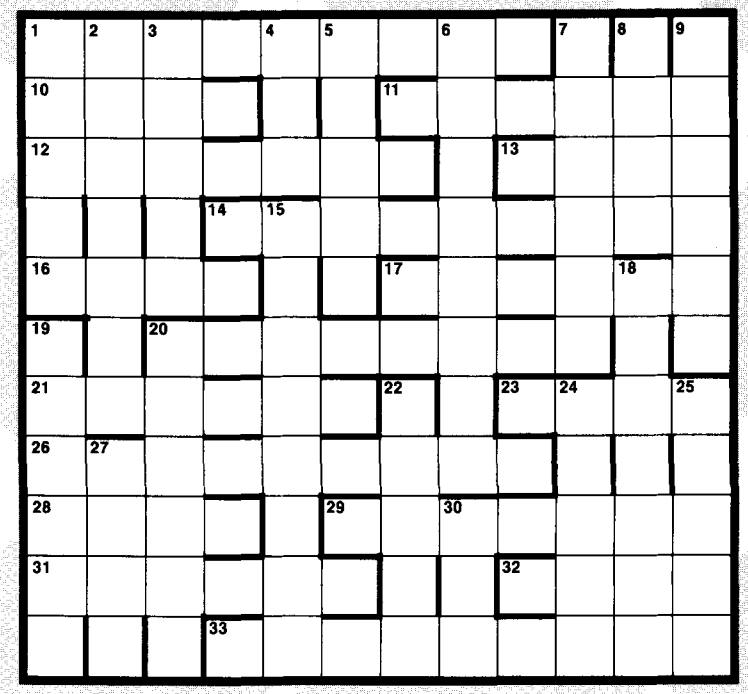
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

WASTE RECYCLING

Every clue answer discards one letter before entry into the diagram. These 34 thrown-away letters are not wasted, however. Taken in order, with Acrosses preceding Downs, they combine to spell out a complete cryptic clue for the (otherwise unclued) word in the center of the diagram. Answers include three proper nouns; 2 Down and 7 Down are less-than-common words.

The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 108.



ACROSS

__ **1.** Plan to recycle liqueur (10)
__ **10.** Sprang for a wine (5)
__ **11.** Choose one flower that's ideal (7)
__ **12.** Outside Italian river, farm products decay (8)
__ **13.** Indian returned one's cases (5)
__ **14.** Slug, grabbing bottle nearest here (10)
__ **16.** Acid rock has its origin among top British (5)
__ **17.** Southern field worker is less active (7)
__ **21.** Dessert draws reverent comments (7)
__ **23.** Father keeps piano in part of church (5)
__ **26.** Backward poet experiments with soap, cologne, etc. (10)
__ **28.** Girl's name: Dotty Ainge (5)
__ **29.** Beasts of burden eating most of Art's candies (8)
__ **31.** Harry has large and small herbs (7)
__ **32.** Confine one macho guy (5) (*hyphenated*)
__ **33.** Overworking, Hollywood's Dracula gets dull (10)

DOWN

__ **1.** Mountain pass has tarn inside (6)
__ **2.** Shy taxi passenger withholds word of pain (8)
__ **3.** Closer to red, red dogwood (6)
__ **4.** Regular at sides and back (4)
__ **5.** Vital statistic: work number (6)
__ **6.** A box with bland sweetener (9)
__ **7.** Penny I pinched, and gold coin (7)
__ **8.** Left-leaning short newsmagazine issues (5)
__ **9.** Looked for Queen playing etudes (7)
__ **15.** Conclude floor material is not productive (9)
__ **18.** Lion (Elsa) mauled journalist (8) (*two words*)
__ **19.** Order it acted out (7)
__ **20.** Writer makes pen tilt (7)
__ **22.** Spy group covers baddie with bug (6)
__ **24.** Fish caught by each kitchen utensil (6)
__ **25.** Moderating each session of vocal music (6)
__ **27.** Private meal excluding chief (5)
__ **30.** Reversing direction, crow makes appearance (4)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

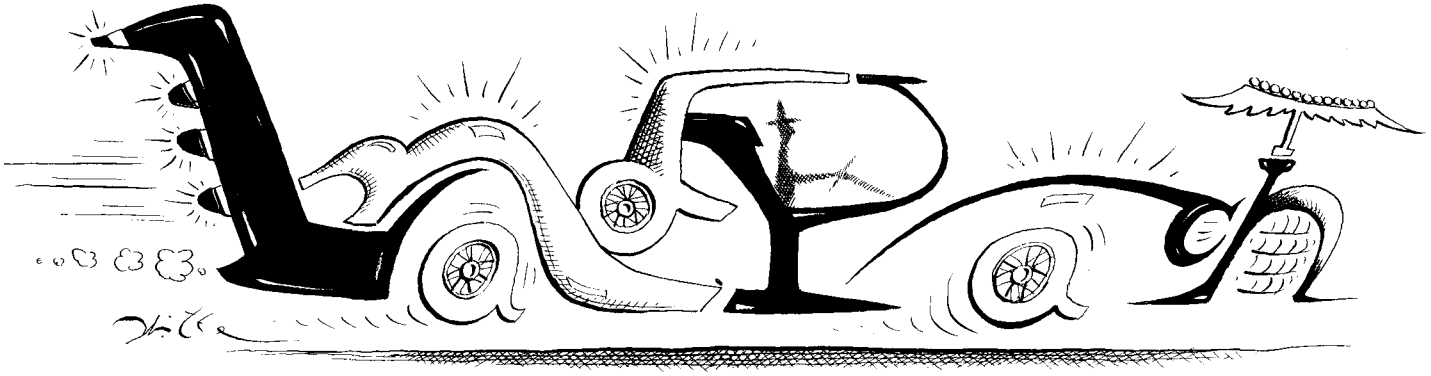
Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, *published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.*

foot tennis *noun*, a game played on a doubles tennis court by teams of three or four people who use their feet, knees, heads, and shoulders to bat a slightly deflated volleyball back and forth across the net until one team scores 21, to win: "It may not yet be as popular as, say, arena football, but . . . you can bank on it: *foot tennis* is coming to your neighborhood" (*New York Times*).
BACKGROUND: *Foot tennis*, similar to four-person volleyball and scored in a manner similar to Ping-Pong, appears to have originated in Eastern Europe, where it is now extremely popular. The game is already played professionally in Hungary and informally in other countries, including the United States. Most of the players are soccer players or other athletes who wish to stay in prime physical condition. Tony Veee, a *foot tennis* player, says, "If you have a lot of tension, this game will get rid of it" (*Los Angeles Times*).

land yacht *noun, slang*, a large, elaborate automobile, typically one manufactured in the 1960s or 1970s. Also called *greaser yacht*. "The ride is padded, although not quite as plush as the billowing *land yachts* of earlier decades" (*Business Week*). "The sound of the enormous old car door opening and the sight of this little figure getting out were depressing. The judge . . . comes to work in a *greaser yacht* practically ten years old" (Tom Wolfe, *Bonfire of the Vanities*, 1987).
BACKGROUND: The term *land yacht* goes back as far as 1967, but then it referred to a three-wheeled vehicle having a mast and small sails, used to race with the wind on beaches and deserts. Our earliest citation for the motor-vehicle usage is a *New York Times* article from 1982, in which the writer describes such a "smooth-riding, chrome-bedecked" car as "part of the American birthright." *Land yacht* is also used to refer to a mobile home, as in this citation from a 1983 issue of *Machine Design*: "These 20 to 35 ft. *land yachts* are mostly self-contained—with an independent power source and water-sewerage holding tanks." The word *land* is an element of many other compounds classed as slang: for example, *land crab* (a landlubber), *landpirate* (a highwayman), and *land-swab* (an incompetent seaman).

mutual child *noun*, the offspring of a couple one or both of whom have been previously married and have other children from the former marriage or marriages: "Parents planning the birth of a *mutual child* . . . ideally would have been married for at least five years, so stepparent and stepchildren would have worked out their relationships" (*Los Angeles Times*).
BACKGROUND: *Mutual child*, which has been used by Anne C. Bernstein, a professor of psychology at The Wright Institute, in Berkeley, California, and the author of *Yours, Mine and Ours* (1989), joins other relatively new terms, including *significant other*, that denote participants in modern relationships. Another term used by Bernstein is *emotional divorce*, referring to a complete emotional break with a former spouse: "If an *emotional divorce* has not occurred, the children of the marriage can be caught up in conflict between their own parents, and that can make it much harder for them to accept the child of the remarriage."

paintball *noun*, a strategy survival game, based on Capture the Flag, played on indoor or outdoor courses by teams armed with air guns that shoot pellets of water-soluble dye. Also called *splatball*. "*Paintball* is . . . similar to the popular laser tag that lured even professional men and women out of their offices in recent years" (*Indianapolis Business Journal*).
BACKGROUND: Attired in black SWAT suits or fatigues, protective helmets, and goggles, close to three million Americans have played *paintball* at least once. Also referred to as the Survival Game, the War Game, the Adventure Game, the Ultimate Game, Pursuit, Skirmish, and Strategy, *paintball* was created in 1981 by Charles "Pumping Iron" Gaines and two of his friends. The National Survival Game, Inc., encompasses a network of autonomous dealers around the world. *Paintball* is also played on countless unaligned courses, especially in southern California, where as many as 50,000 people participate every week. According to the rules, a player who is hit with paint is "dead." That player must leave the course until the next game. (A game typically lasts an hour.) Points are scored for every "kill." If no one captures the flag (or some other trophy), the game can still be won on points. Dedicated players of *paintball* are known as *splatmasters*. In a 1987 article about the game in *Whole Earth Review*, Rick Fields posited "a world in which the indirect 'ritual' of war games—with *paintballs* or laser guns or flour pellets or bamboo swords, for that matter—[is] employed in place of the unspeakable weapons we pay our best scientists to produce."



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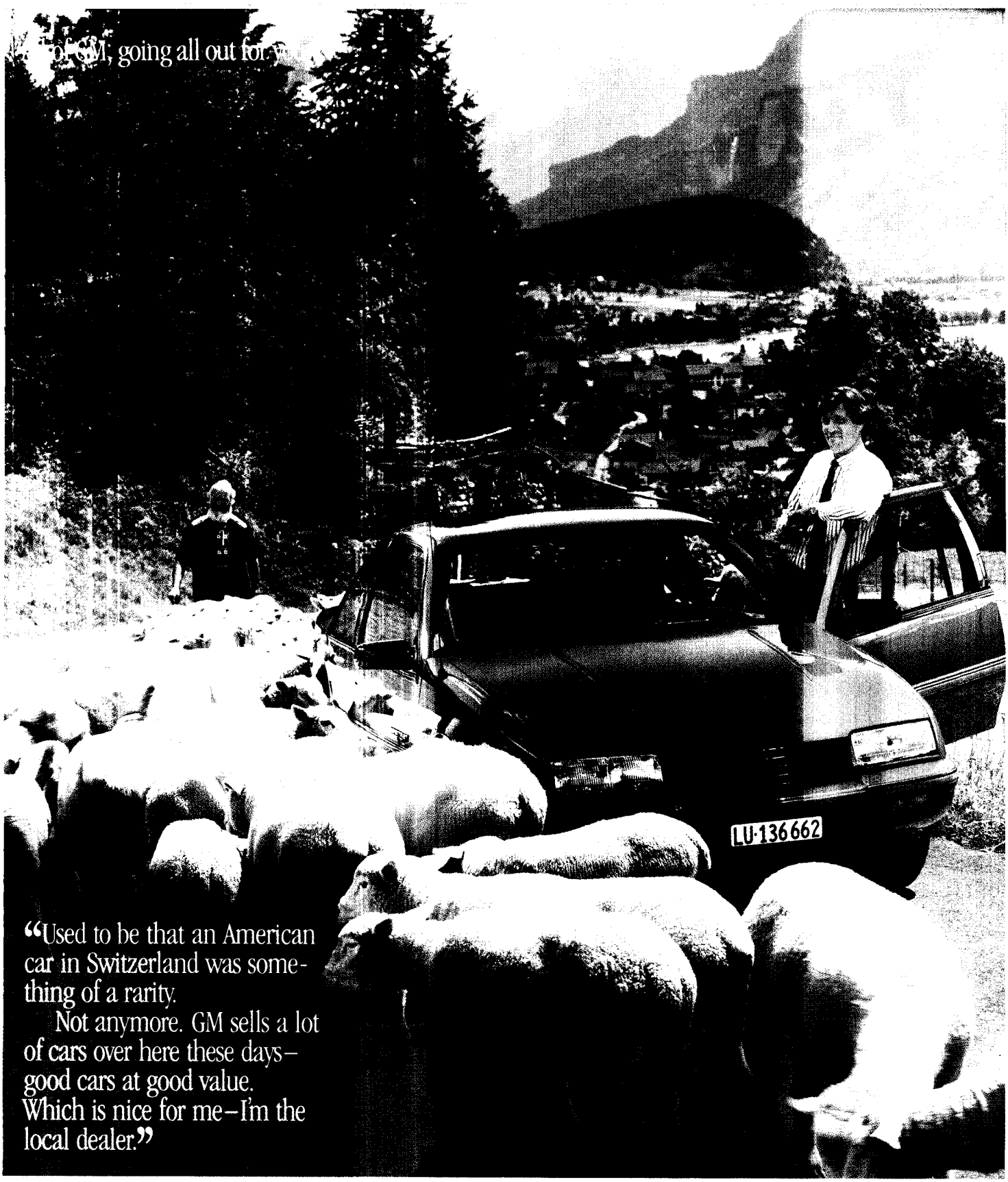

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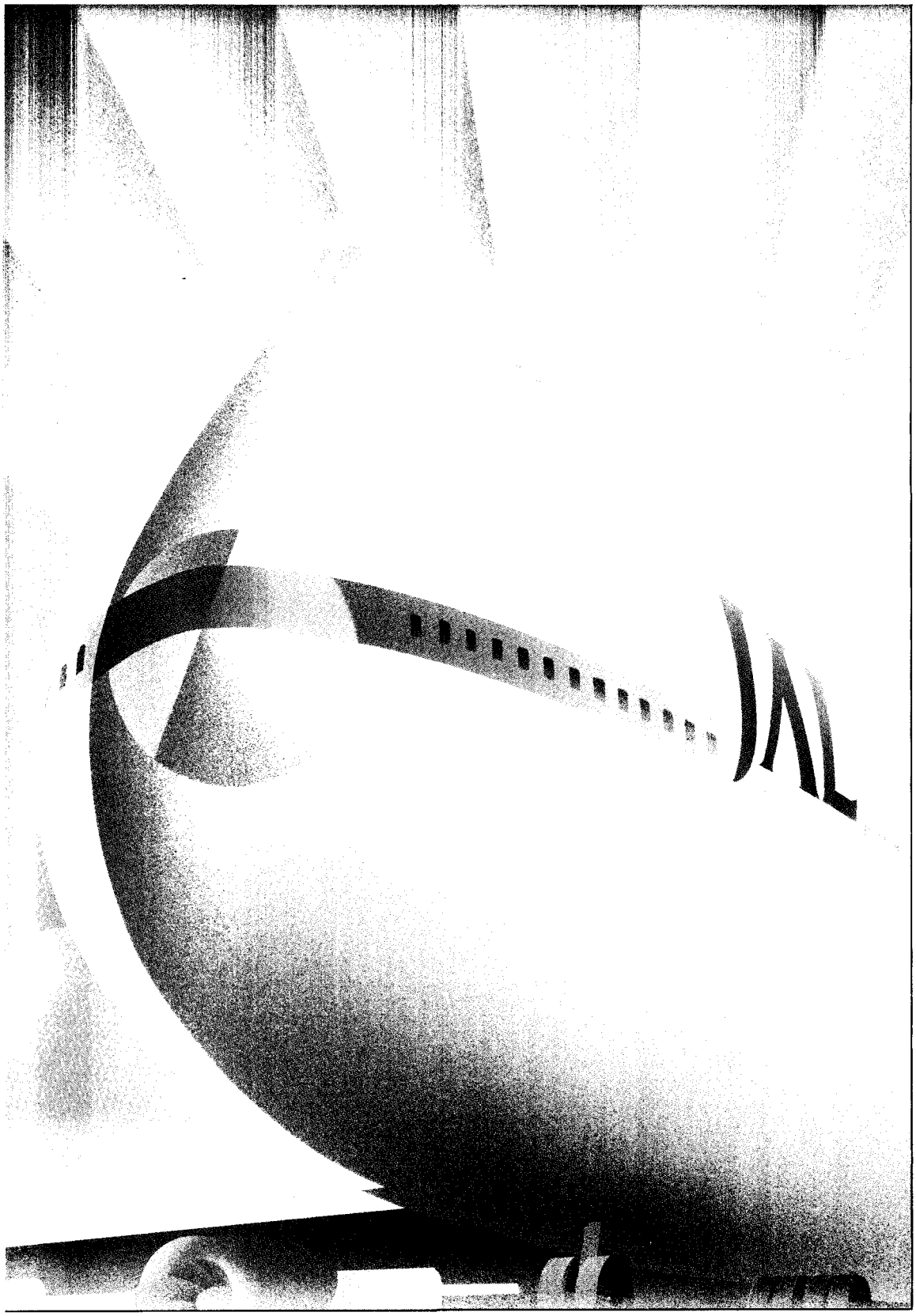

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